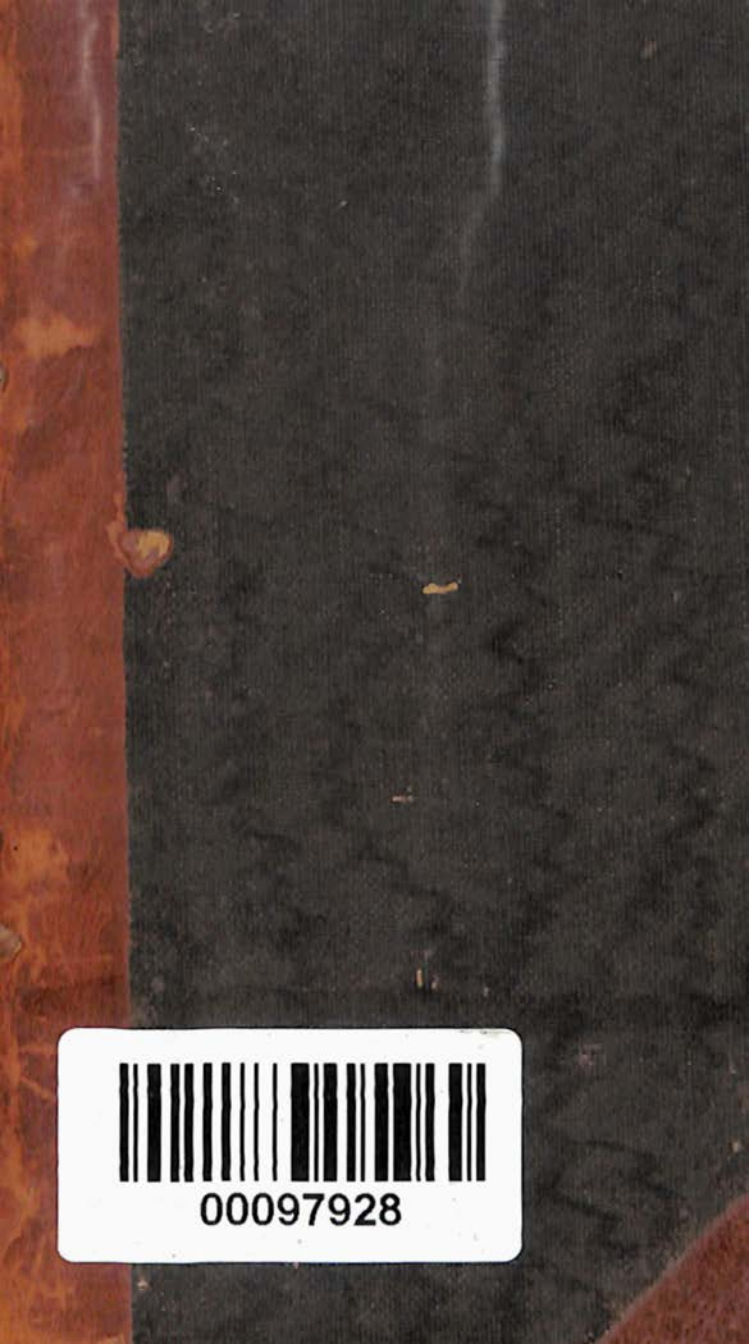
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BOMBAY BRANCH

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A TURKISH SPY,

Who Lived Five-and-Forty Years Undiscovered at

PARIS;

Giving an Impartial Account to the Divan at Constantinople of the most Remarkable Tranſactions of Europe, and diſcovering ſeveral Intrigues and Secrets of the Chriſtian Courts, (eſpecially of that of France) continued from the Year 1649 to the Year 1682.

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Written originally in Arabic, Tranſlated into Italian, and from thence into Engliſh.

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VOLUME FOURTH.

A NEW EDITION.

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1801.

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TO THE READER.

EXPECT no more commendations of our Arabian author, or apologies for any thing that may ſeem liable to cenſure in his Letters. There is no end of anſwering the cavils of thoſe who, to gain the character of critics, will create faults where they find none, and impute the very overſights of the preſs to the ignorance of the author, rather than a book ſhall eſcape free from cenſure.

What is wanting in the ſtyle, where it may be ſuppoſed to come ſhort of the original, muſt be laid to the Italian's charge who undertook the firſt verſion of ſo remote a language; for the Engliſh tranſlator has endeavoured to follow him as cloſe as the difference of idioms will admit; and all the world knows that the Engliſh tongue is none of the moſt copious and ſignificant. But if this ſhall ſeem an invidious reflection, ſubſtituted in the room of a paſſable excuſe, the Engliſh tranſlator, in honour both of the foreign copies and his own native language (for he is a true Engliſhman both by blood and affection), is willing to take the blame of all defects on himſelf, aſſuring you, that whatſoever roughneſs or want of elegance, whatſoever careleſſneſs of

expreſſion is to be found in the Engliſh tranſlation, though it may be a fault indeed, yet it is purely owing to the candour of him who has committed it, ſince the chief reaſon of ſuch neglect is, becauſe he was loath the reader ſhould loſe the original ſenſe for the ſake of a ſweet period or a delicate cadence.

If in other places he ſeems affected, as in retaining the Turkiſh and Arabic words, where they might as well have been rendered Engliſh, this alſo was out of reſpect to his copy, where thoſe words are left as we may ſuppoſe they were found in the original Arabic.

This is addreſſed to ſuch gentlemen as have procured the Italian copies of theſe Letters; for we are informed that they are in the hands of ſome Engliſh travellers who had a curioſity to compare the different tranſlations together.

However, to evidence that this is not ſpoken in partiality to ourſelves, but with equal regard to that learned foreigner who firſt brought theſe Letters to light, it will not be amiſs to exhibit ſuch probable reaſons as might induce him to leave ſome Arabic words untranſlated rather than others, though they had both the ſame ſenſe.

The beſt method of clearing up this point will be by producing inſtances, ſuch as that in Book I. Letter XIV. where the word [Viſiers] is retained by the Engliſh tranſlator, becauſe it was not changed by the Italian. Doubtleſs it had been as eaſy to ſay [The Seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors, or Miniſters above], as [The Seven Viſiers]; but ſince the Italian copy has not altered the word [Viſiers], the

Engliſh tranſlator thought fit to let it ſtand; and he conceives it is proper enough in both verſions, becauſe it better expreſſes the thought of the Turkiſh author than any Italian or Engliſh word can do, being a title of dignity peculiar to the Ottoman empire, where the credulous people are made to believe that their monarchy, with all its officers of ſtate, is exactly modelled according to the pattern of the celeſtial court and kingdom; therefore it appears very natural in a Turk to call the miniſters of Heaven by the title of viſiers, beglerbegs, baſſas, or whatſoever other appellatives are uſed by them to expreſs the dignity of their grandees on earth; and who would go to ſpoil his ſenſe for the ſake of a word?

Beſides, not to let this paſſage fall without due remarks, is it not common in our bible to call God [Lord of Lords]? And how can this be otherwiſe expreſſed in Arabic, but by the title which is appropriated to the principal governors of provinces, whom in their language they call beglerbegs? It is equally uſual in ſcripture to ſtyle God [King of Kings], a title frequently aſſumed by the eaſtern monarchs: Nay, in our common diſcourſe here in England, it is cuſtomary to give to God the title of [The King of Heaven]; and why may we not as well give to the archangels and angels, &c. the titles which are ordinarily applied to the princes and nobles on earth? But, however, if this will not appear allowable in a Chriſtian, yet no man can wonder at the Turk when he hears him uſe his native dialect ſpeaking of the potentates above; and if this be granted, I hope nei-

ther the Italian will be blamed for preſerving the peculiar phraſe of an eaſtern author, nor the Engliſh tranſlator be accuſed for following ſo polite a pattern.

This inſtance had not been preſſed ſo far, but in hopes that what is already ſaid may ſerve as a plea for ſeveral other examples of like nature in this volume, where it is impoſſible for any European to expreſs the full meaning of an Oriental author without reſerving ſome words of his very language; and in this the Italian tranſlator is chiefly vindicated, from whoſe copy the Engliſh in ſuch caſes had no reaſon to ſwerve; and thus much may ſuffice to anſwer all objections about the ſtyle.

As to the matter itſelf, it appears full of inſtruction, in hiſtorical, moral, and political affairs. Nor need any man wonder if he encounter ſome paſſages which may be found in other writers, both Gentile and Chriſtian, ſince the author of theſe letters profeſſes that he has taken much pains to peruſe the treatiſes of the ancients, both whilſt he ſtudied in the academies, and during his reſidence at Paris; he often frequented the libraries in that city, where there is no ſcarcity: He ſpent a great deal of time in reading modern as well as ancient authors, by which means he not only improved his knowledge in the univerſal hiſtory of former times, but grew familiar with the moſt remarkable occurrences in Europe during theſe later centuries; ſo that in ſome of his letters one would ſwear he had read Sabellius, Petrus Juſtinianus, Philip de Comines, and other European writers; for he ſeems to come very near

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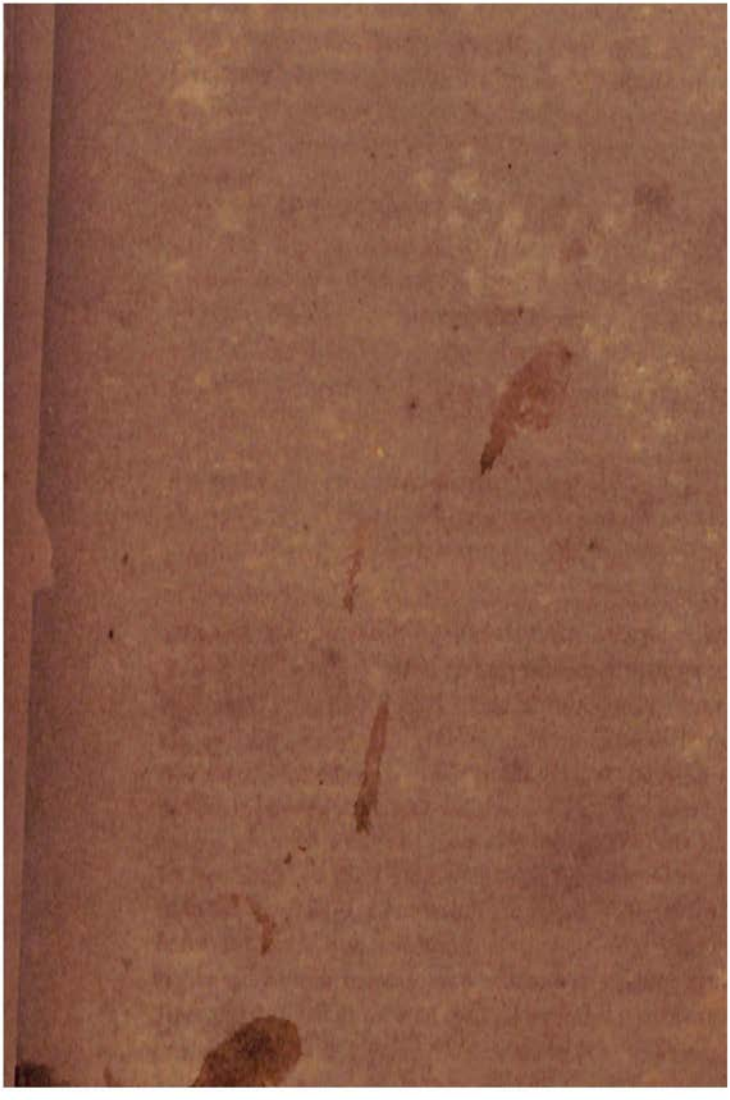

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.—MAHMUT *the Arabian, and Indefatigable Slave to the Grand Signior, to* MAHOMET, *the Moſt Illuſtrious Viſier Azem, at the Porte.*

I CONGRATULATE thy aſcent to that top of honour, the firſt dignity in the empire ever victorious. It is thy turn to be now exalted in the orb of fortune: Let not this high ſtation make thee forget, that the wheel is always in motion, but conſider, that ſince the advance thou haſt made was not but by the fall of thy predeceſſor, thou haſt the leſs reaſon to think thy own ſtate ſecure.

I am no fortune-teller, nor would I be ſo rude as to prognoſticate ill luck to my ſuperiors; but men in eminent dignity have need of a monitor; and it is recorded of a great monarch, that he commanded one of his pages every morning to ſalute him, when he firſt awaked, with theſe words, "Remember, O king, that thou art a mortal."

Let this example, ſupreme miniſter, plead my excuſe,

and incline thee to pardon the freedom which Mahmut takes, who, by this, thou ſeeſt is no flatterer.

Certainly all ſublunary things ebb and flow like the waters; and, though men may ſometimes enjoy a ſpring-tide of felicity, yet fate has hidden ſluices which, in a moment, ſhall convey the mighty torrent to ſome other channel.

I myſelf have in ſome meaſure experienced this, who am but a puny in compariſon with thee: Yet deſtiny and chance are allotted to the little as well as to the great. The worm encounters as many croſs contingencies in her humble reptile ſtate, as does the towering eagle in all her lofty flights and ranges through the wide-ſtretched air.

In my infancy, I was ſnatched from the cradle, and from the arms of my mournful mother; mournful on two accounts, the death of a huſband, and the neceſſity of parting with her child: Yet this early ſeparation turned to my advantage and her comfort. The ſequel of my good fortune invited her to forſake her ſolitudes, and follow me to the imperial city, where ſhe exchanged her melancholy widowhood for the ſociety and love of a merry Greek; whilſt fate had another game to play with me, it being the will of Heaven, that from the delights of the ſeraglio, and the honour of ſerving the greateſt ſovereign in the world, I ſhould fall into a cruel captivity, and be compelled ignominiouſly to drudge for a barbarous infidel. Afterwards, I gained my liberty, and applied myſelf to ſtudy in the academies. I will not boaſt of the proficiency I made; but, at my return to Conſtantinople, thou knoweſt my ſuperiors thought me capable of doing the Porte ſervice in this place. Thus providence ſports with mortals, and, by an unaccount-

able clue of diſcipline, leads them through the mazes of this life.

How I have diſcharged my truſt here, I dare appeal to all, yet can pleaſe none. Every man will be my judge to give ſentence againſt me, and ſome, I believe, would willingly be my executioners, which, at certain times, carries me into ſo deep a melancholy, that I ever join with my enemies, and condemn myſelf, though I know not for what. Surely, ſay I, ſo many perſpicacious men cannot be all in the wrong, and I only in the right; they muſt needs ſee ſome faults in me, which I cannot diſcern in myſelf; doubtleſs I am partial, and never changed the order of Æſop's wallet. Then I reflect on theſe thoughts as the mere product of melancholy; for, after the ſtricteſt examination of my conduct, I find myſelf innocent of thoſe things whereof I am accuſed. Yet, whilſt I am juſtifying my integrity towards my great maſter, my ſadneſs returns again, and tells me, that, without doubt, I have ſome ways offended God and his Prophet, who, for that reaſon, ſuffer the envious to perſecute me, and drive me into a more intimate and familiar converſe with myſelf, that ſo, by making a frequent ſcrutiny after the cauſe of my outward misfortunes, I may diſcover the ſecret crimes which I may have committed againſt Heaven, and which lie hid under my inadvertence and oblivion.

Then I am filled with a thouſand ſcruples about my telling lies, and taking falſe oaths, though I am diſpenſed with for all thoſe immoralities by the ſovereign arbiter of the law. In a word, I know not ſometimes what to think; and were it not that my agency in theſe parts meets with ſome ſucceſs, I ſhould often conclude, that I either lie under ſome curſe of God or charms of men, that

either heaven or hell have a peculiar hand in afflicting me.

But all this may be only the fumes of my own diſtempered ſpleen; and the indulgent Judge of men may paſs a milder ſentence on me, than either I do myſelf, or my fellow-mortals. He is tranſcendently benign and merciful, and our ſins of frailty appear in his eyes but as ſmall atoms in the rays of a morning ſun, which, though they be innumerable, yet the leaſt breath of wind blows them all out of ſight.

By what I have ſaid it is apparent, that I have regard both to thee and myſelf; to thee, as the ſupreme diſpoſer of life and death under the Grand Signior; to myſelf, as one culled out for a victim by the malicious, and lying at the feet of thy noble nature, begging thy protection. My enemies are induſtrious to ruin me, and lay hold on all opportunities to accompliſh it. The ſentence which they could not procure from thy predeceſſor, they may hope to draw from thee by their falſe informations. This makes me uſe precaution in my own defence, hoping to foreſtal their malice by this humble addreſs.

Imitate thou the divine nature, and be not ſevere in remarking the peccadillos and ſmall delinquencies of thy ſlave. If I turn infidel or traitor, I crave no favour.

That Supremely Merciful and Gracious, the Firſt and the Laſt of the World, and Lord of Paradiſe, heap on thee as many bleſſings every day, as would employ my ſwifteſt wiſhes a thouſand years, and grant that thou mayeſt find admittance into the place full of rivers, whoſe ſprings take their riſe from the bottom of the rock of eternity.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1649,
According to the Chriſtian ſtile.

II.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THE troubles of this kingdom, which a while ago ſeemed to be compoſed, are now again broke out afreſh. The private grudges of ſome, and the ambition of others of the nobility, have once more put all in arms. This city is blocked up the Prince of Conde's army, who has not been long returned from Flanders. The King, the Queen, with Cardinal Mazarini, and the whole court, are at St. Germain en Lay, whither they went by night. This abrupt departure gave freſh courage to the ſeditious, and at the ſame time furniſhed them with new matter of accuſation againſt Cardinal Mazarini, who, they ſay, has ſtole away their ſovereign from them. The parliament have declared him an enemy to the government; they are levying ſoldiers as faſt as they can, and proviſions are laid in, as if they were to ſuſtain a long ſiege. Several princes and grandees are come over to the citizens, having deſerted the court, among whom is the Prince of Conti, brother to the Prince of Conde: Yet the Pariſians are diſtruſtful of him, and have confined his ſiſter as a hoſtage for his fidelity, not knowing that his deſertion is real, being occaſioned by ſome quarrel between him and his elder brother.

It is ſaid, that Cardinal Mazarini has taken a reſolution to depart the kingdom, that ſo he may avoid the tempeſt that threatens him from all hands.

The queen has ſent orders to the colonels that ſerve under Mareſchal Turenne in Germany, commanding them to abandon that general, who, they ſay, has declared for the parliament, and ſent to offer them his ſervice.

On the other ſide, the citizens endeavour to ſtrengthen their party, by ſending to all the parliaments of France,

to deſire their conjunction in eſpouſing the quarrel of this of Paris.

The company which the burghers of this city have raiſed, wear this motto in their enſigns, WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the Archduke of Auſtria keeps near the frontiers of this kingdom, with an army of twenty thouſand men, and ſends frequent propoſals to the parliament, in order to a peace.

Whilſt I was writing the laſt words, news was brought me, that Eliachim the Jew is ſeized, and clapped in priſon at St. Denys, which place is in the king's hands. I cannot learn the reaſon of his confinement, but am apt to ſuſpect it is on the ſcore of his late appearing among the rabble of Paris, whereof I gave an account in a letter to the Aga of the Janizaries.

The ſurpriſe I am in at this unfortunate accident, puts me upon a thouſand thoughts. I know not what courſe to take for my own ſafety. If Eliachim's papers ſhould be ſearched, Mahmut muſt be diſcovered; and then, if I tarry in the city, I cannot eſcape a priſon; for though, at this juncture, one would think this place a ſufficient protection from the court; yet the hatred they bear to the true believers, and the diſcovery of ſo important a commiſſion as mine, would ſuperſede their inteſtine animoſities; I ſhould infallibly be either delivered up to the court, or ſent to the Baſtile. If I go out of the city, my danger is yet greater, all the paſſes of the country being narrowly watched, and ſtrongly guarded by the king's ſoldiers. This made me, at firſt, reſolve to defer the concluſion of this letter to another time, whilſt I provided for my own ſafety, as thinking it impoſſible to convey any intelligence out of France undiſcovered; but being informed of a courier that was juſt going from the

parliament to the Archduke of Auſtria, and fearing leſt I ſhould never have the privilege of pen, ink and paper again, I have raviſhed a few moments from that little time I have left to ſhift for myſelf, that ſo I might give thee notice of this accident.

I have written alſo to Nathan Ben Saddi at Vienna, to prevent any diſpatches from him till farther order. Both theſe letters I venture in the hands of a faithful meſſenger, who has cauſed them to be ſewed up in the heels of his ſhoes, to prevent diſcovery. He travels under the protection of the courier.

I have not a minute left to ſay more, than that I am at this inſtant parting from my lodging, my books and other things being packed up, and porters ready to carry them away. If I get ſafe out of the houſe, I muſt change my habit and name, and ſo lay the foundation of a new concealment, till the iſſue of this adventure ſhall direct me what to do.

Adieu, illuſtrious Kaimacham, and expect to hear more in my next, or let my ſilence convince thee, that Mahmut is no longer at liberty.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1649.

III.—*To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

If thou haſt any diſpatches coming for me, and it be yet in thy power to ſtop them, uſe wings in doing it, for I fear we are diſcovered in this place. Thy brother Eliachim is arreſted by the king's orders. What is laid to his charge I know not for certain; neither is it neceſſary for thee to be informed in that point; but if his confinement be owing to ſome ſervices he has lately done me, we are all loſt. His papers will be ſearched, which

muſt of neceſſity betray our ſecrets, and then we have nothing to expect but the ſevereſt execution of the Chriſtians fury and revenge. I am in no ſmall confuſion at this accident, having ſcarce time to provide for my concealment. Send no more to Paris, till thou receiveſt farther advice. We are all in arms, this city being blocked up by the queen's troops; ſo that I know not well which way to ſhift for myſelf, and eſcape a thouſand ſcrutinies, which they will everywhere make into the affairs of a ſtranger. But that fate which overrules human contingencies, will, I hope, reſcue me out of this danger, to which I commend both thee and me, bidding thee farewell, as if I were never to write to thee again; for ſo the iſſue may prove.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1619.

IV.—*To* Adonai, *a Jew, at Venice.*

I have ſomething more reſpite now, than when I wrote laſt to thy brother Nathan at Vienna, to inform him of Eliachim's being made a priſoner. I was in a greater hurry at that time than the ninth ſphere. All my motions were ſwift. I went backward and forward like the planets, but had no leiſure to ſtand ſtill, as they do ſometimes: In a word, I have run over the whole zodiac of policy, to ſeek for a new houſe, that wherein I lodged being like to prove too hot for me. At length I have found one, wherein I hope to meet with no malevolent aſpects, but to remain, as before, in a friendly conjunction with the moon, behind whoſe ſplendours I may lie covered from the inquiſitions of peering mortals.

To ſpeak more intelligibly, I am, for the preſent, removed to other lodgings in this city, the better to ſhel-

ter myſelf from the ſtorm which ſeems to hang over my head ſince Eliachim was ſeized. Yeſterday I wrote to the Kaimacham, and to Nathan Ben Saddi, to give them an account of this accident. This goes along with the ſame meſſenger; for I durſt not confide in the poſts during the preſent diſorders of this kingdom.

I received a letter from thee, wherein thou informeſt me of an attempt that has been lately made to rob the treaſury of Venice, which, according to thy deſcription, is very rich and magnificent, not to be matched in Europe. Perhaps, if thou haſt ſeen the wealth that is preſerved in the church of St. Denys, a city not far from Paris, thou wouldeſt be of another mind; but neither of us can make proper compariſons, having not ſeen both places. The French extol the latter, and ſay it far exceeds that of Venice; but they may ſpeak partially, it being the humour of all people to magnify the grandeur of their own nation, and the French come no ſhort of the reſt of the world in vain-glory. However it be, it was a vaſt attempt, and full of infinite difficulties and perils, to rob the vaults of a church in the heart of that great and populous city, where all the riches of the ſeigniory were repoſited. It is an argument of the greatneſs of their ſouls, who durſt undertake ſo hazardous an enterpriſe.

But this is not the firſt time the Venetians have been in danger to loſe that prodigious maſs of wealth. A poor Grecian once found a way, through marble barricadoes under ground, to enter thoſe golden cells, from whence he carried away to the value of twenty hundred thouſand zechins in jewels. But making one of his countrymen acquainted with it, the villain betrayed him to the doge, who cauſed him to be hanged.

That commonwealth has been all along very happy in

diſcovery of plots, and other miſchiefs intended againſt her. I know not whether thou haſt heard of the famous conſpiracy of Tiepoli; who, not content with the life and eſtate of a private gentleman, ſought to render himſelf ſovereign of Venice; and to this end, inſinuated into the affections of many thouſands of the citizens, whom he kept in conſtant penſion for above nine years together, under the notion of aſſiſting him to revenge certain injuries he had received from a Roman gentleman. They were all to run with their arms into the ſtreets when they ſhould hear the name Tiepoli uttered aloud, and often repeated.

But when the day was come, whereon he was to put his deſigns in execution, and the alarm was given in the ſtreets, an old woman made ſuch haſte to look out at her chamber window, to ſee what was the occaſion of the tumult, that ſhe threw down an earthen veſſel, which falling directly on the head of Tiepoli, killed him, and ſo put an end to the rebellion. For which happy accident, the ſenate ſettled a yearly penſion of a thouſand zechins on the old woman during her life, and the ſame to be paid to her heirs and poſterity for ever.

Send me no diſpatches, till thou haſt received another letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1649.

V.—*To* Mahummed, *Hadgia, Derviſe, Eremite, Inhabitant of the Prophetic Cave in Arabia the Happy.*

The Franks, who are more ready to find faults in others, than to amend their own, cenſure the muſſulmans for extending their charity to beaſts, birds, and fiſhes. They laugh at the alms we beſtow to feed dogs, cats, and

other living creatures, and ridicule the tenderneſs of ſuch as go into the markets, and buy the birds that are there ſold, on purpoſe to reſtore them to their native liberty. They ſay, it is a ſufficient demonſtration of piety, to relieve the neceſſities of men; and that it is but a fruitleſs hypocriſy, to ſhow kindneſs to the brutes, who, in their opinion, have neither ſouls nor reaſon, and conſequently are inſenſible of our good offices toward them.

Theſe are the charges of Weſtern raillery, the ſcoffs of the obdurate, with which they load the generous Orientals, the hearts transfixed with univerſal love. What would they ſay, if they had heard of thy heroic piety, who not only affordeſt protection and relief to thoſe creatures whereof we have no need, but even abſtaineſt from the fleſh of all animals, though the Prophet himſelf has indulged us the uſe of ſome for our neceſſary food, and without which many plead, that we cannot ſuſtain life? Oh! excellent man, born for the reproof and light of the age, how is the ſoul of our great lawgiver exhilerated, when he beholds thy innocent and unblemiſhed life? The treaſury of Heaven is enriched with thy good works, the fertile harveſt of virtues, the firſt fruits of the purity of thy nature! From thy firſt deſcent into that holy cave, the angels, who regiſter the words of men, never heard thee utter a ſyllable that could be reprehended. Thy thoughts raviſh the heart of God himſelf with joy. The univerſal ſpirit full of eyes, watcher of the univerſe, would fall aſleep, were it not roufed by the ſtrong vibrations of thy ſublime ſoul. Thy contemplations are themes for the college of thoſe who were aſſiſtant in forming of all things. Were it not for ſuch as thee, the angel of the firſt motion would ceaſe to whirl the globes of light through the Heavens: The orbs above would grow ruſty, and all the wheels and ſprings of Nature would

ſtand ſtill. Oh elect idea, before whoſe purified eſſence the ſun himſelf appears full of blemiſhes! Human wit cannot find thy equal on earth; thou art the impreſs on the ſeal of the prophets, the ſoul of the ſoul of Mahomet.

In thus celebrating thy high perfections, if I have offended thy modeſty, thou haſt the goodneſs to aſcribe it to the exceſs of my affection, which carries me beyond human regards. I would fain be an imitator of thy incorrupt life; for let the Chriſtians ſay what they pleaſe, I will ever eſteem abſtinence a divine virtue. I have conſulted the ſages of old, that I might learn what was the practice of former times, whilſt human nature was yet in its infancy, before the manners of men were debauched. I have purſued the ſelect writings of the ancients, the records of truth, and void of fables; and believing that ſuch memoirs will not be unwelcome to thee, I preſume to lay them at thy feet, as a mark of that profound veneration I owe to the tenant of the darling of God.

Theſe hiſtorians ſay, that the firſt inhabitants of the earth, for above two thouſand years, lived altogether on the vegetable products, of which they offered the firſt-fruits to God, it being eſteemed an inexpiable wickedneſs to ſhed the blood of any animal, though it were in ſacrifice, much more to eat of their fleſh. To this end, they relate the firſt ſlaughter of a bull to have been made at Athens on this occaſion. The prieſt of the town, whoſe name was Diomus, as he was making the accuſtomed oblation of fruits on an altar in the open field (for as yet they had no temples), a bull came running from the herd which was grazing hard by, and ate of the conſecrated herbage. Upon which Diomus the prieſt, moved with zeal at the reputed ſacrilege, and ſnatching a ſword

from one of thoſe that were preſent, killed the bull. But when his paſſion was over, and he conſidered what a heinous crime he had committed, fearing alſo the rage of the people, he perſuaded them, that a god had appeared to him, and commanded him to offer that bull in ſacrifice, by burning his fleſh with fire on the altar, as an atonement for his devouring the conſecrated fruits. The devout multitude acquieſced to the words of their prieſt, as to an oracle; and the bull being flayed, and fire laid on the altar, they all aſſiſted at the new ſacrifice; from which time, the cuſtom was yearly obſerved among the Athenians, to ſacrifice a bull; and by them this method of religious cruelty was taught, not only to all Greece, but to the reſt of the world. In proceſs of time, a certain prieſt, in the midſt of his bloody ſacrifice, taking up a piece of the broiled fleſh, which had fallen from the altar on the ground, and burning his fingers therewith, ſuddenly clapped them to his mouth to mitigate the pain. But when he had once taſted the ſweetneſs of the fat, not only longed for more of it, but gave a piece to his aſſiſtant, and he to others, who all pleaſed with the new found dainties, fell to eating of fleſh greedily; and hence this ſpecies of gluttony was taught to other mortals. Neither is it material, what the Hebrew doctors object againſt theſe teſtimonies, when they introduce the ſon of Adam ſacrificing living creatures in the infancy of the world; ſince thou knoweſt many errors are inſerted in the written law, from whence they take this ſtory.

They ſay alſo, that the firſt goat that fell by the hands of men, was killed in revenge for the injuries it had done the owner of a vineyard, in browſing on his vines; ſuch an impious deed having never been heard of before.

This is certain, that the Egyptians, the wiſeſt and moſt ancient people in the world, having received from the

firſt inhabitants of the earth a tradition, forbidding men to kill any living creature; to give the greater force to this primitive law of nature, they formed the images of their gods in the ſimilitude of beaſts; that ſo the vulgar, ſtruck with reverence at the ſacred ſymbols, might learn to abſtain from killing, or ſo much as hurting the dumb animals; under whoſe forms they repreſented whatſoever among them was eſteemed adorable.

Yet, leſt any in his lifetime ſhould by accident, or otherwiſe, have tranſgreſſed the law of abſtinence, they uſed a kind of expiation for the dead, after this manner: The prieſts took the bowels out of the belly of the deceaſed, and putting them in an earthen veſſel, they held it towards the ſun, and calling witneſſes, they made the following ſpeech in behalf of the dead: "O thou ſun, whoſe empire is univerſal, and all ye other powers who give life to men, receive me into the ſociety of the immortal gods; for ſo long as I lived in this world, I religiouſly perſevered in the worſhip of thoſe deities, which were made known to me by my anceſtors. I always honoured my parents, who begat my body. I never killed any man or beaſt, nor have been guilty of any black crime. But if whilſt I lived, I have treſpaſſed in taſting any of thoſe things which are forbidden, it was not my ſin, but the fault of theſe entrails, which are here ſeparated from the reſt of my body." And having ſaid this, they caſt the veſſel into the river on the banks of which the ceremony was performed, embalming the reſt of the body as pure and free from ſin.

After the ſame manner, the Perſian magi, or wiſe men, practiſed abſtinence. And, to imprint in their diſciples a tenderneſs and friendſhip towards the beaſts, they called them, according to their different ſtations, either lions, hyenas, crows, eagles, hawks, &c.; and

their garments were painted all over with the various figures of animals, thereby inſinuating the doctrine of the ſoul's tranſmigration; and inculcating this myſtery, that the ſpirit of man enters ſucceſſively into all ſorts of bodies; which thou knoweſt is not remote from the faith of true believers.

It would not be amiſs, as a teſtimony of the practice of the ancients, to inſert a memorable addreſs which the reformed prieſts of Crete were wont to make before the altar of Jupiter. "O divine governor of the hundred cities, we have led a holy life, from the time that we were initiated in thy myſteries, and forſook the nocturnal rites, and bloody feaſts of Bacchûs; we are now purified, and clothe ourſelves in white veſtments, the emblems of our innocence: We ſhun the ſociety of polluted mortals; neither approach we to the ſepulchres of the dead, nor taſte of the fleſh of any thing which has been endued with life."

Such alſo was of old, and to this day is, the abſtinence of the Indians; among whom the brachmans perform the office of prieſthood. Theſe the ancient Grecians called Gymnoſophiſts. They are all of one race, neither will they admit a ſtranger into their order. They live for the moſt part near to Ganges, or ſome other river, for the ſake of their frequent purifications. Their diet conſiſts of milk, curdled with ſour herbs. They feed alſo on apples, rice, and other fruits of the earth; eſteeming it the height of impiety to taſte of any thing that has life. They live in little huts or cottages every one by himſelf, avoiding company and diſcourſe; employing all their time in contemplation, and the ſervice of the temple. They eſteem this life but a neceſſary diſpenſation of Nature, which they voluntarily undergo as a penance; ardently thirſting after the diſſolution of

their bodies, and firmly believing, that the ſoul, by death, is releaſed from its priſon, and launches forth into immenſe liberty and happineſs. Therefore they are always cheerfully diſpoſed to die, bewailing thoſe that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful ſolemnities and triumphs. Among their good works, it is accounted an act of great reputation and virtue, to build hoſpitals for beaſts as well as men: And in every city, there are great numbers of ſuch as ſpend all their life, in tending on ſick and wounded animals, or ſuch as have no ſuſtenance elſewhere. And this is no novel inſtitution, but delivered down to them by tradition, from immemorable ages.

The precepts alſo of Triptolemus and Draco, the moſt ancient lawgivers of the Athenians, are a teſtimony of the innocence and ſincerity of the firſt age; for they comprehended all the whole ſyſtem of piety and virtue, in practiſing theſe few rules:

"Let it be an eternal ſanction to the Athenians to adore the immortal gods, to reverence the departed heroes, to celebrate their praiſes with ſongs and the firſt fruits of the earth, to honour their parents, and neither to kill man nor beaſt."

I could relate to thee examples of abſtinence in the ancient Lacedæmonians, Spartans, Jews, and almoſt all nations of the Eaſt; nor are there wanting ſome teſtimonies of it in theſe Weſtern parts. This kingdom of France, was in old times inſtructed by a kind of prophets or philoſophers, whom they called druids, who took up their uſual reſidence under oaks. Theſe taught the tranſmigration of ſouls, and therefore preſcribed abſtinence from fleſh; and ſhowed to men the method of worſhipping God with the firſt fruits of the earth. From hence they ſailed over into Britain, and planted themſelves in

that iſland, propagating the ſame doctrines, and were reverenced by the people as ſacred oracles.

By all which it is evident, that the tender regard which the true faithful have for the brutes, is no innovation, or ſingular caprice of ſuperſtition, but the primitive practice of the ancients, the univerſal tradition of the whole earth. Nay, the Eaſtern Chriſtians, for the moſt part, live an abſtemious life, ſuch as the Grecians, Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, and others that are ſcattered up and down in divers parts of Aſia. Theſe following the examples and traditions of the apoſtles and primitive fathers of their churches, either taſte not at all, or very ſparingly, the fleſh of beaſts, birds, and fiſhes. But the Nazarenes of the Weſt, boaſt of I know not what liberty they have, to eat without ſcruple of all things, having the diſpenſation of the Roman mufti, whom they call the Vicar of God. Hence it is, that theſe religious libertines are not afraid to gorge themſelves even with the blood of ſlaughtered beaſts, which their own law forbids them to taſte; and they prop themſelves up in their impiety, by ſaying, that the pope has power to change the traditions and ordinances of the apoſtles, and even of Jeſus the Meſſiah himſelf. Hence proceeds their deriſion of thoſe who ſhow any tenderneſs to the brutes; for they are hardened in their gluttonous cruelty, and are but one remove from the moſt ſavage cannibals.

But thou, holy man of God, pity theſe infidels, and pray that Mahmut may be a ſincere diſciple of thy purity.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1649.

VI.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

I AM returned to my former lodging again, the caſe of Eliachim being not ſo bad as my fears. The occaſion of his confinement were certain words he ſpoke againſt the proceedings of Cardinal Mazarini and the court, in company of ſuch as were officious to oblige that miniſter. This was done at St. Denys, not far from Paris; where they immediately cauſed him to be taken into cuſtody by the king's guards, who quartered in that town. It has coſt him a conſiderable ſum of money to purchaſe his liberty, which he now enjoys as before. I had other thoughts, when I firſt heard the news of his being ſeized; and that it was for ſome ſeditious expreſſions; for then I called to mind, how he had acted laſt year by my order, during the tumults of Paris, and concluded, that ſome unlucky accident had now betrayed him; which, if it were ſo, would infallibly bring me into the ſame danger. This made me ſo ſuddenly change my habitation, and put a ſtop to the diſpatches of the Sublime Porte. I thought no caution too much, to preſerve the affairs of my commiſſion indemnified; and, that it were better to offend in being too wary, than too ſecure. If I have taken wrong meaſures in thus abſconding, it is for want of fuller inſtruction from my ſuperiors. I wiſh they would honour me with particular rules, in caſe of ſuch emergencies; then I ſhould ſteer my courſe, without running the hazard of rocks and ſands. I have often deſired to know, whether if I were diſcovered, I ſhould own myſelf an agent for the Grand Signior. But none of the miniſters have vouchſafed to direct me in this point; whereby I may commit an irreparable miſtake if ſuch a thing ſhould happen.

Adonai the Jew informs me of an attempt lately made

to rob the treaſury of Venice, which according to his deſcription is very rich and magnificent. He ſays, there are twelve crowns of pure gold, and an equal number of breaſtplates of the ſame metal, ſet with all ſorts of precious ſtones of ineſtimable value; an hundred veſſels of agate; threeſcore ſervices for the altar, all of pure gold, enriched with diamonds, ſapphires, emeralds, and other ſtones of price. There is alſo an unicorn's horn, above the purchaſe of money. There are fourteen unpoliſhed pearls, as large as a man's fiſt. The ducal cap is valued at a hundred thouſand zechins; with many other rarities, and coſtly ornaments, too tedious to be inſerted in a letter.

Certainly ſo much wealth was never deſtined to fall into the hands of little private thieves; it is a booty fit for kings and great generals, the licenced banditti of the earth. So many glittering jewels would tempt the honeſty of an angel, and he would be glad to adorn the apartments of his heaven, with theſe radiant drops of the ſun which he ſees on earth.

I have met with ſome pretty relations of the boldneſs of robbers, but none that ever matched the bravery of this enterpriſe; which was no leſs than to rob one of the moſt potent ſtates in the world of her chiefeſt treaſure.

He wanted not for impudence, who, when the Emperor Charles V. was removing his court, and all the officers were buſy in packing up the goods, entered the chamber where the emperor was; and, having made his obeiſance fell roundly to pulling down the rich hangings of tiſſue, which by the help of his confederates he carried away, with abundance of plate; no body ever ſuſpecting but that he was one of the emperor's ſervants, till the perſon came whoſe office it was to remove

thoſe goods, and then the other was known to be a thief.

I have heard of a Spaniard, who on a great feſtival, when the prieſts had finiſhed the ſervice of the altar, and were retired to their lodgings, went very boldly and took the golden veſſels off the altar, and carried them away under his cloak, as though he had been the ſteward of that church, no body ſuſpecting any other.

I kiſs the hem of thy veſt, illuſtrious Kaimacham, and pray, that thou mayeſt monopolize the choiceſt bleſſings of Heaven, and have thy ſhare of the riches of the earth, without danger of loſing them to great or ſmall thieves.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1649.

VII.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew, at Vienna.*

Now thou mayeſt continue thy diſpatches as before. Our fears are vaniſhed; Eliachim is releaſed, and all things are in ſafety. Thou haſt no reaſon to tax me with timorouſneſs, in ſo abruptly forſaking my habitation, on the bare foreſight of far-fetched poſſibilities, when thou ſhalt conſider, that there is no arming againſt contingencies in the moment they arrive, and that he who truſts all things to chance, makes a lottery of his life, wherein, for one happy event, he ſhall meet with ten unlucky ones. To what uſe ſerves that apprehenſive faculty which Nature has poſted as the *corps du guard* of our lives and fortunes, allowing it the ſenſes for ſcouts and ſentinels? To what end, I ſay, ſerves this watchful faculty, but to take the alarm at doubtful emergencies, to rouſe our caution, that ſo we may make proviſion, and be in a poſture of defence, againſt whatſoever may happen.

News came that Eliachim was ſeized for ſeditious words againſt the government. I was conſcious that both he and I had been guilty of more than bare words in that kind, therefore what had happened to him, I look upon as due to myſelf alſo, and that my confinement would ſoon follow, if I took not ſpeedy care to prevent it by ſeaſonably abſconding. This was the reaſon of my ſudden departure, which cannot juſtly be aſcribed to cowardice, ſince it was the effect of common prudence.

Now I am returned to my old lodging again, where the joy they are in for the birth of a ſon will not give them leiſure to reflect on my affairs, ſo that I am received by my hoſt without the leaſt jealouſy or ſuſpicious animadverſions. Brimful of mirth and jovial thoughts, the good man compliments me, and proclaims his better fortune, invites me to ſit down with his friends, and partake of the gifts of Ceres and Bacchus. This, thou knoweſt, is the cuſtom of the whole earth at the birth of mortals; they make merry over one that is born to the ſame miſeries as themſelves, who, the firſt moment he draws the breath of life, is enrolled in the regiſter of death, and from the womb makes ſwift and direct advances to the grave.

However, I ſat down with the reſt, to comply with the exhilarated humour of my hoſt. I ate, I drank, and ſeemed merry with the company, yet at the ſame time I could not but nauſeate my entertainment, and diſdain the extravagant profuſion of ſpirit which appeared in every one of this vain aſſembly. They all talked eagerly, and one man's words drowned thoſe of another, whilſt an univerſal laughter confounded the ſenſe of all. Then I praiſed in myſelf the modeſty and order obſerved in our eaſtern banquets and feaſts, where no uncomely geſtures or actions eſcape the well-natured gueſts, no loud talking or

braying like asses, but every one strives to suppress the motions and appearances of a too forward and indulgent mirth, and contain themselves within the bounds of a decent and civil reserve. Such were the feasts instituted by Lycurgus among the ancient Lacedæmonians, where such as were friends and acquaintance met together and refreshed themselves without riot and luxury; they conversed together interchangeably, after the manner of philosophers or men of the law, discoursing soberly either of natural things or civil affairs, mixing facetious and witty jests with their more serious talk, without clamour, scurrility, or giving any offence: But these western people think themselves not merry till they are drunk, nor witty unless they be rude; they play a thousand wanton tricks, like apes; and the greatest buffoon is the best company.

Wherefore, sick to see men so much degenerate from themselves, I made my excuses, and retired to my chamber, where I presently set pen to paper, to give thee an account of my return.

If thou continuest thy former resolution of following the dictates of reason in matters of religion, thou wilt quickly find that thy rabbis have taught thee to believe in fables which accord neither with reason nor common sense. Follow the best guide, and be happy.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1649.

VIII.—*To* Adonai, *a Jew at Venice.*

Thy pen is now free again; write as soon and as often as thou wilt; our fears are dissipated, and all goes well. If thou canst inform me of any more remarkable passages and adventures, spare not to oblige me with frequent let-

ters; and to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a ſtory which is recorded in the hiſtories of Naples.

In former times, there was a ſtatue of marble ſtanding on the top of a mountain in Apulia, with this inſcription on the head, which was of braſs, ON MAY-DAY AT SUNRISING I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No man in all thoſe parts could be found who was able to unriddle this myſterious expreſſion, and therefore it was not regarded for many ages; but at length, in the reign of a certain prince, there was a Saracen, who, having ſeen and conſidered the ſtatue, with the inſcription, propoſed to explain it for a certain reward. The prince hearing of this, and being greedy of the novelty, ſent for the Saracen, and bargained with him for a thouſand crowns to unfold this riddle. He waited till May-day came, and watching the image that morning early, he obſerved the place where the head caſt its ſhadow juſt as the ſun roſe; there he ordered certain men to dig, which when they had done, and were got pretty deep in the earth, they encountered a prodigious treaſure of ſilver, gold and jewels, with which the prince was ſo well ſatisfied, that he doubled the Saracen's reward, and ſent him home into his own country laden with rich preſents. Doubtleſs there is much wealth buried by men in the earth; for in former times they were of opinion, that if they ſhould die ſuddenly in the wars, or otherwiſe, ſuch riches as they had hidden in the earth would ſerve them in the other world; and this is the practice of the Indians to this day, as my brother informs me, who has been among them.

Strange blindneſs! that men ſhould think the immortal ſoul needed the aſſiſtance of ſilver, gold, or any material ſubſtance, after ſhe herſelf is diveſted of the body, and become a naked ſpirit.

Let thou and I have a nobler idea of ourſelves than to fancy we ſhall be in want of the glittering droſs in that inviſible ſtate whither we are all haſtening. There are no money-changers in that world of ſpirits. If thou haſt ſuperfluity, hide it not in the earth, but give it to the poor, and thou ſhalt receive it again, transformed into a ſubſtance more refined and radiant than the ſtars.

Paris, 16th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1649.

IX.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Chief Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

The inteſtine quarrels of the French ſeem to be like thoſe of lovers, whoſe choleric intervals ſerve but to give a new edge to the returns of their affection, as if one of theſe paſſions was made to whet the other, and make it more ſprightly; or, as if love would grow dull and feculent, were it not ſometimes rouſed and fermented by anger.

But I believe there is a greater myſtery in the reconciliation between the French court and the parliament of Paris. Some ends of policy have haſtened both parties to clap up a peace, while the ſecret rancour remains unpurged.

Perhaps the union of ſo many princes and nobles with the parliament might incline the queen to milder councils than her own Spaniſh genius; beſides, the conjunction of the other parliaments of the kingdom, the revolt of Normandy, Gaſcoigne and Provence, with many eminent cities, were very prevailing motives; but that which was of greateſt force was the want of money and men to carry on the war, which could not be raiſed without vaſt difficulty during theſe public alienations.

Whatever were the inducements, a peace was concluded about the latter end of the third moon, at a place called Ruel, not far from Paris, where the king has a houſe of pleaſure, ſeated in the midſt of a little paradiſe. In one of my letters to the Kaimacham, I formerly deſcribed the king's houſe and garden at St. Germain en Lay. This is but a little chioſe or bower in compariſon of that ſtately palace; yet what is wanting in the grandeur of the fabric, is ſupplied in its elegant contrivance, and the richneſs of its ornaments; and as for the garden, it comes not far ſhort of the other, there being in it all manner of curious waterworks, groves, ſolitudes, fountains, ſtatues, and whatſoever the ingenuity of theſe weſtern artiſts could ſuggeſt as proper to render this place agreeable to the melancholy humour of the late queen-mother, Mary de Medicis, to whom it belonged during her life.

When you enter this delicious Eden, your eyes and ears are preſently deceived by the counterfeit notes and motions of all kinds of birds, which perpetually ſing as the water tunes their throats. A little farther, you ſee ſeveral old Gentile ſtatues adorning two fountains; and, among the reſt, a crocodile, big as the life, who, by the harmony he makes, ſeems to have a concert of muſic in his belly as regular and ſweet as that of the Italian ſociety at Conſtantinople, which thou haſt often heard.

As we depart from this, full of complacency and admiration at the exquiſite imitation of Nature in theſe contrivances, we fall inſenſibly into a place exactly like what the poets deſcribe when they ſpeak of Elyſium. It is a grove, the tops of whoſe trees are ſo thick interwoven, that the ſun appears no otherwiſe through them than as if he were behind a cloud or in an eclipſe; ſo that the darkneſs of this place, and ſolemn murmur the winds make on high among the tops of the trees, fills it with a kind of

ſacred horror, which has often made me think this wilderneſs ſomething like that which hiſtorians deſcribe when they ſpeak of the avenues to the temple of Jupiter Ammon in Egypt; for in the very centre of this grove ſtands the houſe, a place one would think fitter for a convent than a prince's court; at beſt it appears but like a royal hermitage, a cell conſecrated to kingly melancholy.

I could not forbear making this digreſſion when I mentioned Ruel to be the place where the peace was concluded between the court and the parliament. This encomium is a tribute which I owed for the ſatisfaction and pleaſure I have often received in this retirement; beſides, I thought an idea of ſuch a garden would not be unwelcome to thee, who art a lover of ſolitude.

The coadjutor of Paris, who is an archbiſhop, is highly affronted that this peace was concluded without him, who had a chief hand in beginning the war. He labours to inflame the people again, and reduce all to the old confuſion, being an irreconcileable enemy of Cardinal Mazarini; ſo that we expect another inſurrection in a ſhort time, for the French cannot be long idle.

Happy miniſter, I leave thee under the wings of that Spirit which guards the elect, and bid thee farewell.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1649.

X.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

Shall I tell thee I mourn for the death of our friend Egri Boynou, whom thou ſayeſt a fever ſnatched from us the firſt day of the moon Regib? That fever, it ſeems, was the effect of his continual and exceſſive grief for the loſs of his eyes; ſo that we may ſay, he has been dying ever ſince the hour that fatal ſentence was put in execu-

tion: And ſhall we grudge our friend a releaſe from ſo lingering a death? At beſt, it was but the winter of life wrapped up in clouds and darkneſs: Now, like the ſerpent, he has caſt his ſlough, lifts up his head with new vigour, ſports himſelf in the meadows of paradiſe, and baſks in the warmth of an eternal ſpring.

It will not therefore be a mark of our affection to him, but only a diſcovery of our ſelf-love, to condole the occaſion of his happineſs, becauſe it has leſſened ours, by robbing us of his beloved company and friendſhip: Beſides, we know not but that he may ſtill continue to be our friend even in that inviſible ſtate, and either manage our intereſts above, or at leaſt protect us from dangers here below. We are ignorant of the laws and conſtitutions of that kingdom of ſpirits, and, for aught we know, the ſouls of juſt men after death may become the tutelar genii or guardian angels o their ſurviving friends and relations. Let it be how it will, doubtleſs Egri is immortal and happy, and it will be envy in us to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the time of his deceaſe as the day of his nativity, and leave mourning to the crowd of mortals who do a thouſand things without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the ſteps of their fathers, never examining whether they be right or wrong: Cuſtom and education have almoſt baniſhed reaſon from the earth. Is it not a pleaſant ſpectacle to ſee the kindred of an old rich miſer (for whoſe death they had long waited, like harpies for their prey) now flock about his lifeleſs carcaſe, howling out a thouſand forced lamentations, whilſt in the mean time their blood dances in their veins for joy? Yet, however, this carries a ſhow of civilized manners, and is better than the barbarous cuſtom of the Scythians and Maſſagetes, who, when their old men grew uſeleſs or troubleſome, were wont to ſacrifice them, and

make a banquet with their flesh; or the Thebarenes, who threw their aged friends alive down precipices. These were savages; but much more so were the Hyrcanians and Bactrians, who cast their aged parents, yet living, to be devoured by dogs; which inhumanity, when Stasanor, the deputy of Alexander the Great, endeavoured to suppress, they had like to have deposed him from the government; so prevalent is the force of a received custom on the minds of the unthinking herd.

Let thou and I therefore not supinely take up with common practices, but, like men of reason, let us adjust the last offices we owe to our friend, whilst we pour forth some devout orisons for the health of his soul, without disturbing his and our own repose with fruitless lamentations; and since we are bereaved of his society on earth, let us prepare to follow him, and render ourselves agreeable company at our next rendezvous in heaven.

It was an unjustifiable rigour in Sultan Ibrahim to deprive him of his eyes, because he had only cast them unhappily on one of the sultanas as she entered the garden. This jealousy is the peculiar vice of the East; yet they are more severe in Persia, where it is present death to be within two leagues of the king's women when they travel the road: But I never knew that eunuchs were thus punished. Or is there such a difference between a white and a black eunuch, that the one deserves to lose his eyes for beholding that by chance, which the other is honourably rewarded for having access to, and seldom being out of their sight?

This was the worst punishment that Seleucus, the lawgiver of the Locrians, imposed on them that were actually caught in adultery; which puts me in mind of a notable instance of this man's justice; for, when his own son was accused, and proved guilty of this crime, at once to

ſhow the tenderneſs of a father, and the incorruptible ſeverity of a judge, he firſt cauſed one of his own eyes to be put out, and then one of his ſon's, thus taking on himſelf half the penalty, that ſo the law might be ſatisfied in the whole, and yet his ſon not be totally deprived of his ſight.

Thou telleſt me no news of our armies, nor what alterations have been made amongſt the miniſters of the Porte ſince the death of Sultan Ibrahim. We have various reports here; and ſome ſay, that the new Viſier Azem will be no long-lived man. I deſire thee to write often to me, and ſend me what intelligence thou canſt.

Let nothing ſlip the knot which has faſtened us ſo many years together in an entire friendſhip, but let us carry that magnet with us to our graves, that at what diſtance ſoever we may be buried, our ſouls may, by the force of that attractive, find one another out, and converſe together in that region of ſilence and ſhadows.

Paris, 9th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XI.—*To the Captain* BASSA.

I KNOW not where this letter will find thee, on the ſhore, or at ſea. If thou art in the watery wilderneſs, I have no art to trace thee. There are no certain roads in that inconſtant element. It is a mighty plain, without path or track; and though there be certain ſtages in it, yet thy arrival at them is timed at the pleaſure of the winds and waves, which will not obey even the orders thou haſt received from the Grand Signior, lord of the four ſeas. Perhaps thou art in purſuit of ſome Venetian ſhips, or other Chriſtian veſſels, the corſairs of the Mediterranean; or thou mayeſt be careening thy fleet in the ſecurer re-

treats of the Archipelago; thou mayeſt be within a minute of a wreck, or juſt entering a harbour. Wherever thou art, may Heaven preſerve thee from the dangers which always threaten ſuch as truſt their lives to a piece of wood, for there will be great need of thee, if our intelligence be true in theſe parts.

It is reported here, that the Coſſacs, Circaſſians, Mingrelians, and other people who border on the Black Sea, and obey not the law brought down from heaven, are entered into a league againſt the bleſſed Porte, and have covered thoſe ſeas with a mighty fleet, while the Prince of Georgia ruſhes down from his mountains with an army of forty thouſand Armenians, Perſians, and borderers of Mount Caucaſus; that the former have taken a thouſand of our trading ſaicks, and are advanced as far as the Ferry of the Bull, which thou knoweſt is but ſix hours ſail from the imperial city; that the latter have made incurſions into the territories of the Grand Signior, put all to the ſword who reſiſted them as they marched along, burned and laid waſte the country; and that all the Greeks and Armenians flock to them, threatening an univerſal defection from the Ottoman empire.

As to the truth of theſe reports I can aſcertain nothing, but am inclined to believe the Coſſacs are troubleſome at ſea, and that they may have drawn ſome of their neighbours into a league, thoſe pilfering nations who live by rapine and ſpoil on both elements. Our ſmall veſſels trading on the Black Sea, full of riches, and empty of arms, muſt needs be a temptation to thoſe pirates, who are the moſt dexterous at a robbery, and the boldeſt fellows in the world. The merchants of theſe parts, who have had ſome traffic at Caffa and other towns on the banks of the Black Sea, give a frightful deſcription of thoſe tempeſtuous waters, and no good character

of the people that border on them. The Coſſacs, they ſay, are valiant and mercenary, the Circaſſians hardy and bold, the Mingrelians ſly and crafty, and the Georgians of an aſtral complexion, capable of all virtues and vices. The firſt ſeldom act unleſs encouraged by the King of Poland or the Czar of Muſcovy, and then they are content with their pay and the lawful plunder of war. The ſecond are never idle when there is hope of prey, whether they fight their own cauſe, or are employed by others; and fear neither hunger, cold, nor any other extremity, for the ſake of a prize. The third are good at a ſtratagem, and would ſteal a man's teeth out of his gums, if he be not wary; great cowards, yet deſperate in their own defence, when they ſee no medium between fighting and death. As for the fourth, they ſeem to be a kind of mongrels, a medley race, whoſe character is compounded of the other three.

They are ſtout and witty, dexterous at a cheat, and no bunglers at an ingenious theft; great liars, full of compliments and external civilities, but perfidious and implacable in their revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the prince of this country, who is a tributary to the King of Perſia, would venture his government at two ſuch deſperate ſtakes, by breaking the peace concluded by his ſovereign with the Grand Signior, and ſo drawing upon himſelf the vengeance of them both; therefore, he is either ſecretly abetted by that monarch, or elſe the news is falſe.

Wouldſt thou know how this country came to be ſubject to the crown of Perſia? It was conquered by Iſhmael Sophi, to whom the Perſian hiſtorians in flattery give the epithet of Great. He was the firſt of that name and of the Perſian kings, that refuſed to obey the orthodox ſucceſſors of the Sent of God. This prince was va-

liant in the field, and no coward at wine, if we may believe one of his courtiers, who wrote memoirs of his life. He records ſixteen battles, wherein he always got the victory, and twice that number of royal debauches, when he ſhowed the ſtrength of his brain in the company of foreign ambaſſadors, with whom he would always carouſe before they departed his court, that he might ſound the depth of their inſtructions; for none were able to cope with him at the juice of the grape; and he always eſteemed that liquor a friend to truth.

If he ſuſpected his miniſters of ſtate, or any of the governors of provinces, he uſed to invite them to a banquet, where, in the midſt of his drinking, he unravelled their ſecret inclinations and councils, being the moſt dexterous at picking the locks of a man's heart of any one living. They never went alive from his preſence, if by one falſe ſtep in their carriage, though it were but a word too paſſionate, or a look leſs compoſed to reſignation, he could diſcover or frame to himſelf the grounds of a juſt jealouſy, it being ever his maxim, "That credulity was the only vice could ruin a happy prince." He had another ſaying alſo, "That Perſia was fertile of men, but barren of faithful officers."

I cannot admire theſe cruel ſtrains of policy; yet kings have reaſons for their actions and words which we cannot comprehend. The philoſophers ſay, "That wine was given us by the gods to mitigate our cares, and for a time to make us equal to their divinities in the free enjoyment of ourſelves;" and though as a muſſulman I am not bound to ſubſcribe to the principles of Pagans, yet as a man, partaker of fleſh and blood, I think he doubly miſuſes that liquor who perverts it to the ends of cruelty.

But this monarch had other thoughts, when, by the aſſiſtance of the Georgian forces, having ſubdued the

regions bordering on the Caſpian Sea, at that time in the hands of the Ottomans, he invited the King of Georgia to his tent, under pretence of a feſtival joy for their mutual ſucceſs. The unwary prince, truſting to his own merit and the faith of his neighbour, ventures himſelf with a ſmall guard to the camp of Iſhmael. The Perſian entertained him with all the outward demonſtrations of affection and gratitude for his repeated aids; but in the end of the feaſt, taking exceptions at ſome words the King of Georgia ſpoke in praiſe of his own ſoldiers, he commanded his eunuchs to ſeize on him, and carry him to the tent of the Unfortunate (ſo they called the pavilion or cage of the grandees fallen into diſgrace); then he gave ſwift orders for the Georgian ſoldiers to be manacled; and having thus done, he beſtowed the government of Georgia on one Luarzab, on condition that he and his ſucceſſors would embrace the faith of Hali, and pay tribute to the crown of Perſia.

From this Luarzab has the government of Georgia deſcended, not in a line of blood, but at the pleaſure of the Perſian kings, to him who now holds it, Shanavas-Chan, who, I believe, has more wit than to hazard his poſſeſſions for the ſake of a chimera.

In thus roving from my firſt point thou canſt not blame me, ſince thou thyſelf acteſt by the rules of navigation, which vary according to the bias of the needle. Thou followeſt one magnet, and I another, yet let us both meet in the centre of duty we owe the Grand Signior.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XII.—*To* CARA HALY, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

THOU wilt ſay, it is an unmannerly way of congratulating thy new advance to begin my addreſs with complaints; yet friendſhip overlooks punctilios. It is not the firſt time I have treſpaſſed on thy generous temper. I am indiſpoſed, and cannot act the courtier, though I am raviſhed to hear the news. It is ſome ſupport to my languiſhing ſpirits, that whilſt I am crumbling and dwindling away into the little principles of which I was made, thou, my friend, art growing in the bulk of mortal greatneſs in the favour of our glorious ſultan.

However, I cannot but ſuſpect the pretended kindneſs of him who raiſed thee, I mean the new viſier; neither haſt thou much reaſon to take this ſudden reconciliation for any other than a maſk of his old malice. He cannot forget the quarrel between thy father and him on the account of Dara Meſeck, the lieutenant-general of the janizaries, when the brave old cheik put a ſtop to the deſigned revenge of this inhuman upſtart.

Aſſure thyſelf, that he who has made his ſteps to the grandeur he now poſſeſſes over the neck of his maſter, will not ſpare any from whoſe wit or power he may fear a ſhock; and he knows both thy experience and intereſt too great not to miſtruſt the ſon of his enemy.

Beſides, the eminent command thy brother has over the Spahis muſt needs be an additional caution to the man whoſe name ſounds nowhere ſo ſweetly as in the chamber of the janizaries.

Thou art ſenſible that the newly-revived animoſity between theſe military orders threatens a calamity to the Ottoman empire, which cannot be diverted without a ſacrifice on one ſide or other; and ſince the Spahis have

engaged ſo many potent baſſas in their quarrels, who can expect to fall but the mighty favourite of the infantry?

He knows this very well, and to prevent his own ruin, he reſolves on thine and thy brother's; thine under the maſk of friendſhip, till by his wheedle he has drawn thy brother to Conſtantinople, where he will not fail to be ſtrangled, that ſo a creature of the viſier may be promoted in his room; and what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own judgment.

Perhaps thou wilt deſpiſe the advice of a ſick man, and impute my fears to an exceſs of melancholy, from which diſtemper, thou knoweſt, I am ſeldom free; but I tell thee, my reaſon labours under no hypochondriac diſorders, though my body may. I am no enthuſiaſt when I counſel my friend to avoid an apparent danger: However, if thou thinkeſt it needleſs for me to buſy myſelf in ſuch caſes, I have done; but I ſhall never ceaſe to pray for thy proſperity, as often as I comply with the law in kiſſing the floor five times a-day, and repeating the appointed oriſons of faith.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my pen is at a loſs; I am puzzled for a ſtyle ſuitable to thy new honour and our old friendſhip.

But if I take too much liberty, aſcribe it to the ſincerity of my affection, which knows not how to be reſerved or ſtrange to a perſon whom once I could call my other ſelf, for no wider is the diſtance between friends.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XIII.—*To* Chiurgi Muhamet, *Baſſa.*

I know not whether what I am going to relate will be news to thee, or to any of the miniſters reſiding at the

Sublime Porte. However, it is ſo to me, and I am commanded to conceal nothing of moment that comes to my ears.

Mahomet, eldeſt ſon to Achmet the Dey of Tunis, is now at Rome, having embraced the Chriſtian religion. People relate variouſly the motives that induced him to this change. Some ſay it was intereſt, he having held a private correſpondence with the Viceroy of Sicily, who promiſed him, in the King of Spain's name, to make him lord of ſeveral large territories in the Weſt Indies.

Others ſay, it was diſcontent at his father's government, and auſtere carriage towards him, the old man having forced him to marry the Baſſa of Tripoli's daughter againſt his inclination.

But the greateſt part aſcribe this change in religion to the force of his conſcience, which, they ſay, was convinced by a miracle of the truth of the Chriſtian faith; for, as they relate, being once at ſea in a veſſel, wherein were many Chriſtians, and a dreadful tempeſt ariſing, the mariners, who were all muſſulmans, ſeeing the havoc that the winds and waves had made of the ſhip tackle, gave over all for loſt, and fainting under ſo much labour, watching and terror as they had undergone, lay down, and let the ſhip drive wherever the ſtorm would carry her. But there being a Chriſtian prieſt aboard, eſteemed a very holy and blameleſs man, he excited the Chriſtians to appeaſe the wrath of God by ſome extraordinary acts of devotion. Then they all made a ſolemn proceſſion on the decks of the ſhip, the prieſt carrying before them that which they call the Sacrament, imploring the mercy of God, and often calling on Jeſus and Mary; when, behold, as the prieſt ſtood aloft on the poop, reading aloud part of the Goſpel, the ſtorm ſuddenly ceaſed, the clouds were diſperſed, the air grew ſerene and calm, and the veſ-

ſel got ſafe into harbour. Upon this, they ſay, Mahomet, when he came aſhore, took that prieſt along with him, deſiring to be inſtructed in the Chriſtian belief, making a vow alſo, that he would renounce the law of the muſſulmans, and embrace that of Jeſus.

This is what ſuch as are zealous for the honour of the Chriſtian faith relate concerning this prince's converſion. However it be, it is certain, that he privately made his eſcape from Tunis by ſea, and bent his courſe directly for Sicily, where in a few days he landed, and was received by the viceroy according to the dignity of a prince. A while after, he was baptized by an archbiſhop, who gave him the name of Don Philippo, by which he is called in all places.

They ſay he was a little ſcandalized at firſt, when he ſaw with what freedom the Sicilian women appeared abroad in the ſtreets and converſed with men, but that afterwards he took a great delight in their company, eſpecially thoſe that could ſing well, or play on any inſtrument of muſic, to which he is much addicted; and therefore he chooſes to frequent thoſe temples where their ſervice is performed with variety of excellent muſic, as it is in all great cities; and, for aught we know, the character which the Chriſtian prieſt gave him of this harmonious manner of worſhipping God, might have no ſmall influence on a man naturally affected with that ſcience. Certainly muſic has a mighty force on our affections; and it is a proverb here in the Weſt, "That he who does not love muſic, has no ſoul." One of the ancient philoſophers defined the ſoul itſelf to be an harmony; and another was ſo ſenſible of the various effects of this ſcience in raiſing different paſſions in men, that he left it as an aphoriſm, "Such as the muſic is, ſuch are the people of a commonwealth;" whence it was the great care of ſuch

as took upon them to form the manners of youth, that no tunes ſhould be played in their hearing which naturally provoked to levity and wantonneſs, but grave and martial ſtrains, ſuch as prompted heroic thoughts, and diſpoſed them to virtue. The Italians are great maſters of this ſcience, and the airs which they compoſe for their church ſervice are very deep and raviſhing, which cauſes their new proſelyte Don Philippo to paſs his time very attentively during the celebration of their high maſs and their even ſong. They report that he will turn Jeſuit.

He went from Sicily loaded with gifts and preſents, and came to Rome, the ſeat of the Chriſtians chief mufti, whom they call the Pope. He is much honoured and careſſed by the holy father and all the cardinals, who have told him ſo many fair things of the Nazarene faith, and ſhowed him ſo many ſacred relics of antiquity, that he thinks himſelf already within the verge of heaven, and that Rome is no other than the ſuburbs of paradiſe. There is ſomething very charming and ſweet in the converſation of the Chriſtian prelates, if they be men of learning, as moſt generally they are; and it is no wonder that ſuch polite company ſhould prevail much on the flexible temper of a young prince, who is as a pilgrim in a ſtrange country, where he can hear nothing but perpetual eulogies of the Chriſtian religion, nor ſee any thing but objects, which ſerve only to confirm in his mind a venerable idea of that faith he has embraced. Beſides, they ſay, he is fallen deeply in love with a young Roman lady; ſo that there is no hope of reſcuing him from the power of ſo many enchantments.

Therefore, giving him over as loſt, let us pray the Omnipotent to eſtabliſh us in his truth, that neither intereſt, paſſion, nor an erroneous conſcience, may ever be able to make us ſwerve from the law written in Heaven,

but that we may adhere to God and his Prophet with a thouſand ſouls.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XIV.—*To* SALA, TIRCHENI EMIN, *Superintendant of the Royal Arſenal at Conſtantinople.*

WE are all alarmed here with the news of I know not what boiſterous adventures of the Coſſacs and their neighbours that poſſeſs the ancient kingdom of Colchis. Had I not a firm faith in the Alcoran, it would fill me with panic fears; but no attempts can prevail againſt the men fighting under the ſhadow of the prophet. He deſcended with a conſummate authority from the monarch who commands all things. The mandate of Heaven will diſperſe the infidels. The ſeven viſiers above were witneſſes to the words, whoſe echoes cauſed thunder, when the Prophet retired from the ſteps of the throne. Had not Moſes given him warning (who remembered the noiſe in the mount), the apoſtle had loſt his addreſs, and been confounded before the angels; but, encouraged with the whiſper of the man with horns, he made no default in his conge, and, with little loſs of time, arrived to the ninth ſphere, where he proclaimed the Neſiarum, and all the inhabitants of that orb reſorted to the banner which he had in his hands. The prophet told them it was only for a trial of their fidelity. They made obeiſance, and retired.

From that place he made no ſcruple, but that the elect in heaven and earth would obey the divine patent. He finiſhed his deſcent triumphantly, and pitched his feet on Mount Uriel. Thoſe that believe Hali, ſay, it was on the top of the Ragged Rock: But let here-

ties alone in their infidelity. Be it where it pleaſed God, he ſpoke the words that ſhall never be reverſed, when he diſplayed the heavenly ſilk, and ſaid, "Whoever takes up arms againſt this banner, ſhall be reputed an infidel; he ſhall be exterminated from the earth."

I often think on theſe paſſages in the holy memoirs, the collections of the life full of wonders. Then I comfort myſelf with this thought, that if all the uncircumciſed in the world ſhould enter into a combination, they would not ſucceed againſt the men fighting under the commiſſion with the ſeal.

I have ſent a letter to the Baſſa of the Sea, acquainting him with the news of this expedition of the Coſſacs, ſince which I am informed, that theſe people are headed by a famous pirate in thoſe parts, a man of a daring ſpirit, and capable of the boldeſt undertakings. The French merchants who have traded in the Black Sea, give him a high character, and portend great injuries to the Ottoman empire from the ſucceſs of his arms; for, they ſay, he is a good captain both by ſea and land. I have heard ſeveral different ſtories of his birth and education; but this I am going to relate comes from the beſt hands, and ſeems moſt probable.

His name is Pachicour, a Circaſſian by birth, but bred up in a ſea town of the Ukrain, near the mouth of the Nieſter. He left his native country at the age of twelve years, out of a deſire to ſee foreign parts, embarking himſelf, unknown to his parents, in a veſſel of Podolia, which then was ready to ſet ſail from Bala Clug. He carried with him a ſmall ſum of money, which he had purloined from his father, and ſerved as a fund of his future fortune; for, arriving at a certain town in Podolia, he frequented the quays, and offered his ſervice to ſeveral merchants, one of which obſerving in his face the

marks of a promiſing genius, entertained him in his houſe. He lived with him ſeven years, and performed his office ſo well, that he made him his factor to Conſtantinople.

Pachicour diſcharged his truſt there with much profit to his maſter, and honour to himſelf; ſo that, at his return, ſeveral merchants entruſted him with their goods, and ſent him to trade at Caffa, and other towns on the Black Sea. His judgment and reputation increaſing with his years, he became in time famous in all the trading towns; and ſuch was his credit in the Ukrain, that all the merchants put their veſſels and goods into his hands, ſo that he ſailed many times with a fleet of twenty ſhips, having the diſpoſal of all the goods committed to his management. He grew ſo rich in time by his dealings, that he was able to drive a conſiderable trade for himſelf, and then it was he began to lay the foundation of a deſign which he has ſince executed. His genius was too active always to be confined to this ſlow way of growing great; therefore he was reſolved, at one blow, to raiſe his fortune to the pitch he aimed at. He was the only broker, banquier and merchant wherever he came.

It was no difficult thing for a man of ſo vaſt a credit to raiſe an extraordinary ſtock; and Pachicour could eaſily ſilence the alarms of conſcience. There happened alſo a juncture very proper for his deſign; for while he was at Iſgaou, a port of Circaſſia, day and night projecting how to exalt himſelf, a war broke out between his countrymen and the Mingrelians. The latter appeared with a navy at ſea, which alarmed all the maritime parts of Circaſſia. Pachicour, whoſe invention was always buſy, took a hint from this to accompliſh his plot. Expedition was his chiefeſt game: Therefore, he

ſpeedily made the utmoſt uſe of his credit among the Podolian merchants, and other foreigners reſiding at Iſgaou; and when he had amaſſed together prodigious ſums of gold, for which he only gave them bills of exchange, he privately ſends away this huge treaſure, with all his jewels, tiſſues, and other rich merchandiſe, to his father's houſe, who lived not many leagues from this town.

Within two days after this, the Mingrelian fleet made a deſcent at Iſgaou, ſacked it, carried away two thouſand captives, and went to their veſſels again.

Pachicour, who knew how to make an advantage of this opportunity, privately fled after his wealth, as ſoon as the Mingrelian fleet appeared before the place; and it happened, that moſt of his creditors were made ſlaves, and tranſported to Mingrelia. He had no need to take any farther care, but how to ſecure his riches from his pilfering neighbours; for the Circaſſians are all profeſſed thieves. He, therefore, makes haſte to his father, and, having gratified him for his trouble, he, in a ſhort time, purchaſed four men of war, with which he ſets up for a pirate, infeſting thoſe ſeas, and robbing all the merchants, except thoſe who had formerly entruſted him. His bounty and valour charmed all that ſerved him, and his fame ſpreading with his wonderful ſucceſs, many Circaſſians put out to ſea, and joined with him; ſo that, in a little time, he made no ſmall figure in the kingdom of Neptune. Seeing himſelf commander of a powerful navy, he found out quickly the Mingrelian fleet, and, engaging with them, got a glorious victory.

Soon after a peace was concluded, and Pachicour was declared admiral of all the Circaſſian ſea-forces; to whom the Mingrelians were obliged by treaty to join theirs, and to obey Pachicour's orders. In a little time, this fortunate general became ſo famous, that the Coſſacs

ſent to him an agent, and entered into a league, furniſhed out three hundred veſſels, and joined the Circaſſian and Mingrelian fleets.

This is the bottom of the new expedition which makes ſo loud a noiſe in theſe parts.

Thou, who art maſter of the arſenal, wilt know what meaſures are fitteſt to be taken againſt this bold infidel, if he perſiſts to break the peace of the moſt ſerene empire; yet, though he is an enemy, let us not envy him the praiſes that are due to his wit and courage. He ſeems to ſurpaſs the ſneaking thieves of his own nation, and undertakes nothing but ſovereign cheats and noble thefts, ſuch as would paſs for virtuous actions in a man of a higher birth.

I do not plead for robbery, nor take the part of an infidel; but if I had time to tell thee ſome heroic paſſages of this pirate, thou wouldeſt ſay he is worthy of a generous and favourable uſage, ſhould he become a captive. In another letter I will oblige thee with a relation, which will not be unwelcome to a man who gives not ſentence with the vulgar. I had more to ſay on another ſubject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the effect of my duty to the Grand Signior.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XV.—*To* MELEC AMET, *Baſſa.*

THERE is news arrived here lately of the murder of the Engliſh ambaſſador at the Hague; his name was Doriſlaus. He was ſent by the new governors in England to make an alliance with the ſtates of Holland, and to ſatisfy them in reference to their late proceedings againſt their ſovereign. It is ſaid, his negociation would have had but

little ſucceſs, in regard the Prince of Orange, who is preſident or chief over the ſtates, and who married the daughter of the Engliſh King, takes to heart the untimely death of his father-in-law, and cannot be reconciled to his murderers: Yet it is to be thought, that princes are no farther touched with one another's misfortunes, than concerns their intereſt.

However, on the 3d day of the 5th moon, ſome Scots entered into the lodgings of the ambaſſador, and having diſpatched him with ſeveral wounds, made their eſcape. It is not certainly known who ſet theſe aſſaſſins at work. People deſcant variouſly, as their affections biaſs them. Some reflect on it as a judgment juſtly inflicted by God, though by an unjuſt act of men, on one who had been a notorious promoter of his ſovereign's death: Others cenſure it as a moſt impious ſacrilege, in regard the perſons of ambaſſadors are, by the law of nations, eſteemed ſacred and inviolable, and the injuries which they ſuffer are interpreted not only as done to their maſters who ſend them, but to all mankind, as if human nature itſelf were wronged in the perſons of public miniſters.

Indeed, there is no method of eſtabliſhing or conſerving friendſhips and alliances between different nations, if their agents be not ſecured with an immunity from affronts and violences.

The French relate a pretty paſſage of one of their kings, who, before he came to the crown, being Duke of Orleans, had received very ill uſage in his travels from a certain Italian lord called the Baron of Benevento. After this prince was poſſeſſed of the kingdom, the ſame Italian lord was ſent ambaſſador from the Viceroy of Naples, to congratulate his acceſſion to the throne of his anceſtors. Some French courtiers, who had been witneſſes of the injuries this lord had formerly done to their

maſter, now perſuaded the king to revenge himſelf, by cauſing ſome groſs indignities to be done him, whilſt he had him in his power; to whom the wiſe monarch replied, "It becomes not the King of France to revenge on the Ambaſſador of Naples the injuries which the Duke of Orleans received from the Baron of Benevento."

It is ſaid, the Engliſh nation have demanded ſatisfaction of the Hollanders for the murder of their ambaſſador; but were anſwered, "That they themſelves ought firſt to expiate the murder of their king."

The Scots have revolted from the new government in England, and are yet in ſuſpence, whether they ſhall ſet up the ſon of the late king, or form themſelves into an independent republic: The Iriſh are ſtedfaſt to the intereſts of the crown; and many iſlands in America, ſubject to the kings of England, have now denied all obedience to the new Engliſh government, which ſeems to tend towards a democracy.

There is much talk of one Cromwell, the general of the Engliſh forces in Ireland. This man, from a private and obſcure eſtate, is aſcended to the dignity of a general, having purchaſed this command by his conduct and valour. The French extol him for the greateſt ſoldier of this age, and, if Fame be true, he is no leſs ſtateſman.

As a mark of the reſpect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this letter, a piſtol of curious workmanſhip, which, being once charged, will deliver ſix bullets one after another. If thou acceptеſt this ſmall preſent, it will be an argument of thy friendſhip.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XVI.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI.

I HAVE often wondered at the lethargy wherein the Nazarenes ſeem to be drowned. They forget what they read in their own bibles; they there encounter with expreſſions which favour of the Eaſt. Every page of the written law reliſhes of the dialect which is pure and lively, though the tranſlators have cropped the flower of the ſenſe. I have read their bible in Greek, Latin, and French, but none of theſe languages expreſs to the life the original Hebrew, nor can it be expected. It is impoſſible to ſcrew up the dull phraſes of Europe to the ſignificant idioms of Aſia. We may as well expect dates to ſpring from a reed; and, for that reaſon, it is forbidden the true faithful to tranſlate the volume of light from the original Arabic, which is no other than Hebrew in its ancient purity.

This is the language of thoſe who dwell above the ſeventh orb: It is the dialect wherein God converſes with the pages of his divine ſeraglio, wherein all the records of the celeſtial empire are writ; and, when he iſſues out orders to the miniſters and baſſas of heaven, Haſmariel, the ſecretary of the immortal divan, uſes no other character or ſpeech, but that which is peculiar on earth to the ſons of Iſmael, the inhabitants of the region on the eaſt of the Red Sea. In fine, this is the language wherein the Omnipotent thought fit to diſcover his pleaſure to mortals.

Believe Mahmut, when he tells thee with profound ſubmiſſion, that he has taken ſome pains to pry into thoſe languages which have been the channels of divine knowledge. I have been peculiarly ambitious to ſtudy the anatomy of Oriental words; and it would be no hyperbole to ſay, I have learned to diſſect even the very ſyl-

lables, wherein the various placing of points and letters alters the ſenſe, or at leaſt makes it ambiguous. So ſignificant and myſterious are our ſacred characters.

I ſpeak not this in peeviſhneſs, or to vindicate myſelf from the contempt which Ikingi Cap'-Oglani has put upon me. I have no emulation in that point; nor can any little ſpur of pedantic ambition make me forward to contend with a man, whoſe whole talent conſiſts in knowing and remembering other mens works; as if he had ſtudied at Athens only for this end, to learn the facetious art of turning his brains into a catalogue of books. But I reflect on the learned among the Nazarenes, who are chiefly to blame, having the cuſtody of the book delivered to them from the Jews: And among them the tranſlators of that volume are paſt excuſe, for they have deſloured the original, and robbed the virgin language of its beauty and honour, whilſt the reſt are witneſſes and ſilent abettors of the rape, in concealing the indignity that has been done to the letters formed by the finger of God, and full of divine myſteries.

In thus accuſing the Chriſtian interpreters of the bible, I do not patroniſe the critical whimſies of the Jewiſh cabbaliſts. They are exploded by all men of ſenſe; yet there is a medium between the exceſs of that affected niceneſs, which has rendered the one ridiculous, and of that ſtudied careleſſneſs to which the obſcurity of the other is owing. As the Hebrews, by preſſing the letters too cloſe, have ſqueezed out divine chimeras, ſo the Chriſtians, in uſing too ſlack a hand, have ſcarce gained a groſs draught of common human ſenſe, leaving the genuine elixir of the writer's meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the charge of the tranſlators employed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. Theſe were no Chriſtians, nor yet in the number of thoſe

who adored the celeſtial bodies and elements; nor did any of them pay their devotions at the ſame altar with that Egyptian monarch, who was a worſhipper of the god Serapis; but they were Jews, ſeventy, or two more in number, as the tradition goes. And being every one commanded ſeverally to tranſlate thoſe manuſcripts, which the Jews eſteemed the oracles of God, without converſing with or ſeeing each other, it is ſaid their verſions all agreed to a ſyllable.

This is the ſtory of the Jews, and ſeems to be credited by the Chriſtians; yet ſome have found many errors and incongruities in that celebrated copy; and it is eaſy for an impartial eye, eſpecially in the head of an Oriental, to ſpy many more.

But the Latin, which they call the vulgar tranſlation, is full of miſtakes; and the pretended ſaint who made it, ſhould have gone farther than Paleſtine for his intelligence in ancient Hebrew. His name, if I miſtake not, was Hieronymus; he paſſed many years in a cell, near the ſuppoſed tomb of the Chriſtians Meſſiah in the Holy Land; where, they ſay, he was inſpired with the knowledge of Hebrew, and from thence ventured upon a tranſlation of the Old Teſtament.

Thou wilt not expect a certificate of theſe things from Mahmut, who only tells thee what he has read in Chriſtian authors, whom they call the hiſtorians of their church.

But I can aſſure thee, it was no ſpirit of the Eaſt aſſiſted this eccleſiaſtic in his verſion; for he comes far ſhort of rightly rendering the lofty hyperboles, appoſite ſimilitudes, elegant figures, and other ornaments of ſpeech peculiar to the writings of thoſe who firſt ſee the riſing ſun. Such are all thoſe penned in the Eaſt; from which we muſt not exclude the manuſcripts of Moſes, and the

reſt of the Hebrew prophets, poets, hiſtorians, and philoſophers. Of theſe does the Old Teſtament conſiſt, except one book wrote by my countryman Job, who five times foiled the devil in ſo many ſet combats before God.

What ſhall I ſay then of the tranſlations that have been made of their Bible in other languages, not ſo copious and ſignificant as the Latin?

Since the diviſion aroſe between the Roman Catholics and Proteſtants, their Bible has been taught to ſpeak the dialect of all, or moſt nations in Europe. Yet ſuch is the unhappineſs of the Franks, that the more they tamper with the language of great purity, the worſe they ſucceed; which has occaſioned ſome learned men, as I am informed, to mark above a thouſand faults in the laſt French verſion of that myſterious book.

What room will they leave for the cenſures of the muſſulmans, if the Chriſtians themſelves are thus critical upon the grand patent of their ſalvation?

It would be an endleſs taſk to recount all the errors that may be diſcerned in the various traducts of the Bible, by any man that has converſed in the Eaſt; neither will I intrench on thy patience, to gain the character of a critic.

Permit me to glance only on the pſalter, or the odes of Sultan David. How flat and dull are the meaſures of the Chriſtian tranſlators? How low have they ſunk the ſenſe of that royal poet? He never began to warble forth any of thoſe divine ſongs, until firſt inſpired by a ſeraph, whom he had lured down from paradiſe by the melody of his harp. That ſeraph was maſter of the muſic above, as the Hebrew doctors teach. Every time David played on his inſtrument, Ariel (for ſo was the ſpirit called) made his deſcent, and ſung with a grace

which cannot be expreſſed. The docile poet ſoon learned both his notes and words. Seven hundred times David touched his harmonious ſtrings, and ſo often the angel ſtood by him with the book of the choir. He taught ſeven hundred ſonnets that are chanted by the lovers in paradiſe; but the devil ſtole them from the king, whilſt he was gazing on another man's wife, bathing herſelf in an adjoining garden.

Yet there are above an hundred hymns remaining, which David compoſed by memory out of the former; but ſome ſects among the Chriſtians have turned them to the ballads of the vulgar.

So have they dealt with that ſurpaſſing poem of Solomon, taught him by the etherial tutor of his father. For Ariel was enamoured of one of the virgins of paradiſe, at the ſame time that Solomon enjoyed Pharaoh's daughter, and had newly built for her a ſeraglio of cedar. The heavenly lover, therefore, to accommodate himſelf to the paſſion of the mortal, taught him one of the paſtorals of Eden, a ſong peculiar to his own amour.

But the Nazarenes have turned it to a dry and inſignificant allegory, by their gloſſes; putting an affront alſo upon rhetoric and poetry, in wording their tranſlation.

If I ſhould go on and number the miſtakes they have made in the writings of the prophets, and other books of the Old Teſtament, though it were but in this general manner, I ſhould tire thee out; but to recount the particulars would be a thirteenth taſk for Hercules.

Yet, after all theſe defaults of the learned, neither they nor the ignorant can be excuſed from wilful blindneſs, in ſhutting their eyes againſt the twilight which appears in the world tranſlation, and is ſufficient to direct any man

to the Eaſt, where Wiſdom ſhines in her perfect ſplendour.

There are expreſſions all over the ſcriptures, which point to the laws, cuſtoms, habits, diet, and manner of life, uſed in the regions firſt viſited by the morning ſun. Theſe are the ſame now as they were of old; and the muſſulmans of this age obſerve no other rule of life, but what was practiſed by the patriarch Ibrahim, above three thouſand years ago, and by all the faithful of thoſe times. Our marriages, circumciſions, funerals, prayers, waſhings, and all other ceremonies of religion or civility, are the ſame now as then; there is nothing added or diminiſhed, ſave the faith and obedience we owe to Mahomet, the ambaſſador of God, and to the volume put into his hands by Gabriel, prince of the divine meſſengers.

Our very habits, and the manner of our building, our ſalutations and whole addreſs, are the ſame at this day, as the Scripture tells us were in uſe in thoſe ages next after the flood, among the patriarchs and prophets, and among all the true believers, the poſterity of Ibrahim, eſpecially the deſcendants by the right line, the ſtem of Iſmael, the eldeſt ſon of him who entertained three angels at once in his tent.

Yet the infidels will not conſider it, but perſuade themſelves they are the only children of the faithful Ibrahim, pretending to practiſe, in I know not what figurative ſenſe, the life we lead in truth; cheating themſelves with empty ſymbols, while we enjoy the ſubſtance.

But thou, great ſucceſſor of Ibrahim and the prophets, vouchſafe to pray for Mahmut, that whilſt his duty to the Grand Signior obliges him to dwell here in the Weſt, and to converſe with none but infidels, he may ſtill retain the faith of the Eaſt, the devotion of an Iſmaelite, and the purity of a true believer; ſtill crying in

his heart even in the temples of the infidels, there is but one God, and Mahomet his meſſenger.

Paris, 5th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XVII.—*To the* Chiaus Bassa.

The peace agreed on laſt year, between the Germans and Swedes, is not yet fully eſtabliſhed and confirmed. There has been a ceſſation of arms ſince that time, and now the Duke of Amalfi, on the emperor's ſide, the Duke of Vandort for the King of France, and he of Erſkin, for the crown of Swedeland, are met at Norimberg, to conclude a final ratification of the articles.

During this conſult, the Swediſh army are permitted by the emperor's agreement to quarter up and down in ſeven circles of the empire, and not to be diſcharged till all their arrears are paid at the coſt of the Germans. It is ſaid it will amount to three millions of ſequins. This war has laſted near thirty years; in which above three hundred thouſand men have loſt their lives.

As to the Engliſh affairs, the prevailing party there have declared that ancient kingdom to be a free ſtate, and the monarchy is aboliſhed by a public act. Nevertheleſs, after Charles was beheaded, his eldeſt ſon was proclaimed king, both in England and Ireland, by ſome of the nobles and gentry that were friends to that royal family; and in Ireland, a certain great duke appeared at the head of a numerous army, in behalf of the young king's intereſt, having laid ſiege to the metropolis of that kingdom, which, with one other town, were the only ſtrong holds that reſiſted the king's party. But in the 8th moon, the army which the Engliſh ſtates had newly ſent over to that iſland, engaged with the forces of this

duke, entirely routed them, killing two thouſand men on the ſpot, and taking many thouſand priſoners, with all their ammunition and baggage. This, being ſeconded with other victories, in a ſhort time reduced that kingdom under the obedience of the Engliſh ſtates.

In the mean time I hear no pleaſing news from the Levant. Veſſels daily arrive in the havens of France, who confirm each others relations of a dreadful naval combat between our fleet and that of the Venetians, wherein, they ſay, we have loſt ſeventy-two galleys, threeſcore merchant veſſels, and eighteen ſhips of war; that, in this fight, ſix thouſand five hundred muſſulmans have loſt their lives, and near ten thouſand were taken priſoners.

I tell thee, theſe are great breaches in the navy, which, belonging to the lord of the ſea and land, has aſſumed to itſelf the epithet of Invincible. Theſe are blemiſhes in the enſigns of high renown, reproaches to the empire, which we believe is to ſubdue all nations. I reflect not on the courage, or conduct of the captain baſſa; neither am I willing to help forward the ruin of a man, who cannot expect to be honoured with a veſt, a ſword, or any other marks of the ſultan's favour, for his ſervice in this ſea campaign. I am naturally compaſſionate. It is not in my praiſe I ſpeak it; for I believe this tenderneſs to be rather a vice of my conſtitution, than to have any rank in the morals, much leſs to be of kin to the family of virtues. I pity a man falling into diſgrace, on whom the weather of the ſeraglio changes, from which he muſt expect nothing but clouds and ſtorms. Thoſe tempeſts will prove more fatal to him than any that ever toſſed his fleet on the ruffled ocean. In all probability, he will ſuffer a ſhipwreck of his for-

tune, if not of his life; therefore it is with extreme regret I muſt ſay that which may haſten his fall.

But I am commanded not to conceal any intelligence that relates to the intereſt of the Sublime Porte, nor to ſpare the ſon of my mother, if I know him guilty of criminal practices.

All that I have to lay to the charge of the baſſa of the ſea, is a private correſpondence which he holds with Cardinal Mazarini. This I diſcovered by the aſſiſtance of a dwarf, whom I have often mentioned in my letters to the grandees of the Porte. I need not repeat to thee what I have ſaid already to them, of the birth, education, and genius of Oſmin (for ſo is the little ſpark called), nor of the method I have put him upon, to wind himſelf into the ſecrets of the public miniſters; only thou mayeſt report to the divan, that this diminutive man continues to purſue his advantages of acceſs to the cloſets of the French miniſters, whereof I gave an account laſt year, in a letter to Chiurgi Muhammet Baſſa.

Thou mayeſt aſſure them alſo, that when he was yeſterday in the chamber of Cardinal Mazarini, he caſt his eye on a letter which lay open on the table, whilſt the cardinal was in earneſt diſcourſe with an extraordinary courier from Rome. He had not opportunity to read more than the ſuperſcription, and a line or two of the matter, which contained theſe words:

"The mild Commander, the Humble Shadow of the bright Star of the Sea, BILAL, Captain Baſſa;

"To the Moſt Illuſtrious Prince of the Kingdom of the Meſſiah, eminent among the High Lords of Holy Honour, the Sublime Director of the People of Jeſus, Aſſiſtant to the Chair of Sovereign Dignity, the Seat

of the Roman Caliph, JULIO MAZARINI, Cardinal, and our Friend; may whoſe latter days increaſe in happineſs.

"THY affectionate letter and preſents were delivered ſafe to me, as I lay at anchor with the fleet under my command, not far from the iſland of Chios; and, as a mark of my acknowledgment and good-will to thee and all the Nazarenes, I embraced in my arms the noble captain, Signior Antonio Maratelli, who had the honour to be truſted with this negotiation. I immediately diſrobed myſelf, and cauſed that brave Italian, thy meſſenger, to be veſted with my own garment, as a pledge of——"

Before Oſmin could read farther, the cardinal approached the table, and took up the letter, letting fall ſome words to the courier, by which the dwarf was confirmed in his ſuſpicion of the baſſa's perfidiouſneſs, and that this letter newly came from him. He poſted immediately to give me an account of this paſſage; believing it to be, as it is, of great import; for he has a ſingular regard for the family, which firſt exterminated the Greeks from Conſtantinople.

Thou knoweſt what uſe to make of this intelligence. I am not cruelly inclined, but I muſt do my duty. The reſt I refer to thy prudence.

I will only adverti ſe thee of one farther remark of Oſmin, who, by comparing what he has ſeen now, with a diſcourſe he once before over-heard between Mazarini and a French nobleman, whilſt he lay under the Cardinal's table (which I have inſerted in one of my letters), concludes, that the baſſa there mentioned by the Cardinal, was this ſame Bilal Baſſa, who was, at the inſtance of the janizaries, made baſſa of the ſea.

I could not, without making myſelf an accomplice, conceal ſo foul an ingratitude to the Grand Signior, and ſo villanous a treaſon againſt the empire, which holds the firſt rank among all the dominions on earth.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XVIII.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

WE have had a violent hot ſummer in theſe parts, with much thunder and lightning, which has done conſiderable damage to the farmers, in burning their hay and corn in their granaries. Complaints arrive here daily from all the provinces, that Heaven has conſumed their harveſts.

This the court party interpret as a judgment on them for their rebellions; cauſing it to be induſtriouſly ſpread about in all companies, that Heaven is angry with the inhabitants of Guyenne, Bourdeaux, and other provinces, for taking up arms this year againſt their ſovereign. I know not how far this cenſure is juſtifiable; but it is obſerved, that the people of theſe rebellious provinces have received more apparent and irreparable injuries by the lightning, than thoſe of other parts. Several members of the parliament of Aix were found dead in their beds, after a tempeſtuous night of lightning; and next day, the roof of the houſe where they aſſembled fell down, and killed ſeveral.

In the great church of Bourdeaux, as they were celebrating their maſs, a ball of fire broke in from behind the altar, ſmote down ſeveral images, and filling the church with an intolerable ſtink, flew out at a window, without doing any farther harm; and a great bank of money, raiſed by this city to pay their ſoldiers, was all melted down by lightning, to the aſtoniſhment of thoſe

who ſaw it; for it was done in the day-time, the grandees of Bourdeaux being preſent. It would be endleſs to recount all the miſchiefs that have been done in thoſe parts. We had no great harm here, ſave that almoſt all the wine in the city was turned to a kind of vinegar in one night; which the philoſophers attribute to the peculiar energy of lightning, which plays the chymiſt with this liquor, and in a moment ſeparates, and drinks up its vital ſpirits, leaving only a *mortuum caput* behind.

The ſeaſon has been ſo hot during the dog-days, that the air itſelf ſeemed combuſtible; and the very winds, from whence we looked for refreſhment, were like the breath of a ſtove.

All things ſeemed ready to take fire, as if the elements waited for the grand conflagration; heat was the cry every where; mens bodies were ſcalded with internal flames; the ſhade of trees afforded no relief; the fountains could not allay their thirſt; all nature ſeemed to be in a fever, ready to expire.

Now thoſe fervours are abated, and we begin to have froſty mornings; the nitrous air reſtores mens appetites; abundance of rain has new-moulded the gaping parched earth, and produced a ſecond ſpring; the huſbandman comforts himſelf with the hopes of another crop of hay, to repair the loſs of the former, which the lightning robbed him of. In the mean time, the winds are very buſy in diſrobing the trees, and ſcattering not only their leaves, but alſo the fruit that is not gathered, on the ground; whereby a banquet is prepared for the hogs in every orchard, who claim as much right to feed on what lies on the common table, as their owners; and it is no unpleaſant muſic to hear a herd of ſwine ſet their teeth at work on the windfallen apples; at leaſt this ſpectacle and noiſe is delightful to me, who have been without appetite theſe

three moons, and but juſt begin to recover my ſtomach. I often ride out of Paris, on purpoſe to take the country air, where my bread taſtes more ſavourily than in the city. There appears ſomething ſo harmleſs and innocent in the faces and behaviour of the ruſtics, as effectually relieves my melancholy; I cannot diſcern in them any ſignatures of court craft and villany; their converſation cheers my ſpirits; I love to hear them talk of their rural affairs; my eye follows the ploughmen with envy; then I could wiſh it had been my lot to have been bred up in ſome homely cottage, where I might have tended oxen, ſheep, or aſſes; all which act regularly according to their nature: whereas he that is the ſervant of princes, is compelled to do many things contrary to his reaſon, which is the greateſt unhappineſs that can befal a man. How ſweet is the ſleep of the huſbandman by night, and how void is his mind of embittering cares by day? he riſes with the lark, and is as cheerful as that pretty bird; ſaluting Aurora with a ſong, or a leſſon on his pipe, he ſnuffs up the wholeſome and fragrant dew of the morning; as he walks over the lands, he beholds, with admiration and pleaſure, the gilded clouds and tops of mountains; when the ſun comes forth of his bed-chamber in the eaſt, he ſpurs himſelf on to his daily labour, by the example of that active planet, following his work with content and joy; his food is pleaſant both in his mouth and his belly; he feels no after pangs through ſatiety; but, well refreſhed and nouriſhed with his homely diet, he lies down with the lamb, and ſleeps in peace, never dreaming of ſtate intrigues, or the plots of the mighty. Thus he paſſes his life in a circle of delights.

Tell me, dear Hali, are not theſe proper objects of envy to a man in my circumſtances? or, canſt thou blame Mahmut, who has neither health of body nor peace of

mind, for wiſhing himſelf in a condition which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a thouſand ſnares; my employment is a perfect riddle; I muſt ſay and unſay the ſame things as often as occaſion requires; I muſt tell an hundred lies, ſwear and forſwear myſelf every hour, if the intereſt of the Grand Signior be at ſtake; I muſt be a Mahometan, Chriſtian, Jew, or any thing that will ſerve a turn; diſſemble with God and man; blaſpheme the prophets; curſe the true believers and myſelf too, rather than baulk the cauſe I am engaged in: and yet, all this while they will perſuade me I am a good man, and ſhall go to paradiſe; as if the Mufti's diſpenſations were available to cancel the expreſs poſitive law of God! Do they think to amuſe me with ſuch umbrages, and ſend me muzzled to hell, with my eyes open? I tell thee, I have a conſcience, and ſuch a conſcience as will not let me be at reſt in this manner of life. It were better to die, than to live ſtained with ſo many prevarications. I know not what to do amidſt ſo many terrors; I feel my body decay apace, and haſtening towards its diſſolution. What will become of me, if I ſhould die under the burden of ſo many ſins? What anſwer ſhall I be able to make to the two inquiſitors of the grave, the angels who ſhall examine me, Who is my God, and Who is my prophet, and What is my faith? the darkneſs of that region of ſhadows will not be ſufficient to hide my bluſhes, and the confuſion I ſhall be in at ſo preſſing a trial.

All my comfort is, that I have yet friends left, to whom I may freely vent my thoughts, and aſk their counſel.

If thou haſt any remains of that friendſhip that has been between us, weigh my caſe thoroughly, and tell me whether I am not loſt for ever, without a change of

life. Flatter me not, neither uſe the artifices of civility, in palliating my crimes, but ſearch my wounds, and give me thy advice without a veil, and Mahmut ſhall eſteem thee the phyſician of his ſoul.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XIX.—*To* KENAN BASSA, *Chief Treaſurer to his Highneſs at Conſtantinople.*

IF I have not addreſſed to thee before, attribute it to my ignorance of thy quality and perſon. As ſoon as I heard of thy advancement to this important truſt, I reſolved to ſalute thee, as becomes a ſlave in my poſt, and to wiſh thee all the happineſs thou canſt deſire. Yet, when I congratulate thy riſe, remember I do but welcome thee to a precipice, a mere pinnacle of fortune, where thou haſt no reaſon to expect ſecure footing: the blaſt of an envious mouth will make thee totter; thou breatheſt in an element full of tempeſts; the ſly practices of a rival may undermine thee, or the more open frowns of thy ſovereign may caſt thee down; thou art ever liable to the malice of the vulgar, and not a little in danger of thy own weakneſs, the inſeparable companion of humanity. If thou ſhouldeſt once look with diſdain on thoſe that are beneath thee, the vaſt diſtance and height of the proſpect may make thee giddy; therefore it will be good for thee to have thy eyes always fixed on thyſelf; that will prove the beſt chart, by which to ſteer thy courſe through the rocks and ſands which on all hands threaten the life of a courtier. It will not be amiſs alſo to place before thee the examples of wiſe men, thy predeceſſors. There is a greater force in theſe, than in the

beſt counſels, becauſe matter of fact leaves no room for diſtruſt; whereas men are naturally jealous of thoſe who pretend to inſtruct them. We are all fond of our own reaſon and judgment, and are apt to ſuſpect him of ſome deſign, who ſeeks to perſuade us, though to our good: beſides, there is a ſpecies of pride, a punctilio of honour in mortals, which will hardly permit us to yield ourſelves in a condition to need another's advice; whence comes the Arabian proverb, which ſays, "A man profits more by the ſight of an idiot, than by the orations of the learned." We all love to make our own experiments, and ſooner truſt any ſenſe than our ears; therefore the Lacedemonians cauſed their ſlaves to be made drunk in the preſence of their children, that, from the ſqualidneſs of the ſpectacle, they might conceive a hatred againſt that vice, which, by all the inſtructions in the world, they would never learn to abhor.

The crimes of ſome in thy ſtation have more of ſobriety in them, but leſs honeſty. Wonder not at the expreſſion, nor accuſe me of impudence. I reflect only on the wicked; number not thyſelf among them.

Thou knoweſt it has been an ancient cuſtom for our renowned emperors to divert themſelves, at certain times, with the ſight of their ineſtimable treaſury. I am no ſtranger to the ceremonies uſed at ſuch times; one would think it impoſſible, amidſt ſo much caution, that the Grand Signior ſhould be defrauded of the leaſt part of his wealth. I do not ſpeak of the chamber of arms, or thoſe others which make up the imperial wardrobe. The bulk and weight of thoſe rich velvet brocades, and other furniture of gold and ſilver, diſcourages the theft. But who can number the robberies that have been committed among the jewels, and invaluable rarities of the myſterious cloſet? It has been found eaſy to conceal and tran-

ſport from thence whole beds of diamonds, and chains of pearl, undiſcovered, I will not ſay unſuſpected, at the times when Anackdar-Agaſi gives three knocks on the cabinet of the keys.

Theſe are hours of munificence and royal bounty, when the auguſt Lord of the Mines is pleaſed to gratify his ſlaves with gifts, and make them ſenſible they ſerve him, who commands this upper world, and that underneath.

No prince can diſcommend this domeſtic ſport of our ſovereign, when he makes his pages ſcramble for diamonds and rubies, ſince it gives him a taſte of his own humanity; nothing being more agreeable, in caſes on this ſide of amorous jealouſy, than to let others partake of our pleaſures: and it is the peculiar delight of kings, ſometimes to lay aſide their ſtate and grandeur, to be familiar with their attendants, making them their companions, or at leaſt their proxies, in many enjoyments.

But it is pity this favour ſhould be abuſed, as it has been, in the inſtance I mentioned. Thou art no ſtranger to the records of the Haſna, which tells us, that when Gelep Chiaus Baſſa was made chief treaſurer, in the reign of Sultan Muſtapha, the lucre of the glittering jewels had tempted him to defraud his maſter to the value of five hundred thouſand ſequins, which, upon the information of three pages, and a diligent ſearch, were found in his trunks.

It has been whiſpered alſo, that few have enjoyed that office, who have not purloined ſomething from the imperial coffers. They ſay it is an hereditary theft, delivered by tradition from one to another; every Haſnadarbaſſi being advanced to that honour by the recommendation of his predeceſſor, for the ſervice he has done him

in conniving at theſe practices, which cannot be hid from any of the ſixty who guard the royal wealth.

Thou canſt not blame me for putting thee in mind of theſe things, in regard I am commanded to write with all freedom to the ſublime miniſters, whatever concerns the intereſt of our great maſter.

I have no more to ſay, but to deſire thee, in tranſmitting what money is appointed for me, to be timely and punctually, to ſend duplicates by different poſts, that, if one ſhould miſcarry, I may not be at a loſs; for there is no credit for a muſſulman in Paris. Eliachim would ſupply me with what may ſuffice a dervich; but it belongs to thee to take care that I want not what is requiſite for an agent of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XX.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his Brother.*

I UNWILLINGLY concluded my laſt letter, before I had vented half my thoughts on thoſe oriental ſubjects, ſo full of inſtruction and pleaſure. Thy journal is become my pocket companion; I carry it with me to the gardens and ſolitudes, and even to the libraries and churches, to which laſt I am obliged to go ſometimes, that I may avoid ſuſpicion.

The Chriſtians, when they enter the moſt delightful gardens of Paris, ſpend their time, and weary themſelves in walking forward and backward; they will meaſure ſeveral leagues in traverſing one alley; which vain cuſtom, thou knoweſt, is contrary to the practice of the eaſtern people, who love to ſolace themſelves, in ſitting ſtill under the cool ſhades, and feeding their eyes with the grateful verdure of trees, their noſes with the fragrant ſmell

of herbs and flowers, and their ears with the pretty melody of the birds; all which ſerve as helps to their contemplation.

After this manner I many times paſs away ſome hours in the gardens of this city, whereof there are great plenty; and when I am cloyed with the forementioned pleaſures, then I take out thy journal, and fall to reading, which winds up my thoughts afreſh, like a watch that is down; nay, it opens new ſources of contemplation, and ſerves as a miraculous taliſman to bring China, India, and all the eaſt into the place where I am, ſo lively and natural are thy diſcourſes of thoſe parts.

When I am in the churches it ſerves me inſtead of a prayer-book; and, whilſt others are babbling over they know not what, or at leaſt they care not what, I offer up to God the firſt-fruit of my reaſon and knowledge, which he has given me to diſtinguiſh me from all ſorts of beaſts, whether in human ſhape or not.

When I go to the libraries, I compare thy journal with the writings of others who treat of the ſame matters, and find, that thou agreeſt with ſome, correcteſt the miſtakes of others, and in all, ſhoweſt a genius elevated above all others of the common hiſtorians and travellers, who ſeek rather to amuſe the reader with uncouth ſtories and adventures, than to inſtruct him with what is really uſeful and profitable.

Thus thy journal is become the companion of my ſolitudes, the object of my ſtudies, and the help to my devotions abroad; and it is no leſs the diverſion of my retirement and melancholy at home. I am a great admirer of antiquity; and therefore an old craggy rock, overgrown with moſs, and full of gaping chaſms, is a more agreeable ſight to me, than the flowery meadows or verdant groves; becauſe the former looks like a relict of the

primitive chaos, whereas I know the latter to be only the product of the laſt ſpring. It is for this reaſon thy narrative affords me ſo vaſt a delight, becauſe it treats of the moſt ancient kingdoms and governments in the world, and is not ſtuffed with chimeras and fables, as moſt relations of thoſe countries are, but gives a ſincere and true account of whatever is conſiderable, without touching on impertinences.

But above all, I am delighted with that part which relates thy travels in China; that country being of ſo vaſt an extent, ſo rich, ſo populous, the people ſo induſtrious, learned, and politic (beſides the antiquity of their empire, which cannot in that point be matched by any government under the heavens), that the exact knowledge of theſe things ſeems to me of greater moment than any other diſcoveries whatſoever.

What thou ſayeſt of the Chineſe letters and words ſhows that thou haſt made ſome inſpection into that language; and thy remarks on the long ſucceſſion and ſeries of their kings, is an argument that thou art no ſtranger to their chronology, which takes in many thouſands of years before Noah's flood. Thou art very exact in enumerating their public tribunals and courts of juſtice, as alſo in deſcribing ſome remarkable bridges, temples, palaces, and other ſtructures, which ſerves to give the reader a true idea of the magnificence and grandeur of the Chineſe emperors, and of the ingenuity of the people, who ſeem to excel all others in arts and ſciences. In a word, it is evident that thou didſt not paſs thy time with thy arms folded whilſt thou wert in that kingdom. And I know not how better to expreſs the eſteem I have for thee on account of the pains thou haſt taken to inform both thyſelf and me in matters of ſo great importance, than by giving thee an account of what progreſs the Tar-

tars have made in the conqueſt of that empire ſince thy return to Conſtantinople. In my laſt, I acquainted thee with the coronation of the Tartar king at Pekin; ſince which, other veſſels are arrived from thoſe parts, which bring an account that the young Tartarian conqueror ſoon puſhed forward his victories; and marching with an army into Corea (which kingdom, thou knoweſt, borders on China), the king of that country made his ſubmiſſions, and entering into a league with Zunchi, held his crown in fee of that victorious emperor.

Afterwards he haſtened to ſubdue the provinces which remained unconquered. His method in accompliſhing this great work was by ſwift marches, like another Alexander the Great; and by laying ſiege to the principal city of a province, which he never failed either to take by force, or compelled to ſurrender, that ſo they might eſcape famine; and, when this was done, he took poſſeſſion both of it and the whole province, ſummoning the cities of leſſer note to ſurrender, which they ſeldom refuſed after they had beheld the fate of the firſt. Thus, in a little time, he became maſter of all that ſpacious empire.

The fame of his ſucceſs quickly brought innumerable Tartars out of their native country to follow the fortune of their emperor. To theſe he gave the chief offices in his army, and continued the Chineſe in the adminiſtration of civil affairs; and, as a token of their ſubjection, he commanded all the Chineſe to cut their hair ſhort, and to clothe themſelves after the faſhion of the Tartars.

They give a high character of this young prince, who, amidſt ſo many ſucceſſes and triumphs, diſcovers not the leaſt vain-glory, but contains himſelf within the bounds of a virtuous moderation, aſcribes all to the decrees of deſtiny, and is not in the leaſt puffed up with any of his

glorious actions, which is an argument of a ſpirit truly heroic. And yet this prince is an idolater, as are all the Tartars of that nation; or rather, they are men of no religion, which makes their morals the more admirable; for, according to the relation of thoſe who came laſt from China, the Tartars are a very temperate and continent people, abhorring thoſe vices which are but too common in other parts of the world, and from which the true believers themſelves are not free. They are rigorouſly juſt alſo, and puniſh all manner of fraud and deceit with immediate death. As for their conduct and courage in the wars, there is no nation ſurpaſſes them, few are their equals; they are paſſionate lovers of an active life, ſpending moſt of their time on horſeback, either in hunting wild beaſts, or fighting with their enemies; and their horſes are the beſt and moſt courageous in the world. There is nothing the Tartars ſo much deſpiſe as the ſedentary life of ſtudents and learned men, accounting them the burden of a commonwealth, lazy drones, fit only to be ſold for ſlaves; but men of ſervice and merit in the wars they have in great eſteem, never failing to reward ſuch with dignities and commands proportionable to their deſerts and capacities. Nay, ſuch is the martial genius of this nation, that the very women ride to the wars with the men, and perform exploits above what is expected from that ſoft and delicate ſex. Both men and women are habituated from their infancy to live in tents or waggons, there being very few cities in all Tartary; there they are inured to hunger, cold, thirſt, and all the methods of a frugal and hardy life; this is that which renders them excellent ſoldiers, and a terror to all the nations round about them; this is that which ſo ſoon reduced all China to their obedience, the Chineſe, among all their virtues and accompliſhments, being the moſt ef-

feminate people on earth. This, no doubt, thou haſt obſerved.

Brother, I adviſe thee to go to Kerker Haſſan baſſa, our countryman, and preſent to him theſe obſervations on the Tartars, which thou mayeſt eaſily do, by tranſcribing what is for thy turn out of this letter. He inherits his father's genius, who, thou knoweſt, was one of the greateſt hunters in all Arabia, and had a character not much different from what I have here given thee of the Tartars. That baſſa will take great delight in theſe memoirs, and will think himſelf obliged to make thee ſome proper acknowledgment. He is generous and great, and it lies in his power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an encomium of thy ability. I will ſecond it with another letter, in anſwer to one I lately received from him, wherein he deſires a farther account of China. I will inform him therefore of ſeveral paſſages out of thy journal. He, no doubt, to make a farther trial of thy knowledge, will aſk thee ſeveral queſtions relating to theſe matters; ſo ſhalt thou have a fair opportunity of rendering thyſelf conſpicuous, and of gaining his eſteem. Follow my advice; take time by the forelock, and the event ſhall prove happy.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XXI.—*To* KERKER HASSAN, *Baſſa.*

I RECEIVED thy commands, and am proud of the honour thou haſt done me in requiring the ſmalleſt ſervice at my hands, eſpecially one of this nature, which is an argument that my former relation of China was acceptable to thee. This I account my honour and happineſs, that I have a brother who has made ſuch conſiderable improve-

ments in his travels; for it is to him I owe the knowledge I have of that country, and the other parts of the Eaſt. As for my couſin Iſouf, he would never vouchſafe to ſend me a ſyllable relating to his travels, though he had rambled throughout all Aſia.

I deſired this favour of him in ſeveral letters, but have received no anſwer, ſo that I know not whether he be dead or alive. My friends are very backward in writing to me; and, unleſs it be ſome of the miniſters of ſtate, who ſometimes honour me with a diſpatch, though very rarely, I hardly receive a letter from my familiar friends and relations in twenty moons, which makes me conclude, that abſence of ſo long a date has quite blotted me out of their minds.

As to what thou deſireſt farther to know concerning China, my brother ſays, that empire contains 4400 walled towns and cities; 3000 caſtles and towers of defence on the frontiers, wherein are always garriſoned a million of ſoldiers, who are relieved at due times by others of equal number. There are a million alſo conſtantly kept in pay to guard the governors of provinces, ambaſſadors, and other officers of ſtate; the Emperor of China maintaining five hundred thouſand horſe to attend his perſon. All this is in time of peace. But, upon any revolt or invaſion, the forces are innumerable. There are in China 331 bridges, remarkable for their ſtrength and magnificence beyond all others in the world; 2099 mountains; lakes and medicinal fountains 1472; 1159 triumphal arches and other monuments, erected in honour of valiant and learned men; 272 libraries, abounding with all manner of excellent books; temples 300,000, and as many prieſts, beſides the convents of their religious. They reverence 3036 male ſaints, and 208 female; all which have temples dedicated to their honour, beſides thoſe

which are consecrated to the sun, moon, and stars, fire, air, earth, and water, and to the heavens; which comprehend all, and to the celestial gods, who rule all, and to the Supreme God, creator of the worlds. In these temples they celebrate the praises of their gods and heroes with music and songs, incense and sacrifices; believing, that all things which are conspicuous for the excellency of their nature, or from which mankind receives any general or extraordinary benefit, ought to be worshipped with divine honours. In this they differ not from the ancient pagans of Greece and Rome, who had almost as many gods and goddesses as there were several creatures in the world, so that there was no beginning nor ending of their superstitions; and the most learned and contemplative of their priests found the ceremonies of their religion to be an inextricable labyrinth, where they were often lost. Certainly happy are the faithful mussulmans, who adore but one God, the fountain of the universe, without entangling themselves in the absurdities of infidels.

The Chinese are great admirers of themselves, and their own nation; believing, that no people can stand in competition with them for learning, wisdom, and riches. They have a very contemptible idea of all other countries, with their inhabitants, esteeming them either as idiots or monsters.

This conceitedness is owing to their ignorance of the rest of the world, for they seldom or never travel beyond the limits of their own empire.

I could say a great deal more of this people, but it will be better for thee to hear it from my brother, who has been there, and can give thee ample satisfaction in all things relating to that empire. I have wrote to him to go and kiss the dust before thy feet. If thou makest

trial of his abilities, thou wilt find him improved by his travels, a man fit for buſineſs, and one in whom thou mayeſt confide, which is a virtue never enough to be prized in theſe corrupt times.

In theſe things, however, mingle thy own diſcretion with the kindneſs of a countryman, and the affection of a friend.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1649.

XXII.—*To* CORNEZAN, *Baſſa.*

WERE Ovid alive, the events of this year would afford him matter for new fictions. He would either tell us, that the goddeſs of love had ſet a ſpell upon Mars, and charmed him into good nature, or, that he had drank ſo large a draught of Nepenthe, as had made him forget his old trade of embroiling mortals in war. However it be, Hymen ſeems to have the greateſt ſhare in this year's actions; for, inſtead of battles and ſieges, the Nazarene princes have been engaged in encounters of a ſofter character, the gentle affairs of love and marriage.

In the firſt moon, the new King of Poland, whom they call John Caſimir, married the widow of his deceaſed brother: In the ninth, the Prince of Hainault eſpouſed the Duke of Holſtein's daughter: And the laſt moon was remarkable for two matches; one of the King of Spain, with Anna Maria, the German Emperor's daughter; the other of the Duke of Mantua with Iſabella Clara of Auſtria.

Theſe are all bruſhing forward in the crowd of the living: they are buſy in augmenting the generations of men, whilſt others of as high blood are gone to increaſe

the number of the dead, being enrolled amongſt the ghoſts, and made denizons in the region of ſhadows.

The Empreſs of Germany died in the fifth moon; the Duke of Braganza in the ninth; the Ducheſs of Modena in the eighth; and a certain German Prince, whoſe name I have forgot, died in the moon of October. Beſides theſe, death has alſo arreſted Oſſalmſki, the great chancellor of Poland; Wrangel, general of the Swediſh army; Frederic, the German ambaſſador at Rome; Ferdinand, Elector of Cologne; and the Viceroy of Bohemia, who was by his enemies thrown out of a window, and his brains daſhed out; ſo that though Mars may have ſeemed to lie dormant this year, yet his companion in miſchief, old Saturn, has been very active, as the aſtrologers ſay, who attribute all events to the influx of the ſtars. Some are alſo of opinion, that the eclipſes of the ſun and moon, this year, were preſages of the death of theſe great perſons. They might as well plead, that the daily riſing and ſetting of thoſe luminaries portended all the tragical events that happened on earth; ſince it is not more natural for them to continue unalterably moving from eaſt to weſt, than it is for them to be obſcured, at certain determined ſtations, in their journey, by interpoſitions which happen of courſe.

We are ſtrangers to the chronologies of the Chineſe and Indian Gentiles: Neither can any good account be now given of the ancient Egyptian and Aſſyrian records. They run many ages back beyond the common epocha of the beginning of the world.

But the whole ſyſtem of known hiſtory relates but two extraordinary or preternatural changes in the courſe of the ſun during theſe ſix thouſand years.

One, when that luminary ſtood ſtill in the time of Jehoſhua, general of the Iſraelites, to ſerve the ends of

deſtiny, and prolong the light of the day to a double proportion, till the oppoſite army was quite deſtroyed, and not one of the uncircumciſed could eſcape the ſwords of the victorious ſons of Jacob.

That day proved a long night to their antipodes: They turned themſelves in their beds, when they had outſlept the uſual hours of night, and ſaid in their hearts, "Surely the ſun is fallen aſleep, or is banqueting with the gods of the ſea: Perhaps Thetis detains him in her embraces, whilſt the tritons faſten his ſlumbers with their ſofteſt muſic; or Neptune regales in the palaces of the deep." Thus the diſconſolate nations argued in their chambers; they were alarmed with fears of unknown events.

Such as dwelt on the borders of the earth, and were accuſtomed to mark the conſtant ebbing and flowing of the ſea, admired the delay of the uſual tides, and aſked, what was become of the moon? for that planet alſo ſtood ſtill with the ſun.

The light of their ſouls was eclipſed, and their reaſon laboured under a greater darkneſs than that which troubled their eyes. They were ignorant of the works of God; and knew not that the celeſtial orbs ſtood ſtill at the command of the ſpirit which formed them, even at the word of the prophet inſpired from above.

So in the days of Hezekiah, King of the Jews, the ſun went back in his circuit, and all the frame of Heaven was retrograde, to confirm the prophet's good news, when he told the ſick king, that Fate had prolonged his life for fifteen years. This was in the days of Merodach Baladan, the King of Babylon, who ſent ambaſſadors to congratulate Hezekiah's miraculous recovery.

Beſides theſe, nothing has happened to the ſun, or any of the heavenly bodies, beyond the ordinary courſe

of Nature. A man may as well prognoſticate, from cloudy weather, the calamities of emperors and meaner men, as from the eclipſes of the ſun and moon, ſince the one, as well as the other, obſcures the light of thoſe heavenly bodies; and the former quite hides them from us, which is the greater eclipſe of the two.

Let us pray Heaven to grant us the continual uſe of our ſenſes, and not to eclipſe the light of our reaſon, and we need fear no diſaſters from the common appearances of nature.

Paris, 7th of the Moon Chaban, of the Year 1649.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.—*To* MUHAMMED EREMIT, *Inhabitant of the Prophetic Cave in Arabia the Happy.*

PARDON my importunity, if I this once trouble thee with an addreſs of ſcruples, begging thy counſel in the affairs of my ſoul. I ſeem to myſelf as a traveller loſt in a wilderneſs of doubts and uncertainties, without guide or conduct. Not that I queſtion the truth of our holy religion, or miſtruſt the authority of the Sent of GOD. Certainly I revere the Book of Glory, whoſe ſacred verſicles are tranſcribed on my heart. But there is wanting to every man a particular conduct in the intricacies of this life. I have not the art of applying the general precepts of the law to my own perſonal occaſions and neceſſities. Infinite difficulties ariſe from my daily affairs. My converſation with infidels, and the duty I owe my great maſter, entangle my conſcience. I am embarraſſed

on all hands; and, whilſt I ſtudy to conſerve purity, I find myſelf ſtill defiled.

I am no heretic, nor in the number of thoſe who are predeſtinated to be damned for the injurious love they bear to Hali; injurious, I ſay, becauſe it derogates from the honour they owe to Omar, Oſman, and Ebubecher, the true ſucceſſors of the apoſtle of God.

As I firmly believe the Alcoran, ſo I give an entire faith to the Book of Aſſonah, or the Agreement of the Wiſe, with the writings of the four principal imaums, Haniff, Schaſi, Meleclii, and Hambeli; and I am reſigned to the ſentence of the mufti, as our fathers were of old to the oraculous determinations of the Babylonian caliphs. I curſe the Kyzilbaſchi with as much devotion as I pray for the health and felicity of true believers. I ſpit at the naming of them who deny the chapter of the Covering, and the verſicles brought down by the Squire of Gabriel, in honour of the prophet's wife. I never lifted up my hand againſt any who deſcended from the divine meſſenger; and if in my paſſion I have ever curſed a muſſulman, I took of the duſt under his feet, and laid it on my lips, before the ſhadow of the ſun had advanced a hair's breadth; and ſo I hindered the ſwift recorder of our words from regiſtering the imprecation; for that duſt, I believe, has power to blot out the memorials of our evil words and works.

When I meet a Santone, or one of thoſe divinely mad, I put in practice the leſſon of Orchanes, and honouring the holy frantic, I fall down and adore virtue in that contemptible diſguiſe.

I neglect none of the purifications commanded by our holy lawgiver, but rather add thoſe that we Arabians have received by tradition from our fathers, the ſons of Iſmael; yet, I hope, in caſe of neglect, ſome indulgence

is allowable to a muſſulman in a country of infidels. I uſe the waſhing of Abdeſt at all times in my chamber, where no curious eye can obſerve my cleanlineſs, or ſuſpicious apprehenſion draw concluſions of my being a Mahometan. But I cannot thus practiſe the waſhing of Taharet, there being not ſuch conveniencies for that purpoſe in Paris as in Conſtantinople; yet I am careful to ſupply this want by other methods of purity, otherwiſe I ſhould be an abomination to myſelf. There is no neceſſity that I ſhould frequent the bath, who never touched a woman; yet I often go into the river, taking a boat with me for that end, and cauſing myſelf to be rowed half a league from the city, where, in a little bay or creek, I waſh my whole body, that I may do ſomething beyond the obligations of the law, to expiate the involuntary breaches of my duty: Yet, after all this, I can not call myſelf clean.

I pray at the appointed hours; or, at leaſt, if the affairs of my commiſſion hinder me from complying with the law as to the exact times of the day, I atone for that neglect, by watching the greateſt part of the night; and, to the oriſons appointed by authority, I add ſupernumerary prayers of my own, to evidence the ſincerity of my devotion.

I faſt and give alms, according to my ability; I beſtow much time in reading and meditating on the Alcoran; in a word, I do all that my reaſon tells me is neceſſary to render me a good muſſulman, and yet I have no peace in my mind. Methinks I ſee our holy Prophet furrowing his brows at me, and darting angry looks from his paradiſe: He ſeems to reproach me with uncleanneſs and infidelity. By day my imagination troubles me, and at night I am terrified with fearful dreams, which makes me conclude, that notwithſtanding all my obedience to

the law, and the ſtricteſt care I take to acquit myſelf a true believer, yet I am far ſhort of my aim; and therefore I number myſelf with thoſe with whom God is diſpleaſed.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the horror which this thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed ſometimes with melancholy and deſpair; and becauſe I am forced to keep my grief to myſelf, without having the privilege of venting it to a boſom friend, it is ready to burſt my heart.

This is my condition at certain ſeaſons, which I eſteem as bad, or worſe than thoſe who are doomed to Aaraf; for, as they cannot enjoy the felicities of paradiſe, ſo they are ſecured from the torments of the damned; whereas, for ought I know, my portion may be in hell. Wilt thou know how I redreſs this evil temper of mind, and what method I take to cure my melancholy? Receive it not as flattery when I tell thee thou art my phyſician, and the idea of thy innocent life my medicine. When I have rolled over ten thouſand thoughts, which afford me no eaſe or relief, no ſooner do I fix my contemplation on the ſolitary of Mount Uriel, but a ſudden beam of light and comfort glances through my ſoul. I promiſe myſelf greater ſatisfaction from thy advice, than from all the imaums and mollahs of the empire.

Tell me, therefore, O holy and pious Eremit, how I ſhall diſſipate theſe miſts of grief and ſadneſs which envelop my mind, and threaten to ſuffocate my intellect.

If, in this darkneſs and confuſion, I ſhould apply myſelf to the diſciples of Alhazan for inſtruction, they will puzzle me with intricate niceties about the eſſence and unity of God, whereas I am too much troubled already with diſtracting ſpeculations. I ſeek not to dive into that which is incomprehenſible, but to be inſtructed in the plain and intelligible way to happineſs. What imports it

whether God be good by his goodneſs or by his eſſence? This is to throw metaphyſical duſt in my eyes, and ſo leave me in a worſe condition than they found me.

No better light muſt I expect from the Momſeonderan; for, if they are ſtrict obſervers of the law, ſo am I, where the precepts are applicable to my condition and circumſtances: But I want a direction in many emergencies, for which the Alcoran ſeems to have made no proviſion, but leaves every man to the conduct of his own prudence; and, I muſt confeſs, I dare not truſt mine in all caſes of this nature. Beſides, inſtead of interpreting to me, in a plain ſtyle, the ſtatutes of the law, they will confound me with high and unintelligible notions of the Divine attributes, which are ſufficient to dazzle the intellect of the brighteſt ſeraphim; and if they could once perſuade me to be zealous for their ſpeculations, I might in time turn ſuch another religious fool as was one of their followers, the poet Namiſi, who being wrapped in his profound ſpeculations of the Divine unity, and hearing an imaum pronounce the ſacred ſentence, GOD is one, gave him the lie, and told him, that he multiplied the Divinity in aſſigning it any attribute, though it were only that which expreſſed his unity; for which impudent aſſertion he was flayed alive.

In as bad a condition ſhould I be if I aſked the advice of the Muſerin, thoſe infidels in maſquerade, who, under the diſguiſe of muſſulmans, deny the being of a God, aſſert all things to come by chance, and live without hope or faith of another life: For if this were true, that there were no reward or puniſhment of good or bad works, I would either ſoon make my way to earthly happineſs, by not boggling at any vice that would conduce to that end; or, if I failed in that attempt, I would not tamely

wait for a martyrdom from men, but bravely rid myſelf of a life which was attended with nothing but miſery.

Almoſt as bad as theſe are the Hairet, thoſe Mahometan ſceptics who dare not truſt their own reaſon, but are ever wavering and irreſolute. If I ſhould ſeek for inſtruction at their hands, they would anſwer me, "God knows beſt what I ought to do;" and ſo leave me in the ſame ſuſpenſe as I was before.

Much worſe are the Guaid, thoſe moroſe interpreters of the law of mercy, who damn a man irrecoverably to hell for committing one mortal ſin. This is enough to drive all mankind to deſpair.

Indeed the morals of the Sabin pleaſe me, who ſeem to be perfect Mahometan ſtoics, aſcribing all events to deſtiny, and the influence of the ſtars. I could willingly embrace the advice of philoſophers who appear ſo void of paſſion; but I could never join with them in adoring the ſun, moon, and conſtellations of heaven, becauſe the Alcoran has expreſsly forbidden it; and were there no ſuch prohibition, my own reaſon would convince me that I ought as well to adore the fire for warming me, and ſerving my other neceſſities, or the water for quenching my thirſt, and purifying me, or my own hands for feeding me, as to pay theſe divine honours to the celeſtial bodies, ſince the one, as well as the other, act according to their nature.

In a word, of all the innumerable ſects into which the muſſulman empire is divided, I cannot expect entire ſatisfaction from any; for, if they appear orthodox in ſome tenets, in others they are manifeſtly heretical. Yet I cannot but ſet a higher value on ſome than others, as their doctrines and practices approach nearer to reaſon and truth; for I am not yet ſuch an academic as to aſk that mock queſtion, What is truth?

Doubtleſs our fathers knew it, and the Meſſenger of God was ſent to divulge it on earth. But if ignorance, ſuperſtition and error, have baniſhed it from courts and cities, let us ſeek it in the deſerts. Perhaps we may find this wanderer among the rocks and woods; or, it is poſſible, ſhe has ſheltered herſelf in ſome den or cave, as hoping for greater favour from the wild beaſts than from the ſociety of men.

If truth be nowhere to be found entire, but has divided herſelf among the different religions and ſects in the world, then, rather than miſs of this divine jewel, I will ſearch for it in fragments; and whatſoever is rational and pious in any ſect, I will embrace, without concerning myſelf in their follies and vices.

After all, the Munaſihi ſeem to me the only orthodox and illuminated of GOD, who, declining the private by-ways of ſchiſmatics, walk in the high road of priſtine juſtice and piety, following the ſteps of the ancients, and obeying the traditions which know no origin. Among theſe thou appeareſt as another Pythagoras, confirming them by thy example in an innocent life; enduring the utmoſt ſeverities of abſtinence, rather than be guilty of ſhedding the blood of thoſe creatures which the great Lord of all things created to enjoy the herbage of the field, and to partake of the common bleſſings of Nature as well as we.

To thee, therefore, I have recourſe, as to an oracle. Tell me, O ſacred Sylvian, am I not obliged to obey the inſpirations of my nature, or better genius, which tells me, it is a butcherly and inhuman life to feed on ſlaughtered animals? Did not all thoſe who aimed at perfection among the primitive diſciples of the Prophet abſtain from murdering the brutes? It is true, the Meſſenger of GOD did not poſitively enjoin abſtinence from fleſh,

yet he recommended it as a divine counſel; and thoſe to whom he indulged the liberty of eating it, he tied up to certain conditions. Do not all the religious orders preach up abſtinence, both in their ſermons and lives? I make no longer doubt, but the corruption of manners, and voluptuouſneſs of men, are the cauſes that this ancient ſobriety is now diſuſed and ſlighted. My own experience confirms me in this opinion, who have often attempted to live in abſtinence, but, by the force of a voracious appetite, ſuffered myſelf to be carried back to my old intemperance.

Yet, in eating fleſh, I have been preciſely careful to obſerve the prohibitions of our holy Prophet, ſo long as it was in my power. I never knowingly taſted of blood, nor of any thing ſtrangled or knocked down. But it is impoſſible for me to aſſure myſelf of this, or that all the fleſh I eat was killed in pronouncing that tremendous name which gave it life. Neither could I once eſcape a neceſſity of eating ſwine's fleſh.

But I abominate myſelf for this involuntary crime; and, to obviate the like temptation for the future, I will taſte of nothing that has breathed the common air, being inclined to believe the Metempſychoſis, which, if it be true, I wiſh for no greater happineſs, than that in my next change my ſoul may paſs into the body of the camel which ſhall carry thee to Mecca.

Paris, 14th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1650.

II.—*To* Minezim Aluph, *Baſſa.*

My intelligence from the Imperial Porte ſometimes arrives late, either through the neglect of Kiſur Dramelec, to whom that care is committed, or through the badneſs

of the roads, which many times are impaſſable, beſides the frequent ſtops and interceptions of the poſts in this time of war, which is the reaſon I do not always hear of the alterations at the ſeraglio, and the changes that are made in the governments of the ſhining empire till many moons are paſſed. Who is exalted, or who made Manſoul, are things to which Mahmut is for a time a great ſtranger.

Therefore thou haſt no reaſon to be offended that I am thus late in ſending to thee my congratulatory addreſs; but reſt confident, that I wiſh thee increaſe of happineſs, like the ſprouting of the palm.

As a mark of my duty and affection, I ſhall now acquaint thee with news, which, though it may ſeem of ſmall import to the divan, yet has ſtartled all Europe.

It is the impriſonment of three of the French princes; not thoſe of the ordinary rank, but branches of the royal ſtem, whoſe names are not unknown in the ſeraglio, the reſidence of fame. They are the Princes of Conde and Conti, brothers, and the Duke of Longueville, huſband to their ſiſter. They are the principal ſubjects in this nation; all three having the majeſtic blood of the kings of France running in their veins.

They owe their confinement to Cardinal Mazarini, or rather to their own inartificial conduct. The Prince of Conde is a paſſionate man, and has never learned how to conceal his reſentments. When he firſt returned from the battle of Lens in Flanders, whereof I formerly gave an account, the inſurrection in Paris began. The prince blocked up the city, and promiſed the cardinal (againſt whom alone all this ſtorm was raiſed), that he would either bring him back in triumph to Paris, or die in the attempt. He performed his word; and the cardinal rode

through the ſtreets of Paris in the ſame coach with the king, queen, and all the royal blood, after the ſiege was raiſed, and a peace concluded; and the prince, when he alighted out of the coach, addreſſed himſelf thus to the cardinal: "Now, Sir, I eſteem myſelf the happieſt man in the world, in that I have been able to perform my engagement, in bringing your eminence back to Paris; and that by my preſence, the hatred which the multitude have for your perſon was repreſſed whilſt we paſſed through the ſtreets."

This too nearly touched the cardinal; and indeed the queen, with all the reſt, were ſenſible that the prince had too far overſhot himſelf in this laſt expreſſion. However, the cardinal replied in a kind of modeſty, not wholly void of choler and diſdain: "Sir, you have not only obliged me to that height, but have done the kingdom ſo conſiderable a ſervice in this action, that I fear neither their majeſties nor myſelf ſhall be ever in a ſtate to make you anſwerable compenſation."

Thoſe who ſtood by and heard theſe interchangeable diſcourſes, were apt to interpret the firſt for a reproach, and the ſecond as a menace; ſince it is not uſual for great men to overvalue the ſervices they do their king and country; and for princes, when they cannot duly reward an eminent performance, to turn their gratitude into hatred.

This is certain, that the Prince of Conde has preſumed much on the merit of his late ſervices; and it was not eaſy for the queen or the cardinal to invent ſuch acknowledgments as he expected; for he imagined they ought to deny him nothing, who had ſo often hazarded his life for their intereſt.

It was on this ground he thought he had a right to

interpoſe in a marriage which Mazarini deſigned to make between one of his nieces and the Duke of Mercœur.

This duke is of a family which has been a long time at variance with that of the Prince of Conde; and therefore the prince was jealous, leſt the cardinal, by the intended match, ſhould fortify his intereſt among the prince's enemies, and ſo be in a condition not to want his protection, the only thing he was ambitious of; for, could he have once reduced the cardinal to this neceſſity, he himſelf had been abſolute maſter at court; therefore he oppoſed the match with all vigour and induſtry. This nettled the cardinal; he complains to the queen of the prince's unkindneſs; ſhe intercedes, and uſes her utmoſt endeavours to reconcile the prince to this marriage; but his brother, the Duke of Longueville, had ſo poſſeſſed the prince with a jealouſy of the cardinal's proceedings, that no arguments could prevail on him, or overcome his fixed averſion for Mazarini's deſigned alliance with the houſe of Vendoſme (ſo they call the family from whence the Duke of Mercœur is ſprung). He rails at the cardinal, and lampoons him in all companies; this begets ill blood in the ſupreme miniſter of ſtate, who ſecretly reſolves the prince's ruin.

In this, his policy and malice exceeded the petty revenges of the prince; who being of a frank, open heart, contented himſelf with railleries and ſatirical expreſſions, whilſt the cardinal concealed his anger under the maſk of extraordinary civilities; returning all the contempts of the prince, with a reſpect which ſeemed to ſpeak much affection and devoir.

He has been a long time tampering with a faction which goes by the name of the Frondeurs. Theſe were his enemies, not ſo much in hatred of his perſon, as out

of a zeal to ſerve their country, which they imagined was oppreſſed under the conduct of this miniſter.

Theſe he has lately gained over to his party, by repreſenting to them the Prince of Conde as the author of all thoſe evils which they aſcribed to himſelf; whilſt at the ſame time he perſuaded the prince, that they had ſome deſign againſt his perſon. Thus he artificially blinded both parties, and engaged them in mutual revenges, privately animating the Frondeurs againſt the prince, and provoking the prince to ſeek the ruin of the Frondeurs. By this trap the prince was inveigled to conſent, and give orders for his own impriſonment, whilſt he was made to believe the arreſt was deſigned againſt his enemies; and the people were ſatisfied, ſince they were perſuaded the faction of the Frondeurs had a hand in the plot.

The 18th of the laſt moon the three princes were taken into cuſtody, and ſent to a place they call the Caſtle of the Wood of Vinciennes, ſome leagues from Paris. The ſame day the queen ſent for the Ducheſs of Longueville to come to her, but the wary ducheſs would not put herſelf into a cage; ſhe immediately fled in diſguiſe to a ſea town belonging to her huſband.

It is ſaid, the Prince of Conde had notice given him of his deſigned impriſonment, but that he would not eſcape, projecting to himſelf ſome greater advantages from the diſcontents of the people (who now behold him as a patriot), than from a clandeſtine or fugitive liberty. This is certain, his coach broke on the road between Paris and Vinciennes; and it is thought his friends might eaſily have reſcued him; for this accident occaſioned a ſtop of ſix hours in their journey, time enough to have raiſed a thouſand men to his relief, being only guarded by ſixteen cavaliers. But it ſeems he courts the cardinal's per-

ſecution, that he may have deeper grounds for revenge. I know not whether his policy is juſtifiable or no; but, if I were in his circumſtances, I ſhould hardly take this method to gratify my reſentments, which in all probability I ſhould not be in a condition to accompliſh till the Greek calends, that is, never.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1650.

III.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

The devotees among the Franks talk much of the jubilee that is to be celebrated this year at Rome. They enrich their fancies with the hopes of I know not what ſpiritual treaſure, which the Roman mufti, or pontiff, will diſtribute among the pilgrims that reſort to Rome, during this holy year.

This, as I am told, is celebrated in imitation of the ſabbatical year, formerly obſerved by the Jews when they poſſeſſed the Holy Land. The Hebrew writers, ſuch as Joſephus and others, call that alſo the year of jubilee. Their cabbaliſts, like the Pythagoreans, pretended to derive great myſteries from certain numbers; and the number ſeven was had in particular veneration by the Hebrews: therefore they kept every ſeventh day, week, and year holy. In the ſeventh year it was not lawful to till the ground, plant vineyards, or ſow any ſeed; and when ſeven times ſeven years were expired, the year of jubilee was proclaimed, being always the fiftieth: they proclaimed it by trumpets throughout the whole country of Paleſtine, in the forty-ninth year; and the Muezins cried in the gates of their cities and ſynagogues, at the beginning of the jubilee, "Let every man return this

year to his own poſſeſſion and tribe, whether he be a ſlave or free. He that has ſold his houſes or lands, if he was not before able to redeem them, let him this year take poſſeſſion of his inheritance. He that is become another man's ſlave, and neither himſelf nor his friends can redeem him, let him this year be diſmiſſed, and ſent home to the family to which he belongs; for henceforth he is free by the indulgence of the law. Let no man ſow the ground, nor gather the fruits that grow of themſelves this year: but let the earth, as well as its inhabitants, enjoy liberty and reſt; for this is the year of grace and divine bounty."

After this manner was the Hebrew jubilee proclaimed and obſerved; and they ſay, from hence aroſe the cuſtom among the Chriſtians, who in many things may be ſtyled the Jews apes. But others ſay, that the preſent Roman jubilee is derived from the ſecular games, celebrated by their Pagan anceſtors, in regard this was renewed every hundred years at firſt, even as thoſe games were; whence it was, that the cryer in thoſe days, at the indiction of the ſecular games, ſaid, "Come to the plays which no man living has yet ſeen, nor ſhall ever ſee again." For, man's life being generally ſo ſhort, they thought it improbable that any mortal ſhould live to ſee this ſolemnity repeated.

The modern jubilee was firſt publiſhed by Boniface IX. biſhop of Rome, in the year 1300 of the Chriſtians hegira; at which time, he promiſed full and entire remiſſion of ſins to all who ſhould reſort in pilgrimage to Rome that year. After him it was celebrated every hundred year, according to his inſtitution, till the days of Clement VI. who, at the inſtance of the Roman citizens, reduced it to every fiftieth year. Then Urban VI. another pope, reduced it to the thirty-third year; and

laſt of all, Paul II. contracted the interval to five-and-twenty years; which ſpace of time has been obſerved by all his ſucceſſors to this day.

If thou wouldſt know the reaſon why they have thus altered the periods, it is for profit; for in the year of jubilee, there is a vaſt conflux of people from all parts of Europe, who bring a far greater treaſure into the Roman coffers, than they carry away from that city; though the pope, it is ſaid, is very liberal of that which they call the treaſure of the church; which is a certain fund of merits and ſuperabundant graces, left by the Meſſiah and his ſaints in the cuſtody of this prelate, to ſupply the defects and infirmities of ſinful men; and they believe it is only in his power to diſpoſe of this heavenly wealth to whom he pleaſes. They talk alſo of indulgences and pardons, whereby the holy father can redeem men from all ſin, and the puniſhments that are due to it; and this wonderful prerogative, they ſay, does not only benefit the living, but extends even to the ſouls departed, whom the pope, according to their perſuaſion, can free from the torments of purgatory, and at his pleaſure admit into the gates of paradiſe.

We that are muſſulmans cannot declaim againſt the doctrine of praying for the dead, ſince it is practiſed by all the faithful; neither have we reaſon to inveigh againſt indulgencies, or releaſes from penance; but that the power of granting and diſpenſing theſe favours ſhould be only repoſited in the Chriſtian mufti, will not accord with the faith of a true believer. We know who ſwore by the hoofs of his ſwift and faithful Elborach, which in one night carried him a journey of ſix moons, that from thenceforth the key of Aaraf, or the place of priſons, was committed to him. Doubtleſs the Omnipotent can transfer his commiſſions when and to whom he pleaſes.

If he once gave this authority of remitting ſins to the Meſſiah, and Peter his lieutenant, does it follow that all Peter's ſucceſſors, the caliphs of Rome, have retained this privilege? There have been many good men in that ſeat, and not a few wicked; ſome prophets and ſome magicians; a catalogue interſperſed with ſaints, martyrs, butchers, and devils.

But it is evident they forfeited their authority, when they declined from the truth, from the unblameable profeſſion of the divine unity, and reſiſted the meſſenger of Heaven, ſent to correct their errors, reform their vices, and reduce mankind to one law of purity and light.

I write not partially, nor am I embittered againſt the patriarch of the Romans; he is a man, like others, ſubject to the will of deſtiny. The Babylonian caliphs, and thoſe of Egypt, ſucceſſively enjoyed the ſame power, tranſmitted to them from the prophet, who ſealed up all the former diſpenſations; yet in time, through their ſins, they forfeited their authority, together with their empire, when the bright Oſmans conquered all things. Then was the prophetic office tranſlated to our mufti, the guide of thoſe who poſſeſs the ſepulchre of Mahomet; to him all the world ought to have recourſe for ſolution of their doubts, direction in their lives, abſolution from their ſins, and for the paſſport of immortality, the feſta required of all that enter the gates of paradiſe.

But all mortals are naturally tenacious of whatſoever advances their honour and intereſt. Kings hug empty titles that yield them no profit; and the Roman biſhops are unwilling to acknowledge themſelves diveſted of the privileges which were once annexed to that chair of Peter: they ſhow the keys, the ſymbols of a power which they have loſt; and the credulous Nazarenes believe that heaven and hell are opened and ſhut at their pleaſure.

On the eve of the Meſſiah's nativity, the preſent pope knocked three times with a golden hammer at the gates of the principal moſque in Rome, which were then opened, to ſignify the enſuing year of jubilee; when the Chriſtians are perſuaded, that heaven is open to all that viſit Rome in this holy time.

I wiſh thee a life of many jubilees.

Paris, 9th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1650.

IV.—*To the Flower of High Dignity, the Moſt Magnificent* VISIER AZEM.

WHEN I firſt heard the news of the troubles that have been at Conſtantinople, the depoſition of Mahomet, the late Vizier Azem, and the advancement of the Janizar-Aga to that dignity, I imagined it had been Caſſim Hali; but it ſeems that brave old ſoldier is elevated to a more lofty ſtation; he has entered the immortal poſſeſſions, being tranſlated to an high ſeat; for I underſtand he has his reſt in paradiſe. On that hero be the mercies of the Supremely Indulgent; whilſt I turn myſelf to thee, his late ſucceſſor in that military honour, but now the lieutenant of the ſhadow of God. I touch the earth thrice with my forehead, when I ſalute thee, great prince of the Viziers, in token of my humility and reverence, and in remembrance of my original; that I, who am but the product of duſt, a mere worm, may not commit an indecency, when I addreſs to the bright image of our auguſt emperor, who is the type of the ſun.

In ſpeaking to perſons of thy immenſe power, I ſtrive equally to ſhun flattery and diſreſpect: endeavouring to deport myſelf with an even courſe between thoſe two

extremes, as mariners ſteer between Scylla and Charybdis. Theſe are dangerous places in the Sicilian ſeas.

All Europe celebrates thy praiſes, and extols thy juſtice for releaſing the ambaſſador of Venice, impriſoned in the fourth moon of this year. They ſay, ſince thy aſſumption to this important truſt, the Ottoman Porte is reformed, and grown more civilized; (for the Franks eſteem all the followers of the prophet, who could neither write nor read, as barbarians).

Here is much talk about the defeat given to our forces in Hungary: The French ſpare for no encomiums on the Baſſa of Buda, who fought valiantly till his legs were ſhot off, and then cauſed himſelf to be carried up and down through the army to encourage his ſoldiers. Neither do they diminiſh the glory that is due to his ſon, who received his death in defending his father, at what time the old captain was taken priſoner.

But they blame the conduct of him who beſieged the fort of Cliſſa, in regard he undertook it in the wrong ſeaſon of the year: The defect of a general's judgment, in ſuch caſes, is many times fatal to an army. The French are the beſt in the world at ſpying advantages, and the moſt dexterous in making uſe of them. Moſt of their campaigns are ſpent in their trenches, or in light ſkirmiſhes; ſeldom hazarding a battle, unleſs on ſome unequal terms to their own intereſt; and then they never let ſlip the opportunity. This commends their policy, but is no great argument of their courage; for true valour never regards dangers.

Adonai the Jew ſends me word, that the Venetians are put in great hopes of accommodating their affairs with the myſterious divan, ſince the releaſe of their bailo; yet both they and all the Nazarenes reſent highly the ſtrangling of his interpreter.

They underſtand not the meaſures of the Sublime Porte, full of wiſdom and juſtice; and that by the terror of ſuch examples, the miniſters of the righteous throne ſeek to prevent future wickedneſs.

In theſe Weſtern courts, a little gold, or a great friend, ſhall eaſily palliate and procure a pardon for the greateſt crimes. Their proceſſes here are ſlow in the execution of juſtice; being ſtrangers to the impetuous orders and ſwift performance practiſed in the Eaſt. Beſides, this interpreter ſported himſelf to death by the licentiouſneſs of his tongue. He delighted to play upon majeſty, and with an inſolent laſciviouſneſs of ſpeech, to deceive him whoſe high, ſublime, and remote intellect uſes no other expreſſions of his wrath but the hands of his mutes. It does not become the emperor of the world to be profuſe in words, as the Chriſtian princes are, who take great pains to ſatisfy their vaſſals of the juſtice of their proceedings. They cannot condemn the wicked without a formal proceſs, wherein various wits ſhow their ſkill in canvaſſing the cauſe, which, upon ſincere evidence, may be decided in two words. This is the maſquerade of Chriſtian juſtice, a mere trap for gold, the ſecret of the Weſtern lawyers, who enrich themſelves at the price of other men's folly, and to the diſgrace of the monarch who there pretends to command.

Should thoſe men of law ſee this letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not circumciſe and flay the minuteſt daſh of my pen to find arguments of revenge againſt a muſſulman?

All men are full of themſelves, and their own principles; and the Nazarenes of the Weſt are ſo brimming with them, that there is no room left for inſtruction or amendment. Like the Chineſes they boaſt of their own

ſcience and wiſdom, reputing all the reſt of the world ignorant and blind.

They are ſo narrow in their tenets, ſo dogmatical in their deciſions, and ſo conceited of all, that it is difficult for a man, who has converſed in a freer air, to frame himſelf to their rules.

By what I have ſaid thou mayeſt determine, that it is no eaſy taſk for an Arabian native, bred in the ſeraglio, to conform himſelf adroit to the humours and faſhions of France; yet I curb all the natural propenſions of my birth, blood, and education, as much as in me lies, that I may ſerve the Grand Signior. I am incognito in all reſpects, ſave thoſe wherein I cannot be hid; and I would change my maſk a hundred times over, rather than fail of my ends.

What can I ſay more to him who only values a ſlave for his deeds.

I turn not my back on thee, ſublime idea of abſolute power; but, retiring after the moſt reſpectful manner of the Eaſt, I make a thouſand obeiſances, till the antiport has covered me from thy illuſtrious preſence.

Paris, 17th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1650.

V.—*To* Sedrec Al' Girawn, *Chief Page of the Treaſury.*

Thou wilt have reaſon to wonder at a man pretending acquaintance with thee, whom thou canſt not remember to have ſeen. It is from my brother Peſteli Hali, thy former maſter, I received the news of thy late preferment, who art thyſelf but early in years; yet no time is unſeaſonable to a man mature in virtue and wiſdom.

I knew thee an infant in the arms of thy mother, the widow of an Arabian ſoldier, who ſerved my brother in the wars of Perſia. There appeared then ſuch evident ſymptoms of thy future wit and dexterity, as prompted thy father's captain to take thee into his protection and care; and thy mother by her charms ſoon found a way to his boſom.

I write not theſe things to reproach thee with the meanneſs of thy birth: Thy merits equal thee with thoſe who are born of nobles. It is not the cuſtom of the Eaſt to prefer men for their parentage, or becauſe they can ſhow the duſty ſtatues of their anceſtors. This is the peculiar overſight of the infidels, to give that honour to names, and men of a noiſy deſcent, which is only due to virtue. There are families in Rome at this day who boaſt of their pedigrees, and that they ſpring from the renowned heroes that are recorded in the hiſtories of that empire: But they glory in their ſhame, ſince they are quite degenerated from the brave qualities which ennobled their progenitors, and by their ſordid actions are become a daily ſubject for the deſcants of Paſquil. This is an image in a certain public place in Rome, to which in the night-time they affix the libels which they dare not own; a kind of dumb ſatire on the vices of the grandees, not ſparing even the chief mufti of the Chriſtians, if he is guilty of any follies which merit to come within the verge of a lampoon.

It was no contemptible jeſt which was in this manner put upon the preſent pope, and one of his nephews, at the latter end of the laſt year. It ſeems the good old father had advanced this ſpark from a poor ignorant tailor to the dignity of a Roman baron; beſtowing on him offices which brought him a revenue ſufficient to maintain his title and porte. All the ancient nobility

were diſguſted at this; and ſome arch wag was ſet at work to ridicule the pope's conduct, and the new baron's honour. Wherefore, on the day which the Nazarenes celebrate with great ſolemnity for the birth-day of Jeſus the ſon of Mary, early in the morning the fore-mentioned image, Paſquil, was obſerved to be apparelled all in rags, and a very naſty habit, with a ſchedule of paper in his hand, wherein was writ, "How now, Paſquil; what! all in rags on a Chriſtmas-day?" (for ſo they call the nativity of their Meſſias)—And underneath was inſcribed this anſwer: "Alas, I cannot help it, for my TAILOR is become a LORD."

Yet notwithſtanding the obſcurity of this man's birth, and the meanneſs of his former trade, he became an eminent ſtateſman after the pope had exalted him to that dignity; and lived with an unblemiſhed reputation, whilſt he ſaw all, or moſt of the ancient nobility Paſquilled every day for their effeminate vices.

By what I have ſaid, thou mayeſt be aſſured, that I have not the leſs eſteem for thee, becauſe thou waſt not the ſon of a baſſa; ſince, had thy father lived, his fortune and courage might have promoted him to that honour, or a command equal to it; and thou thyſelf art in a fair way to ſupply ſome future vacancy in thoſe great charges of the empire.

I have no news at preſent to ſend thee, ſave that the three French princes, of whoſe impriſonment I gave an account to Minezim Aluph, are removed by Cardinal Mazarini's order from the caſtle of Vincennes, to a ſea-town called Havre de Grace, for fear they ſhould be reſcued by Marſhal Turenne, who is much devoted to their intereſt. The Princeſs of Conde is retired to Bourdeaux, a city at this time in arms againſt the king,

having alſo with her the young Duke of Enguien her ſon.

The Marſhal de la Meilleray is gone with his army to beſiege this place; and it is ſaid, the king will ſoon follow with the whole court. All things ſeem to portend another relapſe of this ſtate into the old diſorders.

But this is not of ſo near a concern to us that are muſſulmans, as the quarrels that I hear are broached between the janizaries and ſpahis. They ſay, the whole Ottoman empire is warped this way and that way into contrary factions; and that the ſeraglio itſelf is full of different cabals, on the account of theſe military orders. It afflicts me with extreme grief, to receive nothing but ſad news from the Porte, which is, or at leaſt ought to be, a fountain of joy to the whole earth. I pray Heaven avert the omen! for it looks with an ill preſage, when the champions of the divine unity are thus divided againſt themſelves.

If thou wilt take my advice, enter not thyſelf into the ſecret of either party, but, poiſing thy affections with prudence, ſtand neuter to all things but the Grand Signior's intereſt. In that be as zealous as thou canſt. As for the reſt, wait the decrees of deſtiny.

Paris, 29th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1650.

VI.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

GRAPHUL EBEN SHAHENSHAH the Arabian philoſopher has ſaid it, and every man's experience confirms it, that no human care can prevent the accompliſhment of what Heaven has decreed. There are certain moments of our lives wherein fate delights to mock our wit and prudence, to baffle our ſtricteſt caution, and ridicule all

our conduct, that we may learn the leſſon of reſignation, and not truſt too much to ourſelves.

When I firſt ſaluted the light of this morning ſun, my ſpirits were ſerene and joyful: No melancholy dreams had left their black impreſſion on my mind, no ſaddening thoughts poſſeſſed my ſoul; I awaked cheerful and ſprightly as the lark. After I had adored the Omnipotent, and performed my accuſtomed holy things, I began to reflect on my own happineſs, in that I had ſo many years ſerved the Sublime Porte in this ſtation, full of difficulties and perils, yet by no misfortune had even betrayed the leaſt ſecret of my commiſſion. It pleaſed me to think I ſtill paſſed for Titus of Moldavia among the French, who are the moſt apprehenſive people in the world; and even in the opinion of Cardinal Mazarini, who, like Janus, has more eyes than two. I embraced myſelf (if I may ſo ſpeak), in the conceit of my good ſucceſs; concluding I was born under fortunate ſtars, and that no diſaſter could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong meaſures of the ways of deſtiny, which are as untraceable as the mines; for before mid-day my ſun was eclipſed, the air of my ſoul ruffled with ſtorms, and all my joy turned to mourning and ſadneſs.

Wilt thou know the occaſion of my grief? It was this: In the year 1645, according to the ſtile of the Nazarenes, I received ſome particular inſtructions from the then Viſier Azem, putting me in mind of the hazards I run in this poſt, and giving me ſtrict charge to beſtow all my letters in a ſecure place, whether the tranſcripts of thoſe I write to the miniſters of the Porte (for I always retained a copy of the original), or the diſpatches I receive from thence.

That miniſter was afraid, leſt I might ſome time or other be diſcovered, and conſequently that my chamber would be ſearched. Therefore, obeying his hint, I immediately carried all my writings to Eliachim the Jew; knowing his houſe to be free from any jealouſy of the ſtate, and that the moſt important ſecrets in the world might be there an age unrevealed.

The letters of my writing were encloſed in one box, and thoſe which I received from the Invincible Porte in another. And this was my conſtant cuſtom from that time; as often as I writ to the miniſters of the divan, or had perufed the diſpatches which came from them, I diſpoſed of both in their proper places, leaving all to the care of Eliachim.

But neither his caution nor mine were ſufficient to prevent the reſolves of Heaven: It was determined above that we ſhould loſe ſome of theſe papers. Eliachim came to me to-day, before the hour of Ulanamiſi, all in paſſion, aſtoniſhed, raving and ſtaring like a madman. As ſoon as he entered my chamber, he tore his inner veſt, which was of crimſon ſilk, fringed round with gold, and cryed, We are undone, betrayed, and ruined.

I preſently thought of my writings; and aſked him whether they were ſafe. In a word, he told me he had loſt the box, which contained the letters ſent from the miniſters of the Porte to me, and that his ſlave, a negro, whom he kept in his houſe, was miſſing. Thou mayeſt imagine, ſage miniſter, that this news put me into no ſmall confuſion. I preſently ſuſpected that this villain of a negro had got the writings, and was gone to Cardinal Mazarini with them: But then recollecting with cooler thoughts, that this African underſtood not Arabic, in which language alone Eliachim and I uſed to converſe, and that conſequently he never could know

our affairs, or read the letters, which might tempt him to ſuch a treaſon, I was at a loſs what to think of it. Neither am I better ſatisfied now, though I have ruminated on it theſe twelve hours; only I think, if Cardinal Mazarini has theſe papers in his cuſtody, he would have given orders before this time to ſeize the ſuppoſed Titus of Moldavia, for ſome of theſe letters take notice of my having aſſumed that name. But I cannot perceive any attempt has been made in that kind, or that any body has been to inquire for me at my lodgings; for I ſet ſpies to obſerve, as ſoon as I departed thence with Eliachim, which was about noon. We are now together in a friend's houſe, where we ſhall continue till we hear farther of this event. As yet we are in the dark, and full of fears; but time, which brings all things to light, will convince us what we have to truſt to.

In the mean while, there is little news ſave a diſcourſe of a certain convention at Nuremberg, and the great jubilee which is celebrated at Rome, where they ſay the Chriſtians chief mufti, the week before their Beiram, or Eaſter, waſhed the feet of twelve pilgrims; and that Cardinal Ludoviſio entertained nine thouſand of theſe devotees at once with a very magnificent feaſt. They ſay alſo, that the pope will get this year two millions of ſequins, by the reſort of pilgrims to that city.

The king of Denmark's reſident at this court has received a letter, which certifies him that his maſter has declared Prince Chriſtian his ſon ſucceſſor in the throne.

They talk alſo of a marriage lately ſolemnized between Charles, a German count, and Charlotte, ſiſter to the Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel.

But that which moſt takes up mens ears, and employs their tongues and thoughts, are the civil wars of this kingdom, which is all in a flame, by occaſion of the im-

priſonment of the Prince of Conde and his brothers. The citizens of Paris are very jocund at the repeated news of the king's ill ſucceſs, for they wiſh not well to his arms, whilſt employed againſt the malcontents.

Illuſtrious old grandee, I wiſh thee the years of Neſtor, and thoſe calculated by full moons of proſperity; but I pray Heaven avert from thee ſome of his moments, wherein they ſay he was tormented with the gout, as I am at this inſtant. It is a pain hardly to be ſupported.

Paris, 11th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1650.

VII.—*To the ſame.*

By the God whom I adore, and by his ſhadow, I ſwear there is no diſloyalty in Mahmut, yet his life is full of temptations and perils. The box of letters I mentioned in my laſt, is irrecoverably gone, and laid up in the bowels of the earth, if we may believe the confeſſion of a man, every angle of whoſe heart has been ſearched with exquiſite torments, even to death.

Eliachim's ſlave, the negro whom I ſpoke of, miſtook that box for one very like it, out of which he had often ſeen his maſter take jewels; for this is the particular merchandiſe of that Jew; and the weight of each was not ſo unequal as to rectify his error. Lucre tempted him, and the deſire of liberty; whilſt the darkneſs (for he committed the villany before ſun-riſing), and his own guilty fears, conſpired to baffle his intended theft. The boxes ſtood together (ſo careful was Eliachim of the ſublime ſecrets, as not to venture them in a place leſs ſecure than that of his jewels), and the villain, haſty to be gone, and confounded for want of light, took up that wherein were the writings, inſtead of his deſigned prey,

the jewels. He went directly into the fields, purposing to bury this supposed treasure in the earth, in some private place, where he might take it forth at discretion; but first opening the box to supply himself with such stones as he thought would be unquestionable pawns for money, to answer his present necessities, that so he might the better provide for his concealment, he was astonished, and his heart became like lead, when he found nothing but papers full of characters to which he was wholly a stranger. A thousand resolutions presented themselves to him in that agony of his mind, and he knew not what to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the box back again, as he found it; and since his design had been thus strangely baulked, to content himself till another opportunity; but then he considered it was too late to return, before his master would miss both his slave and box; for the sun was now far advanced in our hemisphere, and Eliachim is an early riser. In a word, therefore, he thought it the safest way to bury it in the ground, as he first intended, had it been the box of jewels, and so shift for himself; proposing to himself this advantage in hiding the papers in a secure place, that if they were of value, he might at any time make composition with his master, by discovering where they were.

All that I have here related is drawn from his own mouth, in the midst of tortures; for Eliachim soon heard of his fugitive negro, who was seized on the road to Lyons by some correspondents of this Jew; who, having intelligence of it, took horse immediately, and went to the place. He did not think it safe to make a public business of it, or to arraign him before the appointed judges of the country; but, relying on the justice of his cause, and the right of a master, he privately put him to

tortures of divers kinds, in a houſe where he could command any thing.

The ſtout African at firſt denied that he had meddled with any box, ſaying, he eſcaped purely for the ſake of liberty. But when a ſucceſſion of divers torments had quite overthrown his conſtancy, he confeſſed all that I have already related. Eliachim ſtill ſuſpecting worſe, and that he only framed this as a plauſible ſtory, to be freed from, or at leaſt to reſpite the pains he ſuffered, cauſed ſharp thorns to be thruſt under the nails of his fingers and toes, believing that the extremity of ſo ſenſible a pain would extort the true ſecret from him; but he could get nothing elſe from the poor excruciated negro, though now almoſt ready to expire, than that he had hid the box under ground, in a certain corner of a field out of the city, to which he knew not how to direct Eliachim, but promiſed to ſhow it him, if he would carry him alive to Paris.

This was no hard taſk to perform, in the opinion of the Jew, it being but a day's journey to this city from the place where they then were; but he was deceived in his hopes, and now all the applications and cordials they could uſe came too late, for that very night the negro breathed out his ſoul.

However, when Eliachim came to Paris, he followed the directions of his dead ſlave as well as he could, in ſearching every corner of the fields on that ſide of the city where this black had been ſeen to go out, but all to no purpoſe. He could find nothing; nor have we any hopes ever to ſee that box again. Yet I have many qualms of fear, leſt ſome time or other it ſhould come to light, to our diſadvantage and ruin.

I deſire thy inſtruction, ſage governor of the capital city, how I ſhall deport myſelf if it be my lot to be diſ-

covered. As to the remaining box, which has in it the tranſcripts of my own diſpatches, I have taken it home to my lodging, believing it will be as ſafe here as in the houſe of Eliachim; ſince that faithful Jew is no more exempted from contingencies than myſelf, and I have no ſervant to betray me.

This kingdom abounds at preſent in treaſons and rebellions. The French ſpare not to maſſacre one another for the ſake of a paſſion; while the Spaniards make their advantages of their inteſtine feuds; for under pretence of aſſiſting the princes of the blood, they get footing in Picardy, from whence it will not be eaſy to expel them. Leopold Archduke of Auſtria, is at the head of the Spaniſh army, and has taken ſeveral towns belonging to the French king.

When the quarrels of theſe infidels will end, I am not ſolicitous; my thoughts being ever taken up in the ſervice which I owe to the empire of true believers.

I cannot bid thee adieu, illuſtrious Kaimacham, until I have aſſured thee, I am macerated with zeal for the Grand Signior.

Paris, 23d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1650.

VIII.—*To* SOLYMAN KUSLIR AGA, *Prince of the Black Eunuchs.*

AFTER I had peruſed thy diſpatch, wherewith thou haſt honoured thy ſlave Mahmut; as I was full of joy for the continued demonſtrations of thy friendſhip and protection, ſo my breaſt conceived an indignation at the affront which has been offered to the Sublime Porte by the Cham of the Tartars, in preſuming to demand the tutelage of our auguſt emperor. It is an indignity to

the miniſters of ſupreme juſtice and honour, lights of the imperial divan, to whom is committed the cognizance of all human events; the illuſtrious viſiers, who manage the affairs of the mighty and invincible Sultan Mahomet, whoſe throne may God fortify, till the moon ſhall no more appear in the heavens.

Thoſe people have been ever thirſty of rule, and it is numbered among the virtues of their anceſtors, that they enlarged their dominions by the keen edge of their ſwords; but in all the regiſters and archives of the empire, it has not been found that any of that nation challenged a right to govern our ſultans, though during their minority. It is ſufficient, that they ſhall have the honour (according to the ancient capitulations) to ſucceed in the throne of the Oſman princes, if ever that ſacred line ſhould be extinct, which God avert, till the final conſummation.

It is a wonder they demanded not alſo his royal brothers, the other ſons of Sultan Ibrahim, that ſo they might at one blow cut off the whole Oſman race, and take poſſeſſion of the vacant throne.

I have not heard any thing theſe many moons what is become of theſe high-born infants, whether they are alive, or ſacrificed to the jealouſy of the Sultan, as has been the cuſtom. Here are various flying reports concerning them. Some ſay, that thou haſt conveyed away Sultan Achmet, and that he is privately educated in the houſe of a certain Georgian. The bleſſing of Mahomet be upon thee, and refreſh thy heart, if thou haſt taken this care to preſerve the life of an Oſman prince, which is more precious than an hundred thouſand of common birth.

As for Solyman, and the reſt of that ſublime race, the French give them over for loſt; and I cannot con-

tradict them for want of due intelligence. Beſides, I have reaſon to fear it is too true, in regard it has been the cruel practice of all, or moſt of our late emperors, either to ſlaughter their brethren, as ſoon as they aſcended the throne, or to put them to a more lingering death and martyrdom in a priſon.

It is true, indeed, our preſent ſovereign is not yet arrived to thoſe years wherein children commonly loſe their native innocence. I believe he ſuſpects none of his brethren, nor harbours any unkind thoughts againſt their lives. Yet cruelty may be inſinuated into his tender years by the artifices of his mother, eſpecially againſt thoſe of his father's blood, that did not alſo partake of her's; for Sultan Ibrahim, thou knoweſt, had children by other women beſides the Sultana Valede.

The Malteſe think they have one of theſe royal infants in their poſſeſſion. Thou knoweſt the whole ſtory of thy predeceſſor's voyage toward Egypt, with his beautiful ſlave and her ſon, whom theſe infidels honour as the offſpring of the Grand Signior. Thou art not ignorant, alſo, that this infant, with his mother, were baniſhed out of jealouſy, by the order of her who bore in her womb Sultan Mahomet, our glorious ſovereign; the remembrance of which makes me tremble for the ſake of the young prince, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy power to certify me, and, in doing ſo, thou wilt rid me of much anxiety.

I am but a ſlave of the ſlaves who ſerve the Grand Signior; and it is not decent for me to deſcant on the actions of our moſt abſolute monarch, whoſe will is not to be controuled: but I am ſtill a man, and have ſome ſhare of humanity and reaſon. Thou alſo art my particular friend, and wilt permit me to diſcourſe with freedom. Was it not a bloody feaſt, to which our king's

great-grandfather, Mahomet III. invited nineteen of his brethren on the day of his inauguration? Was it not a cruel act, to cauſe theſe royal gueſts, in whoſe veins ran the blood of his own father, to be ſtrangled before they departed from his table? No leſs inhuman was it of Mahomet, the late Vifier Azem, to guide the hand of this our preſent ſovereign, when but ſix years old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to ſign a warrant for the execution of his father. Well may the Nazarenes call us barbarians, when they contemplate the empire of the muſſulmans, ſupported by ſuch unnatural methods.

Thou that haſt the ſuperlative honour of being the immediate guardian of our young emperor, wilt pardon the liberty I take; aſcribe all to the force of my zeal and loyalty. Thou art valiant and wiſe. Protect thy charge as the cryſtal of thine eyes, which thou wilt not ſuffer to be hurt by the duſt of the ſtreets.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1650.

IX.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

Notwithstanding all my philoſophy, I have not command enough of my paſſion to conceal it from thee, who haſt always been the partaker of my unequal fortunes. Whatever magnanimity of ſpirit I pretended to formerly in my ſickneſs, it is at preſent overcome by the deſire of eaſe. At that time, I remember ſome ſtoical conſiderations made me induſtriouſly hide from thee the tormenting pains I felt. I endeavoured to diſguiſe my ſufferings, and to paint my miſery in ſuch colours, that it could hardly be diſtinguiſhed from happineſs. But now I have not courage enough to hide from thee my fears and apprehenſions; and all Seneca's morals are too

little to hinder me from complaining of the uncertainty that we daily experience in human affairs. This is a theme ſo popular, that, were not my particular misfortunes very preſſing, it would make me ſick to ſay any thing on a ſubject, that has been in every man's mouth ſince the time that our firſt father appeared among the trees. Therefore thou mayeſt be aſſured, I am not going about to make a declamation, or play the orator, to expatiate and make large deſcants on the inſtability of all things. What I have to ſay refers to myſelf and no body elſe, ſave to thoſe who are the occaſion of my melancholy.

In the tenth moon of the laſt year, I ſent a letter to Kenan Baſſa, the new Haſnadar Baſſa. I have a copy of it by me, as I always retain of whatever diſpatches I ſend to the Sublime Porte, whether to the public miniſters or my private friends.

I have peruſed this letter ſeveral times within theſe eight-and-forty hours, and can find no juſt ground of offence, which that grandee could take thereat, unleſs he was angry with me for deſiring him to be careful in tranſmitting my money. As for the reſt, I only obeyed the particular inſtructions I received from Mahomet the late Viſier Azem, who commanded me not to ſpare the greateſt miniſter of the Porte, if I had reaſon either to counſel, or to reprehend him; for, ſaid he in his letter, "To this end art thou placed at ſuch a diſtance, that, beſides the ſervice thou doſt our ſovereign in diſcloſing the ſecrets of the infidels, thou mayeſt alſo be free to write whatever thou thinkeſt will conduce to his intereſt, without ſtanding in fear of the revenge of the grandees." Theſe were the very words of the prime miniſter of the Ottoman Empire.

Now I only told him of ſome miſcarriages in his pre-

deceſſors, warning him to be wary in his ſtation. Either he was offended at this freedom I took, or becauſe I preſumed to adviſe him how to order my bills. Be it which it will, I have a ſevere reprimand from the Reis Effendi, whom I have the greateſt reaſon in the world to eſteem my friend.

It would never have vexed me, had he wrote plainly, and not diſguiſed his ſentiments. But all was obſcure, ſaving one blunt expreſſion, which convinced me, that the real ground of all this anger was my letter to Kenan, wherein I deſired his care as to my money.

Can that miniſter blame me for being apprehenſive of want in a foreign country, a region of infidels, where I have no other commerce but with courtiers and ſtrangers, where, if I ſhould be in the leaſt ſuſpected, they would preſently put me in priſon, which would hazard a diſcovery of the ſublime ſecrets? Does he not know that money commands all things; and that the greateſt potentates obey the power of gold? It cannot be imagined, but that a man in my poſt has a thouſand preſſing occaſions for money, which it is troubleſome to expreſs; and I have had very wrong notions of my employment, if I deſerve, on this account, to be reproved and threatened with ſuch political circumlocutions; for the ſecretary charges me with unwillingneſs to continue in the ſervice of the ever-happy Porte; as if he thought my fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an inclination to the Nazarene intereſt.

I tell thee, my Dgnet, perfidy I ever abhorred; this appears to me the moſt terrible and odious of all vices; I could bear the guilt and reproach of a great many crimes, which have leſs of malice in their conſtitution. I am not aſhamed of many venial frailties which I daily commit, though the law is ſevere againſt them. But

could any man accuſe me of wilful treachery and ingratitude, I would pray inſtantly, that the luminaries of Heaven might be extinguiſhed, and that no terrene ſubſtance might henceforth have in it the leaſt potential light, that ſo I might neither be capable of ſeeing myſelf, or of being expoſed to the eyes of others; and, the better to eſcape the confuſion which would attend that horrid guilt, I would not only avoid human ſociety, but, if it were poſſible, I would run away from myſelf.

After all this, methinks ſuch a temper need not be ſuſpected, as averſe from the intereſt to which he has ſo ſolemnly ſworn.

I would not have troubled thee with the news of any other affliction; but to be ſuſpected of what I never was guilty of, and to be menaced in dark myſterious terms, not by an enemy, but by my friend, and one who has in his keeping the immortal records of my zeal and integrity; this cuts me to the heart: And I had no other way to eaſe myſelf, but by venting my anguiſh to thee.

If any of the miniſters will charge me with weakneſs, or want of ability to act in this ſtation, I ſhould have no reaſon to repine, ſince none of them can think ſo meanly of Mahmut, as he does of himſelf. I boaſt of nothing, but a loyalty to my truſt, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a muſſulman, and therefore ought to be reſigned to the will of Heaven in all things, without complaint or murmur. Beſides, I am infinitely obliged, in many regards, to the Reis Effendi; and therefore he may be allowed to take his own advantages. Perhaps his reproofs may be juſt, and it is my own peeviſhneſs that hinders me from diſcerning it. However, I could wiſh he would henceforth expreſs his re-

ſentments with leſs obſcurity, and not give me grounds to apprehend the loſs of his friendſhip.

For, where I once love, I hate a change. And, if thou beeſt of the ſame mind, we two ſhall continue our friendſhip to the other ſide of the grave.

Paris, 30th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1650.

X.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

If thou wilt permit me to learn ſomething from huſbandmen, they ſay, it is not profitable to plough the fields, whoſe barren glebe brings forth nothing but briars and thorns. Such are the grounds of paſſion and anger among friends: Let them lie fallow for ever. Perhaps thou wilt call it preſumption in me, to challenge ſuch a relation between us; or, if thou owneſt the title of a friend, thou wilt claim a right to reprove me. Be it how it will, reproofs make the beſt impreſſion when they are given with mildneſs and moderation; eſpecially, they ought not to be founded on a miſtake, or falſe apprehenſion; for they appear like arrows diſcharged in the dark, which, being ſhot at random, may, by giving an undeſerved wound, make an enemy of a friend, or at leaſt render a friend ſuſpected to be an enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the embers of a fire, whoſe flame is extinguiſhed long ago, and whereof, by this time, I hope there remains not the leaſt ſmoke. I never love to add fuel to ſuch caſes; otherwiſe, had I returned an anſwer to thy angry letter in the heat of my reſentments, I might have played the incendiary; for I had both matter enough, and paſſion ſufficient to ventilate

the already kindled ſparks. And of this I know thou art ſenſible.

Well, to make the beſt conſtruction of it: The Haſnadarbaſſa was affronted, I believe, at the freedom I took in adviſing him, not knowing that I had poſitive orders to do ſo, even to the firſt miniſter of ſtate, if I ſaw occaſion; and, to vent his choler, he miſrepreſented the buſineſs to thee, hoping by thy means to awe me into a fawning acknowledgment of my ſuppoſed crime. If this was thy intention in writing that ſharp letter, I ſmile at his miſtake, but am ſorry for thine, becauſe I eſteem thee my friend: it was but an overſight in you both; and ſo let it paſs.

Thy friendſhip I court, and refuſe not his, nor that of any officer of the ſeraglio. I honour all the baſſas and miniſters of the Imperial Porte: I ſhow to every one the reſpect that is due to his quality: But I am commanded to write with freedom to all, and not to ſpeak as if I had the bearded head of a barley ſtalk on my tongue, which is apt to ſlip down a man's throat, and threatens to choke him that ſpeaks whilſt it is in his mouth. This charge I firſt received from the late Viſier Azem Mahomet, and it has been ſince renewed with freſh inſtructions from others of great authority. They all tell me, with much aſſurance, that one chief end of my being placed here is, that being out of the limits of the Ottoman Empire, yet holding a conſtant intelligence, I may freely and without fear reprove the vices and encourage the virtues of the greateſt governors and princes among the muſſulmans. Nay, I am threatened with puniſhment, and the ſultan's diſpleaſure, if I neglect any opportunity of this nature, or appear partial and timorous in my reprehenſions.

For it ſeems this is judged the moſt ready and effec-

tual method to reform the corruptions that are crept into court, camp, and city; since every man is obliged to communicate the letters which he receives from me; and they are all registered by thy care; whereby the grandees are compelled, either to live within the limits of justice and their duty, or else to be the discoverers of their own faults, which will unavoidably bring them into disgrace, if not the loss of their liberty and lives; or at least put them to the expence of costly presents to make their atonement: and thou knowest some men would almost as willingly part with their lives as their money, which is their god.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be displeased if I perform my duty. It is not for me to be frighted with menaces, or softened with bribes. My integrity is proof against the pride of the one, and baseness of the other. Yet I have great esteem for the treasurer and thee, with other ministers, who are my friends. I could, to serve such, freely hazard my liberty, fortune, and any thing but my honour, which I value at a far higher rate than my life.

Thou mayest register it for a truth, that an English ambassador was in the 6th moon of this year murdered by villains in his chamber at Madrid, the capital city of Spain. There has been also a great battle fought in Scotland, between the army of that nation, who maintain their king's interest, and the forces of the new English commonwealth; wherein the latter obtained a signal victory, having killed three thousand on the spot, taken nine thousand prisoners, fifteen thousand arms, two hundred ensigns, and all their cannon and baggage. These are prosperous beginnings of that republic, and redound much to the honour of the English General Oliver, whom every body extols for a gallant man. And I can

aſſure thee theſe Weſtern nations are not barren of heroes.

Principal ſcribe of the muſſulmans, I wiſh thy heart may be a tranſcript of the beſt copies.

Paris, 1ſt of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1650.

XI.—*To* SOLYMAN AGA, *Principal Chamberlain of the Womens Apartments in the Seraglio.*

THESE Tartars, of whom I ſpake to thee in my laſt, are a ſtrange ſort of people in their manner of life. But we muſt not cenſure them becauſe we are of kin. I ſpeak not of myſelf; for though I am an Arab, yet the greateſt part of thoſe who ſerve in the armies of the Grand Signior, are deſcended from the Crims, I mean the Spahis and Timariots. Thou knoweſt the originals of theſe military orders, and that they are more honourable than the janizaries, who, being ſtrangers by blood, are brought up to the lure of the ſeraglio. They know neither father nor mother (I ſpeak of the tributary youths), nor have they any partial fondneſs for their native country. They are educated in a perfect reſignation to the Grand Signior, and his chief miniſters; yet often diſobey both, and not ſeldom put them in hazard of their lives. How many viſiers have been ſacrificed to a cunning janizar-aga, who, to prevent his own ruin, has tempted thoſe under his command to mutiny, and accept of no atonement for their pretended grievances, leſs than the life of the firſt deputy? The rigid fate of Sultan Oſman, uncle to our preſent ſovereign, will not be forgot by thoſe who love the Ottoman Family better than theſe baſtard Hectors. Shall the empire of true believers be ruined by the renegades? Beſides, their diſcipline is ex-

tremely corrupted; they marry, and follow mechanic trades, repugnant to the auſtere manners of the primitive guards, who are wholly attentive to martial exerciſes.

Were this to come to the hands of a janizary, he would curſe me to the pains which have neither medium nor end. Yet I had once a friend of that order, Caſſim Hali, the chief aga, a brave man, and of the ſame ſentiments as myſelf. He fought to reform that diſorderly militia, but was oppoſed by the wiſe men in power. He would freely have ſacrificed his own grandeur and intereſt for the good of the muſſulman empire, but was overawed by thoſe who had no other intereſt but in its ruin.

Thou knoweſt who I mean. Neither am I a ſtranger to the heroic bravery of the faithful Solyman, when he bearded the Boſtangi Aga on that account. That gardener was of the faction, being the ſon of a janizary, and trained up in all the practices of the ſeditious. It makes me aſhamed when I hear the infidels upbraid the wiſeſt of the wiſe, the ſupreme monarch on earth, with folly, for permitting this inſolent and mutinous ſoldiery to continue in the empire; and I tremble to think, that one time or other the renowned offſpring of Ertogriel will owe its ruin and cataſtrophe to theſe diſloyal vipers, whom it cheriſhes in the ſeraglio.

Much more aſſured is the French king of his guards of Switzers, whoſe fidelity was never ſtained with the leaſt infamous brand of perfidiouſneſs, in taking up arms againſt their maſter, whoſe bread they eat. Theſe are mercenary ſoldiers, who travel out of their native country to ſerve foreign princes, and will ſhed the laſt drop of their blood rather than betray their truſt; therefore they are admitted into the palaces, and nigh the bedchambers of the Pope and the King of France, with full confidence of their valour and integrity.

As for their country, it is barren and poor, confiſting chiefly of rocks and deſerts, which occaſions the youth, who are generally very ſtrong and hardy, to ſeek their ſubſiſtence abroad, by ſerving in the guards and armies of neighbouring monarchs and ſtates.

Some regiments of the Switzers now ſerve in the wars of Candy, under the ſtandard of Venice.

There are veſſels arrived lately in ſome of the French harbours, which bring news of the ill ſucceſs of our arms in the ſiege of Candia, the chief city of that iſland. They talk as if above two thouſand muſſulmans were blown up in the ninth moon; and that Chuſaein Baſſa, diſcouraged by this loſs, and with the inconveniencies of the approaching winter, was forced to raiſe the ſiege in the moon of October.

The French magnify the valour of the Knights of Malta, who ſignalized themſelves by many brave actions during this ſiege; and if all be true that is related of theſe Chriſtian champions, we cannot in common juſtice deny them their due character, and number ſome of them at leaſt among the heroes.

Otherwiſe, we ſhould come ſhort of theſe Weſtern Nazarenes in generoſity, who, with no leſs honourable expreſſions, extol the repeated courage and invincible conſtancy of the illuſtrious Chuſaein, and the alacrity of all the muſſulman ſoldiers in the ſervice of our great maſter.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the cowardice of the janizaries, who, after that fatal blow, had they ſtoutly maintained their other poſts, that brave baſſa would not ſo ſoon have quitted the ſiege of this important place.

As for other news, I have little to acquaint thee with, ſave a ſeeming calm at preſent in this kingdom of France, which has for the greateſt part of the year been haraſſed with civil diſcords and ſlaughters. Bourdeaux, the chief

city which held out againſt the king, is now reduced to obedience, the pacified monarch retired, and there is an appearance of peace.

The Queen of Sweden, we hear, was ſolemnly crowned in the 10th moon of the laſt year, having declared for her ſucceſſor Carolus Guſtavus, Prince Palatine, and her couſin.

In the ſame moon died the Prince of Orange, and ſoon after the Count d'Avoux, a French grandee, and miniſter of ſtate.

In the mean time, I rejoice to hear that my old friends are alive and flouriſhing, and that the knot is not looſened which was tied in our youth. May it continue firm to the day of the earthquake, and to a term unlimited.

Paris, 29th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1651.

XII.—*To* KISUR DRAMELEC, *Secretary of the Nazarene Affairs at the Porte.*

IN the name of God and his Prophet, what occaſion hadſt thou to ſend me ſuch an angry letter, thou that art thyſelf but a ſlave, as I am, to the ſlaves of him whoſe throne is above the flight of the eagle! Doſt thou think to frighten Mahmut into ſordid compliance with thy ambition, whom nothing can terrify, ſo long as he preſerves himſelf free from any ſtain of diſloyalty? I tell thee, I am another Achilles, invulnerable all over, ſave the ſoles of my feet, which are the emblems of our moſt tender affections. There thou mayeſt wound me with the ſoft arrows of pretended friendſhip; but if once thou appeareſt with the naked face of an enemy, I am preſently on my guard.

Thou accuſeſt me of many crimes whereof I was never

guilty, loadeſt me with a thouſand undeſerved reproaches, and all to vent thy choler; threatening me with revenge, becauſe I once excuſed the lateneſs of my addreſs to Mirezim Aluph baſſa, then newly veſted by our munificent ſultan, by laying the blame on the badneſs of the ways, or the inſolence of ſoldiers, by whom the poſts are often intercepted in time of war; or, in fine, on thy neglect in not ſupplying me with more early intelligence; wherein it is eaſy to diſcern that thou wert the laſt I would accuſe to that miniſter, though thou wert principally in the fault; for I was afterwards informed, that the poſts were neither retarded by any impaſſable roads, or ſtopped by the orders of military men, but arrived here at their accuſtomed ſeaſons; wherefore thou haſt no reaſon to be offended at me, unleſs it be for the ſhortneſs of my accuſation, and that it was defective in malice.

Thou wouldſt take it ill, if in my own defence I ſhould complain to the Viſier Azem of thy frequent neglects in this kind; but I ſcorn to vindicate myſelf at the price of another man's diſgrace and peril; only, I adviſe thee to forbear threatening. It is a reflection on thy prudence to menace a man who has no other reſentments of thy paſſion than to own himſelf obliged to thee for ſo open a diſcovery of it.

Wouldſt have the very ſpleen of my humour? I ſmile at thee. Thou haſt made me as jocund as Democritus. If thou knoweſt not who I mean, he was a pleaſant ſort of a philoſopher, to whom all human actions were objects of mirth. There was another whining ſage that perpetually wept. The moſt comical paſſages, and ſuch as moved all men to laughter, drew floods of tears from his eyes. His name was Heraclitus. It is hard to determine which of theſe two was in the right. But I think I am not much in the wrong to be a little pleaſant with

thee; perhaps it may put thee into a better humour. However, I would not have thee diſpleaſed with thyſelf for being of ſo peeviſh a diſpoſition. It is obſerved, that paſſionate men are always beſt natured, and free from ſecret malice. Choler is as neceſſary as our blood: Without the latter we could not live; and, if we were void of the former, our lives would be as inactive as that of ſnails and oyſters; we ſhould be abſolute drones.

Hippocrates, the famous phyſician, ſays, this complexion is the moſt noble of all the four, transforming men to heroes, and refining our earthly mould to a conſtitution like that of the immortal gods, whoſe bodies, according to the poets, conſiſt wholly of an etherial flame.

Therefore be not diſcouraged, neither repine at a temper which ranks thee among thoſe to whom ſacrifices are made. On the other ſide, take it not amiſs from Mahmut, if he tells thee, he has not devotion enough to become thy voluntary victim.

Yet if I cannot be ſo obſequious as to throw myſelf away by acknowledging crimes wherein I was never concerned, and for which I have a natural abhorrence, reſt ſatisfied at leaſt that I will ſerve thee as far as I can, without intrenching on the duty I owe to the Grand Signior; and be aſſured I will do thee no harm, ſo long as thou obſerveſt that rule.

In fine, I adviſe thee to order thy ſteps like a man that is walking in the bogs of Egypt, where, if he obſerve the track of thoſe who have gone before him, he may be ſafe, but if his foot ſlips, he ſinks in the mire. Such is the life of courtiers.

Paris, 18th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1651.

XIII.—*To* Minezim Aluph, *Baſſa.*

In the beginning of the laſt year I ſent thee a diſpatch, wherein I acquainted thee with the impriſonment of three princes of the royal blood of France; now thou ſhalt receive the news of their liberty.

They were releaſed by an order from the king on the 13th day of this moon, and arrived in this city on the 16th, which was yeſterday, attended by a numerous cavalcade, conſiſting of ſome princes, divers of the nobility and gentry, and, one would think, of half the citizens of Paris. Even thoſe who triumphed laſt year, and made bonfires for their confinement, yeſterday thronged out of the city to welcome them home with acclamations of joy, and to congratulate their releaſe; ſo fickle and inconſtant a thing is the multitude, driven hither and thither with every artificial declaration of ſtateſmen, or pretence of faction.

But there were divers princes and noblemen, who, from the firſt hour of their being ſeized, reſolved not to leave a ſtone unturned to procure their freedom. The grandees that were their friends retired to their governments, and raiſed rebellions in the provinces. All the kingdom was haraſſed with civil wars. The parliaments decreed againſt the court; and there wanted not cabals of ſeditious courtiers, even in the palace of the king, to undermine the royal authority, which the cardinal miniſter thought to eſtabliſh by the impriſonment of the princes. In all places the king's intereſt ran retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou ſhalt know, that the princes of France are not ſlaves to the king, like the baſſas of the moſt ſerene empire, who owe all their greatneſs to the ſole favour of our munificent ſultans. Theſe princes enjoy all that and more by inheritance,

which our grandees acquire only by their merits and the ſmiles of their ſovereign. Hence it is that their intereſt is rivetted in the hearts of the people, who revere the blood royal in whatſoever channel it runs.

Therefore thinking men blame the cardinal's conduct in this affair, ſaying, there was neither juſtice or policy in it. Indeed, if a man's wit is to be meaſured by the ſucceſs of his contrivances, the cenſure of theſe people is true; for the cardinal ſeems to have made a trap for himſelf.

As ſoon as he perceived the king was prevailed on by the importunity of his uncle the Duke of Orleans, and the parliament of Paris, to releaſe the princes, and that they had at the ſame time earneſtly begged of him that this miniſter might be removed from the court, he ſuddenly packed up his moveables, and withdrew privately towards the place where the princes were confined, hoping that, though he had loſt his firſt point, yet he might make an indifferent after-game, by going in perſon to the royal priſoners, and aſſuring them, it was to him they owed their releaſe, ſince it was in his power to carry them away with him, as alſo thoſe who brought them the king's mandate; for he travelled not without a conſiderable guard.

It is ſaid the princes received him with ſeeming compliments and addreſs of civility, promiſing their friendſhip to the cardinal, now a voluntary exile, and in a worſe condition than themſelves.

It is very ſtrange that ſo great a miniſter, who inherited all that abſolute power which his predeceſſor Richlieu had at this court, ſhould thus on a ſudden abandon his fortune: But it is thought he is not gone to pick ſtraws.

However, he had, by this timely flight, avoided the diſpleaſure of ſeeing himſelf compelled to depart by an

arreſt of Parliament, which was publiſhed within two days after he was gone, commanding him to depart the kingdom within fifteen days.

The wiſe miniſter foreſaw this diſgrace approaching, and therefore thought it more becoming his honour to depart of his own accord, having ſtill the advantage to reproach the ſtate with ingratitude, in that they have reduced to ſuch ſtraits the man by whoſe auſpicious conduct France has been elevated to an extraordinary grandeur in Europe.

By this thou mayeſt comprehend, illuſtrious baſſa, that there is no ſtability in human greatneſs, but that the wheels of a courtier's life run through unequal tracks, often ſticking in the mire of the valley, and not ſeldom threatening to overthrow a man, and caſt him headlong from the precipice of a mountain. Againſt theſe inconſtant turns of fortune I adviſe thee to be armed with moderation, ſince no man can avoid his deſtiny.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1651.

XIV.—*To* ISOUF, *his Kinſman, at Fez.*

I AM glad to hear thou art alive. Thy letter came in a good hour, for I bear a true affection to thoſe of my blood, and have been particularly anxious for thee theſe many years. The ſun has nine times meaſured the twelve ſigns of the zodiac ſince I received thy laſt letter before this, or heard any news of thee. It ſeems thou haſt travelled a great part of the earth during that time.

It was kindly done of thee to remember thy ſick uncle's requeſt when thou wert at Aleppo, in making oblations for his health to Sheigh Boubac the ſantone, and diſtributing corban to the poor, in honour of Syntana Fiſſa.

Thou haſt ſent me a large and ſatisfactory account of thy obſervations in Aſia; yet I am ſorry thou hadſt not time to penetrate into the religion and ſecrets of the Indian Bramins. I am more ambitious to pry into the wiſdom and learning of thoſe philoſophers, than into any other ſpecies of knowledge whatſoever. Methinks it is pity the records of ſo vaſt an antiquity ſhould be concealed from the reſt of the world, and only known to thoſe happy prieſts. I proteſt it is impoſſible for me to think of it without envy; but perhaps it is the will of Heaven to lock up thoſe myſteries in the remoteſt provinces of the Eaſt, as a reward of their conſtancy, in adhering to the traditions of their fathers, which know no origin, and as a reproach to all other nations, who, in matters of religion, have been mutable as the winds.

I have converſed with ſeveral Jeſuits and others who have been in the Indies; but they ſeem to relate all things partially, out of a natural averſion for the manners of the Eaſt; and I knew not how to diſprove them, till my brother Peſteli Hali undeceived me. He has alſo viſited thoſe parts, and reſided a conſiderable time in China. It is a difficult thing for a traveller to keep himſelf within the bounds of truth in his relations; but I believe he has not exceeded. Thy journal touches but lightly the Indian affairs, not having leiſure, as thou telleſt me, to obſerve much; however, thou haſt made amends in thy relations of Perſia, Tartary, and the land of the Curds.

I depend much on thy promiſe of ſending me a journal of thy travels in Afric. To that quarter of the world I am much a ſtranger, not having met with any authentic relation of the regions in the ſouth.

It ſeems thou haſt been in Ethiopia, Libya, Egypt, and, in fine, all over the torrid zone.

Hiſtorians tell wonderful things of theſe parts: Herodotus mentions a ſort of people in Afric, whoſe bodies were more venomous than ſerpents. Theſe, affronted once at the winds for driving the ſands of Libya into their country, and filling up all their wells and ſtreams, entered into a war againſt the kingdom of Æolus; but the ſouth-wind met them in their march, and buried them under mountains of duſt.

I do not repreſent this to thee as a truth, though related by that learned Grecian. Thou mayeſt repute it for a fable, as I do; but let this paſſage be a hint that I expect from thee none but ſolid remarks.

It would pleaſe me to be aſſured of one thing, which perhaps thou haſt heard of when thou waſt in Barbary. Very credible authors report, that when the Phœnicians were expelled by the Iſraelites, and driven into this corner of Afric, they ſet up two pillars of marble, whereon they engraved theſe words, as a laſting monument of their expulſion: "We are a remnant of thoſe who fled from the face of JOSHUA the robber, the ſon of NUN."

The firſt invention of ſhips is by ſome aſcribed to theſe people, whom neceſſity taught to ſeek reſt on the unquiet ocean, ſince the more turbulent ſons of Jacob would not permit them to enjoy any repoſe on the land, having haraſſed them from one place to another, till at length they drove them to the very borders of the earth; but, thou knoweſt, the Chineſes pretend to the uſe of ſhips many thouſand years before this depredation of the Iſraelites. Every nation aims to be eſteemed the moſt ancient; and when there was formerly a diſpute between the Egyptians and Scythians on this point, it was adjuſted in favour of the latter. But the chronologies of the Chineſe and Indians far exceed all others in the world, for they am

ſeem to outſtrip time itſelf in antiquity, at leaſt, they tranſcend the common date of the world's creation.

I have heard a traveller aſſert, that as he was journeying through the deſerts of Libya, he diſcovered an altar of ſtone, with this inſcription on it, in Grecian characters: "I, POLYSTRATUS of Athens, have conſecrated this altar to all that is good in heaven; and if that All be but ONE, as ſome ſay, may that ONE accept my vows."

I deſire thee to inform mè whether thou haſt ever ſeen or heard of ſuch an altar when thou wert in thoſe parts. You travellers muſt expect this kind of trouble from your friends: Every body is naturally inquiſitive and deſirous of knowledge.

It will be acceptable alſo to ſend me an abſtract of the preſent ſtate of Fez. I ſhould be glad to hear of the health of Abdel Melec Muli Omar, the ſuperior of the magnificent college in that city, built by Al' Habu Ennor, king of the country. They ſay it coſt him two hundred and forty thouſand ſequins.

It is added, that in Fez there is a moſque near half a league in circuit, in which are as many gates as there be days in the revolution of a moon; and that the number of the pillars which ſupport it is equal to the year of the hegira wherein it was founded, being encompaſſed alſo by ſeventeen high minarets, beſides innumerable domes and terraces; having alſo 900 lamps burning in it by night, and 300 windows to let in the light of the day. The revenue of this famous moſque is ſaid to be 36,500 ſequins a-year. They relate many other things of Fez, and the provinces belonging to it; of all which I deſire thee to ſend me a diſtinct account.

I had almoſt forgot one paſſage, which I have read in the ancients, concerning a certain ſubtle African, whoſe name was Pſaphon. This man had trained up a parrot

to repeat very frequently theſe words, "Pſaphon is a great god." When the bird had perfectly learned his leſſon, he let it looſe, which being accuſtomed to a domeſtic life in a cage, fled not preſently to the fields, but perched on the temple of the town, where it was heard by the people to utter the aforeſaid ſentence aloud, and very often. They, ignorant of the quality of parrots, and led with native ſuperſtition, eſteemed it an oracle from Heaven; wherefore, immediately flocking to the houſe of Pſaphon, they offered ſacrifice to him, and in all reſpects treated him as a divinity.

Whether this ſtory be true or no, it is certain idolatry had no better foundation than artifice and lies, unleſs we ſhall conclude with the poet, "That fear made the firſt gods in the world." Couſin, let there be a frequent intercourſe between us; it will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1651.

XV.—*To* KERKER HASSAN, *Baſſa.*

IT is a cuſtom in the court of Rome, that every nation of the Weſt has a protector among the cardinals there, who are princes of the Roman church. Such I eſteem thee in the moſt exalted court of the Eaſt.

Arabia gave thee thy firſt breath; but thy own merits have lifted thee up to the dignity of a baſſa, a prince of the Ottoman empire, whoſe limits far exceed thoſe of the modern, or even of ancient Rome.

It is from hence our countrymen addreſs to thee as to their patron, uſing thy power and mediation with the Grand Signior in all their neceſſities.

Among the reſt, wonder not that the humbleſt of thy ſlaves, Mahmut, the ſon of thy father's neighbour, falls at thy feet in a time of great diſtreſs, in the agonies of his ſpirit, the hazard of his fortune, and peril of his honour, which he values more than his life.

I complain not of the many repeated abuſes and contempts I have received from ſome in the ſeraglio, to whom it belongs not to meddle with things out of their ſphere, much leſs to diſcourage the faithful agents and miſſioners of the Grand Signior: Yet the perſecutions I have felt from their hands are ſuch as would drive another man, leſs patient of injuries, either to revenge or deſpair.

They have vilified all my conduct in this ſtation, reproached my beſt actions with the odious characters of imprudence and diſloyalty, and miſrepreſented the ſmalleſt peccadillos, (for which alſo I have the mufti's diſpenſation) under the ignominious title of infidelity and atheiſm: In a word, they thirſt after my blood; nothing will ſatisfy their greedy malice but my life.

I never was afraid to die, ſince I perfectly underſtood what it is to live; nor can I be fond of protecting my breath, when my great maſter ſhall pleaſe to call for a ſurrender of it, for whoſe ſervice only it was given me. But it would render the ſcene of my death tragical, and ſtrew my paſſage into the other world with thorns, to be ſent out of this under the notion of a traitor, who have acted my part without a real blemiſh.

Ikingi, that learned tutor of the royal pages, was the firſt that broached this enmity againſt me (for I have forgot the prevarication of Shaſhim Iſtham, the black eunuch, ſince the time he acknowledged his fault with ſuch candour and ingenuity). It was that Athenian ſophiſt who debauched the integrity of my couſin Soly-

man, and perſuaded the unwary youth to enter into a conſpiracy againſt his uncle; but I reprehended my kinſman's folly in one letter, and his anſwer, though late, convinced me that he was not guilty of malice, ſo much as of raſhneſs and credulity. I was extremely obliged to the kaimacham for his benignity and friendſhip in this affair. The good old miniſter had a real kindneſs for me, and took no ſmall pains to penetrate into the cauſes of my couſin's eager paſſion and malice againſt me. At length he found it to be only the practices of Ikingi, who took advantage of Solyman's temper, equally loyal and flexible, inſinuated into his youthful mind monſtrous ideas of me, and, in fine, ſet him a-railing at me with a fierce kind of liberty wherever he came. The wiſe baſſa ſoon opened my kinſman's eyes, brought him to his ſenſe, and the iſſue of all was, that Solyman writ me a letter of apology.

But ſince this, the maſter of the pages has laid new trains for me, and drawn a great many more to his party. He has corrupted Muſtapha Guir, an eunuch, and page to the old queen, with whom I once held a correſpondence, and, as I thought, had contracted a familiarity and friendſhip; but it ſeems it was only an appearance without reality. I could give thee a long liſt of thoſe whom this academic has taught to ſlander Mahmut, but I will not appear ſo revengeful; beſides, this is not the only grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonſtrate to thee, moſt excellent and ſerene baſſa, the true cauſe of my uneaſineſs? I am weary of living among infidels. Favour me with thy aſſiſtance and interceſſion, that I may have leave to retire from this place, and vindicate myſelf before the faces of my enemies; and having had that honour, rendering alſo a juſt account of the affairs wherewith I am entruſted, I

may viſit my native country, and ſpend the reſidue of my days in Arabia, the ſcene of all our prophet's great actions, the place where I firſt drew my breath. I languiſh for the aromatic air of Admoim, the cryſtal fountains, and cooler ſhades of that happy province. I long to ſee the groves which encompaſs the village of my nativity, the turrets of thy father's houſe, and the moſque of Haſen the prophet; for though I took no notice of theſe things in my infancy, yet having once ſeen them in my riper years, when I was able to make more laſting reflections, I ſhall never forget theſe delightful objects ſo long as I live.

If this be an infirmity, pardon it, illuſtrious Arab, ſince it is natural to all men. Thou thyſelf haſt enjoyed the pleaſure of reviſiting that ſweet region; pity Mahmut, who burns with deſire to taſte the ſame.

Or if this ſhall be thought too great an indulgence to the poor exiled Mahmut, yet it will be eaſy for thee, who art a favourite, to obtain of the Grand Signior, that I may at leaſt be recalled from this employment, and ſomebody elſe ſubſtituted in my place. There are thoſe among my enemies who are ambitious of the fatigue; and Ikingi, my old friend, would exchange all the honours he is poſſeſſed of in the ſeraglio, for this obſcure, yet hazardous poſt. It is pity but ſuch a man's thirſt of perils ſhould be gratified.

But if, after all that I have ſaid, my ſuperiors ſhall think it expedient to continue me here, I am reſigned; only deſiring, that from henceforth my ſlanderers may be ſuſpected as men ill affected to the Sublime Porte, for traducing a man that has waded through a thouſand difficulties, temptations, and perils, and ſerved the Ottoman empire in this ſtation fourteen years, without making a falſe ſtep, or tranſgreſſing the leaſt point of his inſtructions.

I hear that Chuſaein Baſſa is made Viſier Azem. The French have a very great opinion of his valour; they are generally impartial critics in martial affairs, ſcorning to deny a brave enemy his due character.

We are at preſent barren of other news, ſave a new arreſt of Parliament againſt Cardinal Mazarini, and all his kindred and creatures, whereby they are declared enemies to the ſtate, and charged with a long catalogue of crimes, whereof perhaps they were never guilty.

Here are alſo ſome flying reports of the cardinal's death, who, they ſay, has poiſoned himſelf for grief of his ill ſucceſs in this court: but I eſteem this only as the froth of his enemies malice, who really wiſh him dead; and, to diſcourage his friends, give it out that he is ſo.

Serene Baſſa, I commit my affairs to thy protection, beſeeching thee to do the office of a countryman and a friend to the betrayed for God.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1651.

XVI.—*To* CHUSAEIN BASSA, *the Magnanimous Viſier Azem, and Invincible General of the Ottoman Forces in Candia.*

I AM not much above forty-three years old, yet have ſeen great changes in the world, mighty revolutions in kingdoms and ſtates, and the death of many ſovereign monarchs, illuſtrious generals, and wiſe ſtateſmen. Doubtleſs, all ſublunary things are ſubject to viciſſitude. There appears nothing conſtant and ſettled, but the heavens and ſtars; they indeed perſevere in their immutable courſes, never change their orbs, nor ſtart from their eternal poſts. The ſun riſes and ſets at his accuſtomed hours, and the moon exactly obſerves the determined pe-

riods of her increaſe and wane; theſe vary only as the ſeaſons of the year, with exquiſite regularity and conſtant returns.

But, here below, there is an univerſal tranſmigration and metempſychoſis of ſtates, and forms of things, a perpetual flux and reflux of human events. Men die hourly, and others are hourly born to ſupply their places. One age treads cloſe upon the heels of another; and we who live at preſent, as we walk in the ſteps of our fathers, ſo ſhall we follow them down to the grave, where our fleſh, by a new metamorphoſis, ſhall be turned into the bodies of worms, inſects, and ſerpents; and what ſhall become of our ſouls is uncertain.

I was born in the reign of Sultan Achmet, from whom our preſent ſovereign is the ſixth emperor that has aſcended the glorious throne of the Ottomans. May God grant him a long life, and a ſeries of years bleſſed with continual health, and victory over his enemies. I pray Heaven alſo to perpetuate thy new office to the laſt period of the ſultan's life; and, in wiſhing this, I ſay all that can be expected.

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody tragedies that have been acted in the ſeraglio ſince I can remember, and the many ſacrifices that have been made of ſultans, viſiers, baſſas, and principal miniſters of ſtate, beſides the maſſacres and butcheries of meaner perſons, it makes me melancholy amidſt the joys I conceive for thy late exaltation, and fills me with fears leſt my good wiſhes to the Grand Signior and thee, who art his right hand, ſhould, by ſome ſiniſter decree of fate, be almoſt as ſoon diſannulled as pronounced. I pray Heaven avert my melancholy preſages.

The death of the old queen (the news of which is lately arrived at this court) does but revive, and increaſe my

apprehenſion of greater tragedies to come, becauſe one act of cruelty ſtill propagates another: revenge is prolific, and miſchief is never at a ſtand. It is true, indeed, as it is not decent to inſult over the aſhes of illuſtrious perſons, ſo neither has a loyal muſſulman any great reaſon to mourn for the fall of a woman, by whoſe connivance her royal ſon, and our late great maſter, Sultan Ibrahim, fell a ſacrifice to the mufti's indignation. It was an unnatural part in a mother; and we may ſay, the divine juſtice has overtaken her, in making her grandſon ſign the warrant for her death, with the conſent of that very mufti at whoſe inſtigation ſhe had conſented to the murder of his father.

Yet, after all, may not ſhe have left behind her a party in the ſeraglio, or at leaſt in the ſtate, who will ſtudy to revenge her fall, or, however, do ſome miſchief to prevent their own? Let me not ſeem to contradict my own arguments, and, whilſt I plead againſt revenge and cruelty, appear an advocate for thoſe inhuman paſſions. I do not mention the ſurviving creatures of this unhappy queen, to excite in thee falſe ſentiments of juſtice, ſuſpicious chimeras of a poſſible conſpiracy, and ſo ſtimulate thee to puniſh them by anticipation for crimes of which, perhaps, they never will be guilty. I rather ſuggeſt theſe things, that after ſo many tragedies in the royal family, a ſtop may be now put to future miſchiefs; leſt, whilſt men purſue a particular and ſelf-intereſted revenge, the contagion ſhould ſpread, and cruelty become univerſal and infinite.

Let it ſuffice, that no leſs than three of our ſultans have been depoſed and ſtrangled within theſe thirty years; not to mention the deluge of royal blood that has overflowed the private chambers of the ſeraglio, the priſons

of the Ottoman princes, brothers or ſons to the emperors formerly reigning.

Theſe were barbarous cures of untimely jealouſies; and it is pity that ſuch royal maſſacres ſhould ever be repeated again. Why ſhould the poſterity of Ottoman be in this regard the only unfortunate princes on earth? Were it not much more noble, and equally wiſe, to take the meaſures of Ethiopian policy, where, to prevent ſedition and diſcords about ſucceſſion, the princes of the blood are confined indeed, but to a very pleaſing liberty; whilſt they have palaces, parks, and large fields at command, are ſerved by a princely train, and denied no lawful pleaſures within the pale of their reſtraint; for there is an exceeding high mountain in the country, the top of which is very ſpacious, containing large tracts of ground, many beautiful ſeraglios, furniſhed with whatſoever can contribute to the enjoyment of theſe princes, or at leaſt to compenſate for their want of greater liberty. This mountain is environed with a high and ſtrong wall, having but one entrance, and that guarded by ſoldiers, ſo that no man can go in or out who has not the emperor's warrant, or at leaſt a permiſſion from the prime miniſter of ſtate; for he, upon the death of the emperor, immediately calls a council of the ſupreme officers, who, from among theſe impriſoned princes, chooſe him whom they think moſt worthy to ſucceed. The reſt, who never felt the appetite to reign (for they are carried to this place in their infancy, and kept in perpetual ignorance of ſtate affairs), paſs away their time without envy, or repining at the exaltation of their brother, addicting themſelves wholly to the innocent delights of that rural life, or to the ſtudy of books, whereof they have great plenty in their libraries, and thoſe altogether treating of matters of divine or natural ſpeculation; whereby, though they

know nothing of ſtate artifices and intrigues of courts, yet they become able philoſophers, and verſed in all the liberal ſciences.

Would to God our Ottoman princes (I mean the younger brothers) had but half this liberty granted them, then the infidels would have no reaſon to call the exalted Porte a neſt of vultures.

But we muſt not find fault with the actions of our ſovereigns, though they tend to the ſcandal and ruin of the muſſulman empire. Yet I know to whom I write theſe things, having often heard thee declaim againſt this barbarous cuſtom of ſhutting up the royal offspring in a dungeon, without light or comfort during their lives, which many time are alſo cruelly ſhortened by the hands of the executioner.

But turning our eyes from the tragedies of the Eaſt, let us fix them on the affairs of the Nazarenes in the Weſt.

The chief diſcourſe at preſent is about a marriage lately ſolemnized between the Emperor of Germany and the Ducheſs of Mantua. She is his third wife ſucceſſively; for polygamy is not allowed, even to the ſovereigns in theſe parts, where the prieſts bear all the ſway.

The poſts from Sweden inform us of the death of General Torſtenſon, of whoſe exploits in Germany thou haſt often heard. That empire is very unfortunate, ſpending its time and vitals in unprofitable aſſemblies and conſults, whilſt her active enemies take whole provinces from her with eaſe; but this need not grieve us.

Great atlas of the muſſulman empire, I wiſh thee the continence of Scipio, the fortune of Alexander, and the temperance of Cato; who, when he was marching through the ſands of Libya with his army, all ready to expire with thirſt, and one of his ſoldiers brought him his helmet full of water, as a rare preſent in that general

diſtreſs, gratified the ſoldier for his gift, but ſpilt the water on the ground, ſaying, That, ſince there was not enough to ſatisfy the whole army, he would not taſte a drop; and that he was unworthy to be a general, who would not endure as much hardſhip as the meaneſt ſoldier.

Paris, 26th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1651.

XVII.—*To* NASSOUFF, *Baſſa of Natolia.*

PRAISE be to God, Lord of the ſeven Heavens, and of all that is within their circumference; theſe weſtern Nazarenes are always a-quarrelling; they are reſolved to do their parts towards the fulfilling the muſſulman predictions, and thoſe of their own prophets. It makes me ſmile to ſee theſe infidels employing their arms againſt each other, contending about petty rights and poſſeſſions, whilſt they neglect the general conſervation and defence of Chriſtendom, from the impetuous torrents of our invincible armies.

The Elector of Brandenburgh is entered into the Dutchy of Mons with conſiderable forces, pretending to adjuſt I know not what differences between thoſe whom they call catholics and proteſtants.

It would be too tedious for a letter to run back to the firſt original of this war, and trace it down from above an hundred years ago to the preſent time. Beſides, it is of no import to a muſſulman to hear a long ſtory of the marriages, deaths, heirs, and law-diſputes of theſe petty infidel princes. Yet, that thou mayeſt know ſomething of it, I will relate the whole buſineſs as briefly as I can.

In the year 1546, William Duke of Mons, Juliers, and Cleves, married Mary, the daughter of Ferdinand I. Emperor of Germany, and by this match obtained of

the emperor (whom they call Cæſar, as they did the ancient emperors of Rome, whoſe ſucceſſor he pretends to be) ſome privileges touching the ſucceſſion of his children, and their right to his dominions, and particularly that this vaſt eſtate ſhould not be divided, but reſt in the entire poſſeſſion of one heir-male, or in default of that, it ſhould deſcend to the next female, which, as I am told, is a cuſtom in Germany, that ſo the grandezza, and authority of princely families may be ſupported.

I will not trouble thee with the particulars, which would take up a volume. But, in ſhort, it appears, that notwithſtanding all the ſtrict proviſion that was or could be made, this great eſtate, after it had remained ſixty years united, was at length divided between two princes, both claiming an equal right to the whole; yet to prevent wars and effuſion of blood, each was contented with half. Theſe were Wolfgang Duke of Newburgh, and Erneſt, Marquis of Brandenburgh; in whoſe families the parted ſucceſſion has continued to this day.

The occaſion of the preſent quarrel is their difference of religion; the Duke of Newburgh being a catholic, and he of Brandenburgh a proteſtant. It ſeems, the Brandenburghers had formerly made inroads on thoſe of Mons and Juliers, carrying away captive their prieſts and derviſes from their altars and convents, and detaining them in ſervitude for many years, contrary to certain articles that had been drawn up between them. They alſo uſed them with great cruelty, and committed a thouſand inſolencies on the Roman imaums, wherever they got them in their power.

Thus their affairs continued till the late agreement at Munſter; ſince which time the Duke of Newburgh endeavoured to free his ſubjects from their former calamities, and reſtore things to their ancient ſtate.

The Elector of Brandenburgh, making this an occasion of war, has now invaded the dominions of the said duke. He is not gone in person, but has sent a good soldier, whom they call Otho Sparr, with four thousand men, to begin the campaign, who, it is said, will be followed by a greater army.

But before he took the field, the Elector of Brandenburgh had an interview and conference with the Duke of Saxony about this affair, who is also a protestant; so that it is thought no small disturbance will arise in the empire. All joy and peace to true believers!

He of Brandenburgh has caused a declaration to be spread abroad, full of specious pretences, that so his conquests may be the more easy. He talks of nothing but restoring the people of Juliers and Mons to their ancient liberties and rights, both in civil and religious matters, promising the fairest things in the world to those that obey him, and receive his armies with friendship; on the other side, threatening to treat those who resist him with the utmost severity that is due to traitors and rebels; and all this for the sake of two or three insignificant ceremonies and opinions wherein they differ; mere trifles, literal whimsies, the sport of their doctors, the sprawn of wanton and luxuriant brains; for no greater was the original difference between the Lutherans and those of the Roman church. One will be saved by the strength of his fancy, which he calls faith, without doing any good work towards it; the other toils all his lifetime to merit Heaven, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his end. He wears out the pavement of churches, and makes the skin of his knees like that of a camel, with perpetual kneeling and praying to images and pictures; and, after all, they may be both damned, for ought I know, for their ill lives. They tear and devour one ano-

ther like wild beaſts, and think to gain paradiſe by their unnatural zeal.

The Duke of Newburgh has publiſhed a manifeſto againſt the proceedings of Brandenburgh, and ſolicited the Duke of Lorraine's aid, as alſo that of Leopold, Archduke of Auſtria. What will be the iſſue no man knows; but oft-times a ſmall ſpark kindles great fires; and it is not impoſſible, that this little feud may ſet the whole empire in a flame.

Mighty baſſa, I pray Heaven bleſs thee with peace, health, and thy due revenue. If theſe be not enough to make thee happy, I wiſh thee an increaſe of honours, and all the glorious fatigues which mortals court as their way to bliſs.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1651.

XVIII.—*To* USEPH, *Baſſa.*

SUSPECT me not: I have an equal eſteem for thee, as I have for the other baſſas and miniſters of the divan; but I find it difficult to pleaſe any. They are captious, and every one would have all my letters addreſſed to himſelf; as if I were placed here to ſerve particular intereſts, and not the public. However, I cannot but acknowledge the tacit honour they do me, in being ſo covetous of poor Mahmut's correſpondence. I wiſh I were in a condition to be more partial; then I would quickly make thee and ſome others ſenſible, which are the perſons for whom I have a peculiar regard.

But as the caſe is at preſent, I muſt obſerve the inſtructions I have received, and by turns write to all.

Wherein, if I fail of arithmetical proportions, I will make amends by the rules of geometry: If I write but

ſeldom to ſome, I deſire that the length of my letters, and ſolidity of the matter, may be accepted as a proper ſupplement.

But thou haſt no reaſon to complain on this ſcore, unleſs it be of thyſelf for travelling into remote countries, whither I know not how to follow thee with letters, or any other way. Beſides, the former friendſhip that has been between us, is a ſufficient counterſcarp againſt all ſuſpicion of neglect on my part, who am a thouſand times obliged to thee for ſo many repeated favours. For the ſake of God, therefore, and all that is good, wound my heart no more with theſe undeſerved reproaches, but believe ſtedfaſtly that Mahmut can never be ungrateful and falſe.

Thy letter is a miſcellany of friendly complaints and compliments: Thou giveſt me a character to which I do not pretend. It is true indeed, and I thank God and my good ſtars for it, that I was not born blind, deaf, or dumb. Nature gave me my ſenſes free from any manifeſt defect; and I have an indifferent good memory. When I was young I had an inclination to read books, and fortune has ſince favoured me with many opportunities for that purpoſe. But I found the moſt profitable ſtudy to be that of MYSELF, to which all the laborious pains of the ſchools and academies ſerve only as a certain gradation and diſcipline. Nay, without theſe a man may attain all the knowledge that is neceſſary to the accompliſhment of his nature; for ſo did the firſt philoſophers, before books or letters were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly wiſe, read the ALCORAN, and the UNIVERSE; after that peruſe THYSELF; thou wilt find matter of wonder and improvement in each; but moſt of all in the laſt; for man is a medley of all things.

Were this leſſon well learned and practiſed in the court of France, there would not be ſo many little quarrels among theſe infidels; or at leaſt ſuch petty originals would not produce ſo many fatal conſequences.

From the firſt time the Prince of Conde with his brothers were releaſed from their impriſonment (whereof I have given an account to Minezim Aluph), there appeared much coldneſs in the queen's reception of them, and their addreſſes to her. On both ſides they were at a loſs how to behave themſelves, for all their civilities were forced. It is true, there was a ſplendid umbrage of reconciliation; but it ſoon vaniſhed. Their ſuppreſſed paſſions diſcovered themſelves by degrees, and at length broke out into open enmity.

The queen appeared full of condeſcenſion and favours; but young Conde is as full of his merits and brave exploits, remembering what ſervices he has done to this crown. Beſides, he is not void of ſuſpicion and jealouſy, leſt all thoſe exceſſes of royal kindneſs are ſtrained, only to render him more ſecure, and ſo entrap him a ſecond time with greater advantage. The horror of his firſt impriſonment is yet fixed in his mind, from whence it will not be eaſy to efface it. Three principal ſervants of the queen were baniſhed to remove his fears; for he imagined them to be inſtruments of correſpondence between the queen and his old enemy Cardinal Mazarini. Yet ſhe publiſhed a declaration, ſignifying, that the cardinal ſhould be for ever baniſhed, not only from the court, but from the kingdom.

And this mooh, the king, being come of age, invited the prince to the ceremonies uſual on ſuch occaſions; which Conde apprehended as a ſnare, and ſo fled out of Paris.

The event of these emergencies is yet in the sacred pages of destiny; but in all likelihood a civil war will follow. People are whispering, caballing, and making parties on both sides. All the powder in Paris is engrossed and gone, but nobody knows by whom. Some say the prince is posted into Flanders; others report, that he is retired to his own government, there to raise an army. The most knowing aver, that, wherever he is, he has two hundred thousand sequins in bank to give life to his new designs, let them be what they will.

Think not this news of small importance, serene bassa; but when thou hearest of the civil wars among Christians, especially in the realm of France, the first and most victorious empire of the West, look on thy right hand and on thy left, for our holy Prophet, or his herald, is near at hand.

Paris, 22d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1651.

XIX.—*To* Solyman *his Cousin, at Constantinople.*

Thou seest what thy libertinism has brought on thee. For my part, I am sick in reading thy letter, full of melancholy, and the worst kind of enthusiasm.

Hadst thou followed my advice, or, if that be contemned, hadst thou but obeyed the precepts of thy father, an honest man, and one that went down to the grave in peace, thou wouldest have lived as happily as other men; but now thou art overwhelmed with hypochondriac vapours, and dreams of a sickly brain. I counsel thee to purge thyself with hellebore, for thou hast more need of that than of books. In all my life, I never heard such religious nonsense from a mussulman, as thy last letter is stuffed with.

I have not patience to make repetitions, or anſwer every particular whimſy of thine. But in God's name, what makes thee fright thyſelf with ſuch a wrong notion of hell? It is a common maxim in nature, that nothing violent is permanent. Either therefore the pains of the damned are not infinitely intenſe, or elſe they are not eternal in their duration. Thou wilt ſay, the Alcoran itſelf aſſerts the eternity of thoſe torments; but doſt thou underſtand the figurative manner of ſpeech uſed in that divine book, and in all our Eaſtern writings? Is it not common to call a very high mountain, the mountain of God? as if all the mountains and valleys of the earth were not equally his. So, to expreſs an uncertain length of time, it is cuſtomary to uſe the epithet, eternal. Thus we, in ordinary converſation ſay in Arabia, I will love you eternally; I will ſerve you, fight for you, &c. eternally; and the ſame of the contrary paſſions; and yet we all know we ſhall live but a few years.

But granting that the Alcoran ſpeaks in a literal ſenſe, it does not follow, that thoſe pains are without intervals of reſt. We read of the tree zacon, which grows in the centre of hell; but who will interpret what is underſtood by this plant?

Couſin, make uſe of thy reaſon, and practiſe the beſt things. As for our condition after this life, trouble not thyſelf, for no man knows what will become of him when he goes hence: However, we cannot believe the Supremely Merciful delights in cruelty.

There is a path which the eagle has not winged, nor the ſerpent traced, though it is obvious to both; but their own raſhneſs blinds them, and they cannot diſcern the way of the wiſe. There are men of towering ſpeculations, and others very crafty; yet neither one nor the other can grope out the direct road to bliſs. If I may

adviſe thee, let nature be thy guide. Do nothing but what humanity prompts thee to: It is this alone diſtinguiſhes thee from other animals. Honour the memory of thy deceaſed parents, love thy friends, and be generous to thy enemies; do juſtice to all men; obſerve the purifications and prayers preſcribed by the law; but give no credit to the fables of infidels. It is common here among the Chriſtians to paint hell with horrid flames and devils flying up and down with red hot prongs, to toſs the damned from fire to fire; and their preachers make long and direful harangues on the ſame ſubject; when, all the while, neither they nor we know what or where hell is, or after what manner the wicked ſhall be chaſtiſed.

Only the illuminated of God have this ſtandard of truth, that both our pains and pleaſures after this life, ſhall be exactly proportioned to our virtues and vices. There is no malice or injuſtice in the good Creator of all things.

Couſin, once again, let thy ſenſes be awake, and ſuffer not thy reaſon to dream of things which have no exiſtence; for, aſſuredly, God is the moſt impartial judge of the univerſe.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1651.

XX.—*To* Endel Al' Zadi Jaaf, *Beglerbeg of Dierbekir.*

I have not the honour to know thee in perſon, but have heard of thy fame. So mortals are unacquainted with the ſecrets of the fixed ſtars, yet we obſerve their luſtre and rank, and the figure they make in thoſe remote worlds.

Thy exploits among the Curds and Georgians are not unknown in theſe parts. The Franks, that travel in the Eaſt, have tranſported hither ſuch a character of thy magnanimous actions, as makes all men of honour in love with thee; and I have conceived a particular veneration for thy virtues. May God increaſe them with thy hours, and grant thee a monopoly of bliſs.

Thou art placed in an eminent ſeat, and mayeſt with reaſon be called lord of lords, as thy title imports; for thou art poſſeſſor of the terreſtrial paradiſe, if we may give credit to the tradition of the ancients. They tell us, that for a time Adam dwelt there, with his ſecond wife; and that the particular place of his abode was an iſland, encompaſſed with the rivers Euphrates, Tygris, Piſon and Gihon; from whence it was called Meſopotamia by the Greeks, which ſignifies, a region environed with rivers.

All the weſt of Aſia have a profound reſpect for this country. And the Jews relate ſtrange ſtories of a tree in Dierbekir, which grew five hundred miles high in the days of Adam; which they ſay, was cut down by an angel, leſt man ſhould climb to Heaven by it before his time; for, it ſeems, ambition was a vice early as our nature; and Adam was no ſooner ſenſible that he was a man, but he aſpired to be a God, or ſomething like one. So great a charm there is in honour and authority.

They ſay alſo, that Abraham was born in this region; however, it is certain, if there be any certainty in records and hiſtories, that he reſided there a conſiderable time. But thou knoweſt beſt what traditions thy ſubjects have of theſe things.

The Chineſe and Indians laugh at all this, as a romance of later date than their chronicles, which make thoſe extremities of the Eaſt to be the ſtage of the firſt

mortals. Inſtead of Adam and Eve, or Alileth, they aſſert the names of the original parents of mankind to be Panzon and Panzona, whoſe offspring, they ſay, continued ten millions of years, but at length were all deſtroyed from the earth by a tempeſt from Heaven: After whom, they tell us, God created Lontizam, a man with two horns, each as big and tall as a tree in that country, which they call the plant of God, being the largeſt and firſt of all vegetables. This man's horns being prolific, according to their tradition, out of the right ſprang a thouſand men every day for a hundred years, and as many women out of the left in the ſame ſpace; from whom deſcended all mortals of both ſexes to this day; though we are much diminiſhed in bulk, through the general decay of human nature; for theſe people affirm, that the firſt race of men were all giants; but that, through intemperance and other vices, their offspring ſhrunk by degrees into ſmaller dimenſions, till at length they arrived at the preſent ſtature, and appeared like pygmies, in compariſon of the primitive ſons of Lontizam. In confirmation of this, the Indians ſhow to travellers ſome of their temples hewn out of vaſt rocks, with the images of thoſe gigantic men, who they ſay were employed in the work. Theſe they honour as heroes, or demi-gods.

I do not relate this for truth, but only to divert thee, in repreſenting the different opinions of men. God only knows how to ſeparate the truth from falſehood in hiſtories.

But to return to Dierbekir: This country is famous for the tower of Babel, built by Nimrod and his followers; at what time the languages were confounded, as Moſes relates. It is remarkable alſo, for the battle fought between the Parthians and Romans at Harran,

and for the death of Caracalla, the ſon of Severus, Emperor of Rome, who was murdered by Macrinus, the Roman general. Theſe emperors were all called Cæſars, as the kings of Egypt were called Pharaohs and Ptolemies. It ſeems the word Cæſar was firſt applied to Julius the Roman dictator, for that his mother dying under the pains which were to give him life, her belly was ripped up, and he drawn forth from her womb by the hands of a ſurgeon, in memory of which, he and all his ſucceſſors were called Cæſars; that word ſignifying, Drawn forth by violence. But whatſoever the manner of his birth was, this is certain, that he, and forty of his ſucceſſors, were hurried out of the world by untimely deaths; for they either laid violent hands on themſelves, or were murdered by traitors.

If thou wouldeſt have any news out of theſe parts, the chief diſcourſe at preſent is, of a great victory obtained by the Polanders againſt the Coſſacks and Tartars. And I could wiſh this were all; but the Nazarenes are continually made joyful with the ſucceſs of the Venetians againſt the arms of the invincible empire. They beat us by ſea, and baffle all our attempts by land. We have not got an inch of ground in Candia, during the laſt campaign, but loſt many thouſands of men, and brought the name of the Sublime Porte and victorious muſſulmans into contempt and ſcorn. Where the fault lies, God knows. It is too melancholy a theme to inſiſt on particulars.

Don Juan of Auſtria has alſo beſieged Barcelona by ſea and land.

Several arreſts of parliament are here publiſhed againſt the Prince of Conde and his adherents; and it is reported the King will recal Cardinal Mazarini from his baniſhment.

Illuſtrious prince and governor of a happy region, I beg thy favourable conſtruction of this addreſs. And thus, in reverence, I deſiſt, full of dutiful and affectionate vows for thy proſperity.

Paris, 19th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1651.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.—*To* ABDEL MELECH MULI OMAR, *Preſident of the College of Sciences at Fez.*

THOU haſt formerly received a letter from me, wherein I mentioned the tenets of a certain French philoſopher, who maintains that the earth moves like the reſt of the planets, and the ſun ſtands ſtill, being the centre of this our world; for he aſſerts that there are many.

The name of this ſage is Des Cartes, renowned throughout the world for his learning and knowledge. He lays as a baſis of all his philoſophy this ſhort poſition and inference, "I think, therefore I am." In this alone he is dogmatical, allowing a lawful ſcepticiſm in all the uncertain deductions which may be drawn from it.

Pardon me, oraculous ſage, if I expoſe before thee my infirmities. I am naturally diſtruſtful of all things; this temper puts me upon perpetual thinking; and that very act convinces me of the truth of my being, according to the method of this philoſopher. But what I am, I know not: Sometimes I fancy myſelf no more than a dream or idea of all thoſe other things which men commonly believe do really exiſt, a mere imagination of poſſibilities; and that all which we call the world is but one grand chimera, or nothing in maſquerade.

At other times, when theſe wild thoughts are vaniſhed, and my ſpirits, tired in the purſuit of ſuch abſtracted whimſies, begin to flag, and that my lower ſenſe, awaked by ſome preſent pain or pleaſure, rouſes my ſleeping appetites; when I am touched with hunger, thirſt, or cold, or heat, and find experimentally I am ſomething that cannot be a mere thought or dream, but of a compoſition which ſtands in need of meat, drink, garments, and other neceſſaries; then, rather than fret myſelf with vain and endleſs ſcrutinies, I tamely conclude I am that which they call a man; I lay the ſceptic aſide, and, without any farther ſcruples or doubts, fall round to eating, drinking, or any other refreſhments my nature craves for.

But no ſooner have I taſted theſe delights, when my old diſtemper returns again. I then conſider myſelf as a being capable of happineſs or miſery in ſome degree, as I ſhall poſſeſs or want thoſe very delights I juſt before enjoyed. This is a ſufficient damp to a thinking man, when he knows that he ſtands in need of any thing out of himſelf; but it is far greater, when he will take the pains to number all the train of his particular neceſſities, which he is not ſure he ſhall always be able to ſupply.

This makes me preſently conclude, that, as I am indebted to other creatures for my ſenſible happineſs, ſo I owe my very being to ſomething beſide myſelf. I examine my original, and find I am born of men and women, who were in the ſame indigent circumſtances as myſelf, and that it is not only ſo with my particular family, but with all mankind; our whole human race being born natural mendicants from the womb. As ſoon as we breathe the vital air, we cry, and with theſe inarticulate prayers, beg for help and protection from others,

without whoſe generous aid we could not ſubſiſt a moment; ſo poor and beggarly a thing is man from his birth. This is the condition of all: neither is a king any more exempt from this common character of mortals, than the ſlave who ſweeps the ſtreets.

If I could have reſted in this thought, I ſhould have been happy; for it would have had this influence on me, either to convince me that I ought to be content with the condition to which I was born, or to rid myſelf out of ſo deſpicable a ſtate by death.

But alas! one thought produces another; and, from the contemplation of our preſent miſery in this life, I fall to thinking what will become of us after death. For as we know not what or where we were before we came into this world, ſo there is no human certainty whither we ſhall go, or in what condition we ſhall be, when we leave it; and therefore it would be an unpardonable madneſs, to throw myſelf headlong into a ſtate of which I have no account; and, to avoid the little miſeries of this life, which muſt have an end one time or other, caſt myſelf down a precipice (for aught I know) of intolerable torments, which has no bottom.

I hear the philoſophers talk of immortality, the poets of Elyſium, the Chriſtian prieſts of heaven, hell, and purgatory, the Indian bramins of tranſmigration; but I know not what or which I have reaſon to believe of all theſe.

I ſpeak after the manner of philoſophers, for, if we come to faith, the caſe is altered. Think not, I beſeech thee, that I call in queſtion the ſacred oracles, the revelations of the ſent of God; but I only acquaint thee how my natural reaſon hatters me with doubts.

I ſee men every where profeſſing ſome religion or other, paying divine honours to ſome ſuperior being or be-

ings, according as they have been educated, which many times tempts me to think, that religion is nothing but the effects of education.

Then I wonder how men, when they come to years of diſcretion, and their reaſon is able to diſtinguiſh between things probable, and mere romances, can ſtill retain the errors of their infancy. It is natural for children to be wheedled or awed into a belief of what their parents, nurſes, or tutors teach them; but, when they come of age, they ſoon rectify their miſled underſtandings in all things, ſave the affairs of religion. In this they are children ſtill, tenacious of the ſacred fables of their prieſts, and obſtinate in maintaining them, ſometimes even to death.

It puzzles me to find out the cauſe of ſo ſtrange an effect, that men, otherwiſe endowed with mature judgment, and an extraordinary ſagacity in all things elſe, ſhould yet be fools in matters of religion, and believe things inconſiſtent with the common ſenſe and reaſon of mankind. I could never give credit to the hiſtories of the ancient pagans, which acquaint us with the devout adoration they paid to the creatures of the painter or carver, did I not ſee the ſame practiſed among the Chriſtians; or that thoſe wiſe men of old could ſwallow the forgeries of their prieſts, concerning their gods and goddeſſes, were I not an eye-witneſs how bigotted the modern Nazarenes are to the legends of their ſaints, and the Jews to thoſe more ridiculous figments of the Talmud.

It perplexes me to ſee mankind generally labouring under ſo great a darkneſs, not ſo much the effect of ignorance as of ſuperſtition; to behold men well verſed in ſciences, and all kinds of human learning, yet zealous aſſerters of manifeſt contradictions in matters of divinity,

rather than oppoſe, or ſo much as examine, the traditions of their fathers.

When I behold mankind divided into ſo many innumerable different religions in the world, all vigorouſly propagating their own tenets, either by ſubtlety or violence, yet few or none ſeeming by their practice to believe what they with ſo much ardour profeſs, I could almoſt think, that theſe various ways of worſhip were firſt invented by politicians, each accommodating his model to the inclinations of the people whom he deſigned to circumvent.

But when, on the other ſide, I conſider there appears ſomething ſo natural and undiſguiſed in the furious zeal and unconquerable obſtinacy of the greateſt part, I am as ready to join with Cardan, and conclude, That all this variety of religions depends on the different influence of the ſtars. This was a famous philoſopher in Europe, and held, that the religion of the Jews owed its original to the forces of Saturn, that of the Chriſtians to Jupiter, and ours to Mars; as for the Pagans, he aſſigns to them many conſtellations and aſpects.

Thus there is ſo equal an appearance of truth and falſehood in every religion, that I ſhould not know how, in human reaſon, to fix on any.

Superſtition renders a man a fool, and ſcepticiſm is enough to make him mad. To believe all things is above reaſon; to give credit to nothing is below it: I will keep the middle path, and direct my faith by my reaſon.

That faculty tells me, that, if I were inclined to adore the ſun, moon, and ſtars, for their beauty and influence, I might on the ſame ground worſhip my own eyes, without which I could not behold their tempting ſplendours; or, I might as well pay divine honour to that more intimate ſenſe, my feeling, or any of my other ſenſes, which

only render me capable to know the virtue of theſe luminaries. The ſame may be ſaid of the elements, and all viſible beings.

What then ſhall I adore, or to whom ſhall I return thanks for all the bleſſings I enjoy? for even in this miſerable life I taſte ſome happineſs. To what being, I ſay, ſhall I addreſs my vows and ſupplications, for all the good that I poſſeſs and want? Is it to any thing that I have ſeen or can ſee, or that I can repreſent to myſelf under a figure? Is it to any part of the univerſe, or no? No. To the whole complex together? No. I have a thouſand kind thoughts for the ſun, moon, and ſtars, for the elements, and many other compound creatures. My ſoul, and that of the world, are uniſons. But it is the profound depth of eternity, the infinite, and immortal, who is the diapaſon, and makes perfect harmony.

To that being which has no reſemblance, neither is divided into parts, nor circumſcribed with limits, whoſe centre is every where, circumference no where, who hath neither beginning nor end; to the only Omnipotent, from whom all other things flow, and to whom they all return; to Him I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And ſomething by his determination I am indebted, and will diſcharge it to thee, orient light of the Moreſco muſſulmans; that is, the duty of an humble ſlave, in begging pardon for this preſumption.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1652.

II.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

IT was the contemplation of Iſouf Eb'n Hadrilla, an Arabian philoſopher, that all men were at firſt created in a ſtate of war; for this ſage gave no credit to the writings of Mo-

ſes, the Jewiſh hiſtorian and prophet; neither could any arguments perſuade him to believe, that all mortals deſcended from Adam. It was an article of his faith, that in the infancy of the world men were formed of the prolific ſlime of the earth, impregnated by the vigorous warmth of the ſun, and that all other animals had their original in the ſame manner; but that, in proceſs of time, the richneſs of the ſeminal ſoil being exhauſted by a continual ſpontaneous production of living creatures, there was no other way to perpetuate the various kinds of beings, and multiply the individuals, but by the ordinary method of generation; for which reaſon nature ſeems to have ſubdivided every ſpecies into two ſexes.

Hence this philoſopher concludes, that at firſt there was no nearer relation between man and man, than there is now betwixt a lion and a ſheep, or any other different kinds of animals; ſaving only, that as theſe are diſtinguiſhed by their forms, into four-footed beaſts, fowls, fiſhes, and creeping things, ſo men aſſumed to themſelves the character of rational creatures; and a principle of ſelf-preſervation was the firſt ground of a tacit and common league between men, againſt the reſt of their fellow-animals, eſpecially againſt thoſe which made a more frightful figure on earth than we do, and ſeemed more rapacious, and inclined to miſchief, ſuch as dragons, tygers, bears, lions, &c.

But notwithſtanding this general aſſociation of our race againſt the more ſavage and fierce troops of beaſts, yet one man ſtill ſtood upon his guard againſt another; and all the ſons of the earth endeavoured to maintain the poſts which nature had allotted each man; that is, the place where he was firſt formed, and drew breath. But things could not laſt long in this ſtate; for either by inſtinct or reaſon, (call it which you will, ſays this author)

men being ſtraitened for want of fruits, or ſpurred on by ſome ſecret deſire of novelty, ſoon went out of their bounds, and encountered each other, more by chance than deſign; whence aroſe the firſt occaſions of actual war; for every ſtranger appeared like an invader; they naturally ſtartled and ſuſpected each other; reciprocal paſſions of choler ſprung in their breaſts; and every man to prevent the effect of his own fears and apprehenſions, ruſhed on his neighbour, who was, on the ſame ground, as ready for an aſſault as himſelf. Thus an univerſal war commenced in the world, which, by various methods of improvement, was carried on by the ſucceeding generations, and continued to the preſent times.

As for the original of governments, the particular time cannot be determined; but it may be ſuppoſed, that men generally finding the inconvenience of theſe private perſonal combats, and by degrees arriving to greater maturity of experience, formed themſelves at firſt into little ſocieties and friendſhips, or as they dwelt near one another, or as they agreed in ſome common inclinations, principles, and intereſts; from which ſmall aſſociations, they gradually ſpread into larger communities, living under certain laws and obligations of mutual peace, juſtice, and aſſiſtance toward each other, and of defence againſt their common enemies; ſome living under the form of a commonwealth, others of a monarchy; each body of men ſetting up ſuch a model, as beſt ſuited their own intereſts and neceſſities. From hence ſprung the diſtinction of nations, kingdoms, and empires. Thus far the Arabian philoſopher.

But without inquiring into the truth of his principles, one would think, that ſome of the weſtern Nazarenes were his diſciples; and indeed all civil diſſenſions ſeem to be grounded on the ſame maxims; whilſt men, on the

leaſt diſcontent or jealouſy, lay aſide the obedience they owe to their ſovereigns, claiming I know not what natural right to defend themſelves againſt the encroachments and uſurpations of others.

Thus no ſooner was it ſuppoſed here, that the king intended to recal Cardinal Mazarini from his exile, but the parliament of Paris, who are ſecret friends to the Prince of Conde, publiſhed an arreſt againſt the cardinal, whereby all perſons are forbid to contribute towards the return of this miniſter; and ordering, that his library, with all his moveables, ſhould be ſold, to raiſe a ſum of an hundred and fifty thouſand livres, which is promiſed as a reward to thoſe who ſhall either take him priſoner, or kill him. They alſo petitioned the Duke of Orleans to make the utmoſt uſe of his authority againſt the cardinal, who thereupon raiſed conſiderable troops, and gave the command of them to the Duke of Beaufort.

In the mean time, the cardinal is not idle, but, with what forces he has, performs ſome conſiderable action in his own defence. He has taken priſoner an eminent counſellor of parliament. The parliament ſent a trumpet to demand his releaſe. This meſſenger was rejected; whereupon the parliament are taking new methods.

The Prince of Conde has ſent a letter and requeſt to the parliament, deſiring them to ſuſpend the execution of the arreſt publiſhed againſt him, ſince the time given him to lay down his arms was not yet expired, and that the cardinal was returned into the kingdom, contrary to a prohibition ſigned by the king.

But notwithſtanding all theſe traverſes, Mazarini is come again to the court, which is now kept at Poictiers, where he was received with infinite reſpect and careſſes, by the king, the queen, and all his friends. Animoſities daily increaſe between the different parties; private

grudges are improved to public factions; an universal peevishness has possessed the hearts of the French nation; they are alarmed and offended at one another's looks: If a man smile too much, or too little, in conversing with his friend, it is enough to give him the character of an enemy, or at least to render him suspected; so that he who would live peaceably here, at this juncture, had need to be well skilled in all the secrets of physiognomy, and make frequent use of his looking-glass, lest any oblique cast of his eye, or satirical writhing of his nose, should be interpreted for symptoms of hidden malice; for now they will spy treason in every feature of a man's face.

As for me, when I go abroad, I conform to all companies, yet alter not my address; I neither play the ape, nor counterfeit a statue; but, observing a medium, I pay a civil respect to all, without being courtly or rude, for this carriage best suits with my circumstances. Hence it is, that nobody suspects the plain, deformed, blunt, crook-backed Titus of Moldavia, to be what I am really, Mahmut, the slave of the exalted Porte.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1652.

III.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

The prince of Conde's taking up arms, has more puzzled the counsels of the king of France, and more embarrassed his affairs, than any occurrence that has happened since the death of his father.

I have already informed the Kaimacham, and others, of all passages hitherto relating to these intestine broils; since which they seem to be improved into a war, wherein foreign nations take a part. After the return of Car-

dinal Mazarini to this court, the Prince of Conde was driven to great ſtraits, being compelled by the ſwift marches of the king's army to retire to Bourdeaux; where, conſidering that it would not be ſo much his intereſt to keep this place, as to increaſe his forces, he ſent envoys to the King of Spain, and Archduke Leopold in Flanders, to deſire their aſſiſtance.

The former immediately diſpatched away orders for a conſiderable body of men to approach the confines of Gaſcoigne, where the prince had a great intereſt; and the latter ſent him eight thouſand men, to act on the ſide of Flanders, and toward Paris, as occaſion offered. This is the particular game of the Spaniards, to take advantage of the civil wars in this kingdom, that ſo, by aſſiſting the weaker party, they may balance the conteſting powers of the nation, and keep them in a perpetual quarrel; whilſt in the interim they gain ground, recover the places which the French took from them in time of domeſtic peace, and ſo pave the way to new conqueſts.

In the mean time, the parliament ſent deputies to the king, beſeeching him to remember his royal word, by which he had for ever baniſhed Cardinal Mazarini, and repreſenting to him the fatal conſequences which were like to proceed from his return; but the king, inſtead of complying with their requeſts, cauſed an edict of council to be publiſhed, which juſtified his conduct in this matter.

He alſo wrote a letter to the parliament, full of complaints, that they had not yet publiſhed any order to hinder the entrance of a foreign army into the kingdom; but all ſignified nothing to men paſſionately bent to maintain the Prince of Conde's quarrel againſt their ſovereign. He has but few truſty men in that ſenate, and

they are overawed by the reſt; beſides, the Duke of Orleans bears a ſtrange ſway, both in the parliament and country.

At the inſtigation of the prince, the citizens of Orleans ſhut up their gates, when they heard the king was coming that way in his return to Paris: yet the country was open for the Prince of Conde, a ſubject; he travelled up and down the provinces, to make new intereſts, and confirm the old, leaving the command of his army in Gaſcoigne to his brother the Prince of Conti.

There have been many ſkirmiſhes and encounters between the king's forces and thoſe of the malcontents, and one fierce combat, wherein the Prince of Conde defeated the vanguard of the king's army, as he was marching to this city; whereby, getting the ſtart of his ſovereign, he arrived here, and was received in the parliament, whilſt the monarch was forced to lie encamped in the field.

The prince found a different reception, according to the various humours of people: The greateſt part favoured him; and he received infinite careſſes from the citizens of Paris; but met with ſome oppoſition from perſons of higher rank, and more ſtedfaſt loyalty to the crown. The Duke of Orleans is his greateſt friend, and one for whom the parliament have a great deference; not ſo much in contemplation of his wit and policy, as for the ſake of his near relation to the crown, he being uncle to the preſent king; whereby he has a right to aſſume more authority than others, in regulating the diſorders of the court, among which the greateſt is eſteemed that of Cardinal Mazarini's return.

In a word, both parties ſerve themſelves of thoſe who have the greateſt intereſt, and are moſt likely to compoſe the quarrel. The exiled queen of England and her ſon,

who have taken ſanctuary in this kingdom from the perſecutions of their own ſubjects, make it their buſineſs to mediate between the court party and the faction of the princes.

The Prince of Conde alſo ſent deputies to the king, to repreſent to him, that the only means to give quiet to the ſtate, was to baniſh the cardinal miniſter; and, as they were delivering their addreſs, Mazarini came in, at the ſight of whom they aggravated their charge, and ſaid to his face, "That he was the cauſe of all the evils which the kingdom ſuffered." The cardinal, interrupting them, turned to the king, and ſaid, "Sir, It will not be juſt that ſo flouriſhing a kingdom, and to whoſe grandeur I have contributed all that lay in my power, ſhould ruin itſelf for my ſake; therefore I humbly entreat your majeſty to grant that I may return to my own country, or whitherſoever my fortune ſhall call me." "No, no, replied the queen (not without ſome paſſion), this cannot be granted: The king had never more need of your counſels than at this juncture: We cannot conſent, that ſo ſerviceable a man ſhould be baniſhed only to humour his enemies; therefore let us hear no more of that."

The deputies, perceiving nothing of hope, returned to Paris. Then the parliament deputed others to go to the king, and remonſtrate the deplorable ſtate of the realm: This was done a few days ago.

In the mean time, we have been alarmed here in the city with daily inſurrections of the multitude. The occaſion was, ſome private orders which the Duke of Orleans had given to the provoſt of the merchants, relating to his charge, and the welfare of the city. This being miſunderſtood by the people, who have not the ſenſe to diſtinguiſh the good offices of their governors from in-

juries, put them all into a tumult. They aſſaulted the provoſt in his coach, as he was paſſing the ſtreets; and, had he not eſcaped into an apothecary's ſhop, they would, perhaps, in their fury, have torn him in pieces; for ſo they ſerved his coach, as an after revenge.

I am weary of beholding the malicious quarrels of theſe infidels; but when I conſider, that their diſcords will be inſtrumental to the future conqueſts of the true believers, I am patient and reſigned.

However, it is one comfort to me in this thorny ſtation, that one time or other, inſtead of the perpetual jangling of bells in Paris, I may again have the happineſs to hear the muezins cry on the minarets in Conſtantinople, "There is but one God, and Mahomet his Prophet." Or if I ſhall not live to enjoy this wiſh, yet, in the inviſible ſtate, I ſhall hear the ſame cry, and ſhall be paſt doubt of thoſe things, whereof I have no certainty in this life.

Paris, 29th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1652.

IV.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

THE Chriſtians ſeem to have too proud an opinion of themſelves, and ſet a greater value on human nature than ſuits with reaſon. They aſſert, that all things were made for man, and ſtyle him lord of his fellow-creatures; as if God had given him an abſolute dominion over the reſt of his works, eſpecially over the animal generations, and that all the birds of the air, beaſts of the earth, and fiſh of the ſea, were created only to ſerve his appetite, and other neceſſities of life. I remember a letter I formerly ſent to thee, wherein I diſcourſed of the Carteſian philo-

ſophers, and their contempt of the beaſts, in denying them ſouls, or the uſe of reaſon.

Give me leave to entertain thee now, and divert myſelf, with ſome farther remarks on this ſubject. It is a refuge from melancholy, when I can thus freely diſcover my thoughts to a friend, who I know will not be partial to the truth.

I have been long an advocate for the brutes, and have endeavoured both to abſtain from injuring them myſelf, and to inculcate this fundamental point of juſtice to others. This is owing to the example and philoſophy of Mahummed, the Eremite in Arabia, that light and glory of religious men: And, were it not that my humour is to be doubtful in all things, the influence of his converſation would make me a profeſſed Pythagorean, a diſciple of the Indian bramins, a champion for the tranſmigration of ſouls.

The laſt letter, ſave one, I writ to that ſolitary, was upon this ſubject; ſuch an one as would divert him in his cave. It contained an account of the primitive manner of life practiſed by the ancients, a narrative of the golden age, a hiſtory of human innocence, and the ſteps which men firſt took to uſe violence and cruelty to their fellow-creatures. Now I will preſent thee with ſome additional obſervations, ſome remnants of antiquated truth, gleaned from philoſophers and hiſtorians, and winnowed from the chaff of error and ſuperſtition.

Who would not believe the beaſts to be endowed with reaſon, when he beholds them perform all the actions of rational creatures, with more caution, though leſs pride, than men? They are more provident than we, and much more ſubtle in avoiding any affliction or danger. Witneſs Thales the philoſopher's mule, which he often employed to carry ſalt to a certain market; but the cunning beaſt,

finding herſelf overloaded, when ſhe was paſſing through a river, lay down, whereby the water, penetrating into the ſacks of ſalt, melted it away, and lightened her burden; and this was her conſtant practice, till the philoſopher, perceiving himſelf thus outwitted by his beaſt, was reſolved to circumvent her another way; wherefore, inſtead of ſalt, he loaded her with wool, which he knew would grow heavier by being wet; but the wary mule, ſenſible of the difference of her burden, would couch no more in the water, but, ſeeing no other remedy, went forward on her journey.

Who will not admire the wiſdom of the fox in cold countries, which the inhabitants uſe as a guide when they would paſs over any frozen lake or river? For this creature going before them, lays her ears cloſe down to the ice, and liſtens to try if ſhe can hear any motion or noiſe of the water running underneath; which if ſhe does, ſhe will not venture on the ice; but, if all be ſtill, then by a logical deduction ſhe concludes the ice is thick enough to bear paſſengers; and ſo ſhe leads the way, whilſt the men follow.

When a dog is hunting in the thick woods, and by chance comes to a place where three paths meet, he firſt ſcents the one, then the other; and perceiving that the game is not gone by any of thoſe two ways, he throws himſelf ſwiftly forward in the third, without ſuch a particular application of his noſe; which is an evident argument, that he makes uſe of the like choice we ourſelves ſhould do.

And now I have mentioned this creature, I cannot forbear celebrating their virtue and fidelity, whereof we have daily experience; and there are many pleaſant examples recorded by grave hiſtorians.

Such is that of Hyrcanus, a dog belonging to Lyſi-

machus, who would never depart from the body of his dead maſter, but, following it to the funeral pile, leaped into the fire, and was burned for company.

But the gratitude of a lion to a certain ſlave in Rome is beyond all parallel: This ſlave was one of thoſe who were appointed to combat with wild beaſts in the amphitheatre, according to the cuſtom of the ancient Romans, in the public ſhows which were exhibited to the people. As ſoon as the lion was let looſe in the pavement, he ran furiouſly at the ſlave, but coming nearer, he ſtopped on a ſudden, as one aſtoniſhed; then he came gently towards the ſlave, fawning upon him, and licking his hand, which cauſed all the people to give a ſhout. The emperor being preſent, and taking notice of the ſeeming friendſhip and acquaintance that was between the ſlave and the lion, ſent for the ſlave, and inquired the occaſion of ſo ſtrange an accident; to whom the ſlave made the following relation:

"My name, ſaid he, is Andredus, and I am ſlave to a certain proconſul, who having determined to kill me, I made my eſcape, and hid myſelf in a cave, where I had not lain long before this lion, which you now ſee, came in, being very lame of one foot. As ſoon as he ſpied me, he came limping towards me, and ſtretched forth the paw that was wounded, as though he begged of me to eaſe him. Affrighted as I was, I took his paw in my hand, and pulled out a great ragged thorn which ſtuck faſt in it; then I waſhed the wound with my own water, whilſt he lay very patiently till I thoroughly dreſſed it. The eaſe he found by my application made him fall aſleep; and when he awaked, he licked my hands, and ſhowed other ſigns of affection and gratitude. I lived with him thus three years in that cave, and every day he brought me a ſhare of his prey, on which I ſuſtained my-

ſelf: But at length tired with this manner of life, I took my opportunity when he was gone abroad to make my eſcape. I wandered up and down three days; when a company of ſoldiers meeting with me, and knowing to whom I belonged, took me, and brought me hither to my old maſter, who has condemned me to this cruel death. But it ſeems fortune ſo ordered it, that this lion ſhould be taken about the ſame time, and appointed to be my executioner this day; yet you ſee he refuſes to perform his office out of gratitude to me for my former kindneſs."

The emperor, aſtoniſhed and pleaſed at this paſſage, gave the ſlave his life and freedom, beſtowing alſo the lion on him, which brought him in a conſtant livelihood, by ſhowing him to all people, who, having heard of this wonderful accident, were deſirous to ſee both the lion and his tenant, for ſo they ſtyled the ſlave, and ſome called him the lion's phyſician.

I ſhould think I had ſaid enough already to tire thy patience, and make thee foreſwear reading my letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy genius, and know that thou delighteſt in relations of this nature, being no enemy to the harmleſs brutes.

Whatever thy ſentiments are towards theſe, I dare be ſure thou art my friend, and wilt bear with my importunity, when I ſtrive to convince all men, and confirm myſelf in this truth, that the wild beaſts are not void of reaſon and moral virtue.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1652.

V.—*To the* CAPTAIN BASSA.

IN the name of God, ſuperlatively indulgent and benign, lord of armies which cannot be numbered, conſervator of the empire founded on his own unity; praiſe be to him that has neither beginning nor end! what is the reaſon that we are always baffled by the infidels? Every year our auguſt emperor ſends out mighty armies by land, and our fleets by ſea are termed invincible, yet they are ſtill overcome by the Chriſtians. Where the fault lies is beſt known to thee, and the generals, to whom the command of all is committed.

My ſpirit is diſquieted about theſe things, and I am uneaſy by day, neither does the night afford me any repoſe. This hot weather I go up to the terrace of my houſe at the hour of ſleep, thinking that the coolneſs of the air would incline me to reſt; but I can find none: I turn myſelf on the leads to the right hand and to the left, yet all poſtures are alike; ſleep has abandoned my eyes; my zeal for the empire of the faithful will conſume me.

One night I made ſolemn preparations to welcome the firſt appearance of the moon, after the manner of my countrymen. I ſprinkled water on the floor of the terrace, and with a new beſom ſwept away all uncleanneſs: I filled a lamp with the moſt precious oil I could get in Paris, which having lighted at the going down of the ſun, I placed directly on that part which is neareſt to Mecca. Then I fell on my face, and prayed the eternal ſource of light, "That at the moment when the moon firſt aſcended our horizon, an intellectual ſplendour might ſhine in my breaſt, that I might there, as in a mirror, be-

hold the future fate of the muſſulmans, and the events which as yet were hid in the dark womb of poſſibility."

My petition was granted. The night was in her ſhady courſe, the ſtars on their watch, and time, as from a limbeck, diſtilled the ſilent minutes, till the moment wherein the neighbour planet firſt peeped on the tops of the mountains. At that inſtant I ſaw and heard things (or at leaſt I thought ſo) which I never ſo much as dreamed of before, neither can I remember the thouſandth part.

Believe me, ſupreme commander of the marine, I do not boaſt or joy in this; for I think there can be no greater affliction than to be once made partaker of ſuch a bliſs, and then to loſe it almoſt as ſoon as gained. Yet there are ſome footſteps of the viſion remaining on my memory.

"Methinks I beheld armies of muſſulmans (for I thought them to be ſuch by their turbans) making ſeveral deſcents on the ſhores of Italy: Methought I ſaw them proſtrate themſelves on the ground; and, after a conſiderable ſpace of ſilence, the air echoed with the ſound of Allah, Allah, much like the noiſe of great caſcades, or falls of water.

Then they ſeemed to diſperſe themſelves all over the country in divers bodies. The inhabitants of Rome appeared all in a great conſternation: The chief mufti of that place went forthwith into the ſtreets, followed by his cardinals and derviſes, accompanied by an innumerable multitude of people. They carried their gods of gold and ſilver along with them; and being apparelled with garments of coarſe hair, they ſprinkled aſhes on their foreheads, in token of their humility, and to pacify the indignation that was kindled againſt them.

"But Heaven was deaf to their clamorous vows, nei-

ther could all the pomp of their ſuperſtitious ſolemnity dazzle the eyes which are a thouſand times brighter than the ſun, penetrating into the darkeſt corners of the heart. In a word, theſe infidels ſeemed a while after to be in a great confuſion and hurry, running this way and that way to hide their goods, and ſave themſelves from the victorious ſtrangers. In fine, I ſaw the croſſes taken down from the minarets of the moſques in Rome, and creſcents advanced in their place."

I do not relate this, as if I gave credit to viſions and trances: Perhaps all this might be but a waking dream; yet ſuch viſionary entertainments happen of courſe to our countrymen, when they obſerve the foreſaid ceremonies. But I tell thee, I am not aſleep at this moment, and yet it appears to me a very probable undertaking, for the muſſulmans to fit out a mighty fleet, which, having a ſufficient army of landmen aboard, might deliver them, with little or no oppoſition, on ſome of the wealthy ſhores of Italy; and if it is not thought worth the labour to make new conqueſts, which would be difficult to maintain, yet at leaſt our ſoldiers, by plundering only the rich temples and convents of the Nazarenes, might carry away ineſtimable treaſures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy predeceſſors about the ſame matter, propoſing the ſurpriſe of Loretto, as a very eaſy attempt, and that the booty would infinitely ſurpaſs the expence and trouble; but Mahmut's advices are never regarded till it is too late. We ſquander away thouſands of men, and millions of money, to purchaſe little inſignificant iſlands, which are defended indeed with ſeeming vigour by the Chriſtians, but it is rather to amuſe us than out of any real value they have for thoſe places.

It is only a maxim of weſtern policy thus to give diverſion to the arms which are deſtined to ſubdue all na-

tions. They ſport themſelves, to ſee the flower of the eaſtern militia conſumed in their trenches, before the impregnable fortreſs of Candia, which, if won, will not quit the coſt of ſo tedious a ſiege; whereas, in half that time, our invincible forces might have overrun all Italy.

Thou wilt not think this an impracticable enterpriſe, when thou ſhalt conſider the diviſions of the Italian princes, the univerſal ſecurity and voluptuouſneſs of the inhabitants, and yet the oppreſſions and tyranny they live under, being fleeced and polled of all their ſubſtance, to maintain the grandeur of their governors, and the pride of the clergy, which renders them equally diſguſted at their preſent ſlaviſh manner of life, and deſirous of a change. It is not hard to ſurmiſe after all this, that a conqueſt would be eaſy to the victorious muſſulmans, or at leaſt ſuch depredations as would mightily enrich them.

The moſt proper news that I can ſend thee, is of a combat lately fought at ſea between the Engliſh and the Dutch. The generals on both ſides are ſaid to be brave men: He of Britain is called Blake; the other's name is Trump. Which had the beſt of it, is not certainly known: men ſpeak as they are biaſſed. Yet the Dutch loſt two ſhips in this engagement, though their fleet was far more numerous than that of the Engliſh.

If I were worthy to adviſe my ſuperiors, I would propoſe ſome notable exploit by land; for God has given the earth to the true believers, but the ſea to the Chriſtians.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1652.

VI.—*To the* KIAYA BEY, *or Lieutenant-General of the Janizaries.*

I HAD once a great intimacy with Caſſim Hali, the brave aga, who is now no more on earth. That honeſt old general merited all men's love: Follow thou his example, and in time his poſt will fall to thy lot. Thou art already in the laſt advance to it; let no airy vice make thee giddy, and give thee a fall. It is a common aphoriſm, That health, long life, and honour deſcend from above. But if they do, I tell thee, it is like the rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the earth, and moiſtens to the root. An humble heart is like a kindly mould receiving the dews of Heaven with advantage and profit; but pride is a rock, which ſpatters away the bleſſings ſhowered down on it.

Perhaps thou wilt be affronted at my blunt way of writing; yet aſſure thyſelf, I honour thee more than a thouſand flatterers. I am not ſent hither to ſtudy nice expreſſions, but to ſerve the Grand Signior with integrity. Beſides, I know thou haſt not been accuſtomed to the ſoft entertainment of ladies chambers, but the rough dialect of war. It is thy honour to be unacquainted with the delicacies of diſcourſe, diet, or dreſſing; things only fit to enervate a man's courage, and change his heart into that of a woman. Thou knoweſt how to handle the cuiraſs and lance, the ſabre and ſhield, the bow and gun, and art perfectly verſed in all the military terms of art. A diſcourſe of ſieges and campaigns, ſtorming of forts, and plundering of camps, is more agreeable to thee than all Tully's oratory, or the fineſt ſtrains of the Perſian poets. I am therefore confident

thou wilt not take it ill, that I addreſs to thee in a ſtyle void of artifice, yet full of real reſpect and love.

If I counſel thee, it is for thy good; and I am commanded to expreſs my ſentiments with freedom. Beſides, I have a perſonal privilege to adviſe thee, the right of a friend, which thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the happineſs to ſave thy life, as we travelled together in Arabia.

Thou canſt not but remember that paſſage, and how that, in heat of youthful blood, thou hadſt provoked an emir to kill thee in the ſight of the whole caravan, had not I fallen at his feet, and told him thou wert a ſtranger to the cuſtoms of the country.

Believe me, I do not reproach thee with this, but only make uſe of it as an argument to convince thee, that the ſame motives which prompted me to interpoſe myſelf at that time between thee and certain death, induce me now to give thee warning of a precipice of which thou art in danger. Every one gives thee the character of a brave man, and nobody diſlikes thee the worſe for being of an air as fierce as a Tartar. All this becomes a man of the ſword; and they ſay, thou doſt every thing with a martial grace.

But I am told likewiſe, that thou art guilty of avarice, and that, for the lucre of preſents, thou enrolleſt men in the liſt of the janizaries, who are not fit to ſerve in the wars; ſuch as are houſekeepers, perſons entangled with wives and children, with debts and other encumbrances, that they only appear on certain days in the military habit, and then return to their domeſtic buſineſs, without ever regarding the diſcipline of the royal chambers, or thinking themſelves obliged to learn the art of war; that thou in the mean time takeſt their pay, and many additional bribes, whilſt they are only contented

with the title and privilege of a janizary, to ſhelter themſelves from juſtice, and protect them in their rapine and villanies.

I tell thee, ſhould this be known and proved againſt thee, it would be to thy ruin; but I hope better things, and that theſe are only the ſurmiſes of thy enemies. For thou knoweſt, that none ought to be admitted into that ancient order, but the tributary ſons of the Nazarenes, who, being in their infancy liſted in the college, know neither father nor patron, ſave the Grand Signior, who is the common parent and protector of the Oſman empire. On his ſervice is all their zeal and courage fixed, having no private bias, no partial inclinations, to warp them from the fidelity they owe their great maſter. They are devoted to indefatigable toils and hardſhips during their whole life.

This was the firſt inſtitution of the janizaries, though, through the corruption of the times, they have much degenerated from their primitive rules. But thou, who art honoured with an high command, wilt ſignaliſe thy virtue and loyalty in reforming theſe abuſes, and in not ſuffering the college of men of war to become a receptacle of rogues and drones.

Such diſorders as theſe have promoted the inteſtine broils of this kingdom; I ſay not that they are the original cauſes; yet it is a great diminution of ſovereign majeſty, when a king ſhall find his own armies fighting againſt him, as they do at preſent here in France. How many mutinies and rebellions have been raiſed by the licentious janizaries at Conſtantinople, when, laying aſide all reſpect and duty, they have not ſpared to violate the ſeraglio itſelf, but entering within thoſe ſacred walls with bands of armed men, have turned all things topſy-turvy, ſeized on the imperial treaſure, changed the do-

meſtic officers of their ſovereign, and ſometimes chaſed him from his own palace, to the hazard, if not to the loſs of his life.

If thou wouldſt know what they are doing here in France, the men of arms are cutting one another's throats, whilſt the rabble are burning their neighbours out of their houſes.

Two days ago, the multitude aſſembled in the ſtreets, and, having beſet a certain palace in this city, they put fire to it, reſolving to kill all that ſhould attempt to make their eſcape out of the flames. A perſon of quality, coming out to pacify them, fell a victim to their unbridled rage; and had not the Duke of Beaufort (of whom I have often made mention in my letters) interpoſed his authority, they had murdered all that were within thoſe ſuſpected walls.

Some time before this, the Mareſchal Turenne took a place of ſtrength from the Prince of Conde, who in lieu of it took St. Denys, a town not far from Paris, wherein there is a temple, which the French ſay is the richeſt in Europe; but they are laughed at by the Italians, who boaſt of far richer moſques in Venice, Milan, Naples, and Rome.

The Duke of Lorrain plays faſt and looſe with the Prince of Conde. He entered the kingdom with an army, pretending to eſpouſe the prince's quarrel, but was quickly bought off by the queen, ſo that he is now gone to Flanders again; by this action leaving a free paſſage to the king's army, under Mareſchal Turenne, to range whither they pleaſe, which were before blocked up by his forces.

Four days ago, there was a bloody encounter between the troops of the prince and thoſe of Mareſchal Turenne, in one of the ſuburbs of Paris; neither could boaſt of

the victory, though the battle lasted five hours; but at length the Prince of Conde's troops retired into the city, being frightened with the main body of the king's army, which appeared on the neighbouring hills.

Illustrious janizary, fortify thy heart with all the necessary retrenchments of heroic virtue; and rather than surrender to temptations of vice on dishonourable terms, run the hazard of a storm.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1652.

VII.—*To* NATHAN BEN SÂDDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

We are altogether by the ears in this kingdom, killing, burning, and destroying one another, whilst you in Germany enjoy abundance of peace. The occasion of our quarrels here, is the return of Cardinal Mazarini, against whom the Duke of Orleans and Prince of Conde are inveterate enemies. The former is declared lieutenant-general of the kingdom by the parliament of Paris, who give it out, that the king is Cardinal Mazarini's prisoner. They have also bestowed the command of all the forces under the authority of the said duke on the Prince of Conde.

Their principal and only pretence is, the removal of the cardinal from the king and his council. What will be the issue, time will demonstrate.

There has been a duel lately fought between the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, two eminent friends to the Prince of Conde.

The king going to a town called Pontoise, some leagues from Paris, drew a great many counsellors and presidents of parliament thither, men who are loyal and stedfast to his cause. This encouraged the king to put

forth a declaration, commanding the parliament to meet at Pontoiſe; they, on the other ſide, publiſhed an arreſt againſt this declaration. Thus they continue pickeering one at another.

But here is news arrived from Cologne, which ſurpriſes people very much. I know not the true ground of their aſtoniſhment, but the prieſts ſeem to be mad for joy. All that I can hear about it is, the reſtoration of the Roman Catholic religion in that province, which is a novelty unexpected, eſpecially the eccleſiaſtic grandeur, which it ſeems has been laid aſide above theſe hundred years. I tell thee only as I am informed myſelf; it lies in thy power to certify me of the truth of matters.

They ſay alſo, that the famous general, John de Werdt, is dead, as likewiſe the Archbiſhop of Treves. It is added, that Frankendal is ſurrendered to the Elector of Heidelberg, according to the late agreement at Munſter, and that there is a diet begun at Ratiſbon.

I deſire thee to inform me of all theſe things particularly, and of whatſoever elſe occurs in the court where thou reſideſt.

As to matters of religion, be not over ſedulous: piety is compriſed in a few rules. Yet the ſoul of man is naturally inquiſitive, and would fain be acquainted with all things. I adviſe thee to caſt thy eyes frequently on the earth that is under thy feet; ſurvey the groves and fields, the mountains and valleys, rocks and rivers; then look up to the heavens, and take a ſtedfaſt view of the ſtars; conſider the beauty and order of all things; and after this tell me, if thou canſt imagine, that the great and immenſe Creator of this wonderful fabric formed all the nations of the earth to damn them eternally, ſave only thoſe of your race.——Son of Iſrael, I wiſh thee heartily adieu.

Paris, 11th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1652.

VIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THE Parisians seem to be all in a dream or trance; they know not what they say or do, or at least they care not; such is the immense joy for the return of the king to this city. The steps to this sudden change, were the retiring of Cardinal Mazarini from the court, which was seconded with a declaration of indemnity, or a general pardon for all that had passed during these troubles, save some particular reserves, sacrilege, fires, and such like. This worked strangely on the inhabitants of Paris. But the Prince of Conde not finding any satisfaction as to his own person in this amnesty, called in the Duke of Lorrain's army to his assistance. These reduced the king's forces to so great a strait and extremity, that the parliament, being sensible of the advantage, made use of it, and sent deputies to the king, beseeching him to continue in the same good resolution he had taken before this misfortune.

The monarch suffered himself to be overcome by a violence mixed with so much submission, and yielded to their requests. Immediately the hearts of the Prince of Conde's friends grew cold, and began to change their sentiments. In a word, they were resolved to desert their new master, and cast themselves at the feet of their lawful sovereign. The grandees, who had most affected Conde's interest, laid down their offices; the foreign armies of Spaniards and Lorraigners retired out of the kingdom; the citizens of Paris sent a deputation, consisting of sixty-six persons of honour, to invite the king to this city, and assure him of their future allegiance; all the officers of the militia did the like. The king being satisfied with the timely penitence of his subjects, and having commanded some preparatory alterations in places

of truſt, entered this city on the twenty-firſt of the laſt moon, with all the joy and acclamation which could expreſs the love of his people, and the regret they had laboured under during his abſence.

Thou ſeeſt, illuſtrious miniſter, that though by the artifices of a faction, a king may be rendered odious to his ſubjects, be baniſhed from his palace, and have the gates of his cities ſhut againſt him, as befel to this king; yet the inconveniences they feel, in taking up arms againſt him, ſooner or later bring them to repentance; and they are glad to court his return, whom but a while ago they forced away by their undutifulneſs, to gratify the ambition of a bold young prince of the blood, who promiſed and ventured all things in hopes of a crown; for it cannot be ſuppoſed, that the Prince of Conde had leſs aims when he firſt began this war, though his pretences were ſpecious, only to remove Cardinal Mazarini, and other evil miniſters from the king, and to protect the French from the machinations of Spaniſh and Italian counſels; whilſt it is evident, that all along he and his party have been ſupported by the King of Spain in their rebellion. One would wonder how the French, a ſenſible and witty nation, could be thus impoſed upon; but the Arabian proverb ſays, "There are none ſo blind as thoſe that wilfully ſhut their eyes."

Yet whatever ſtupidity reigns among the Franks, methinks nothing but light and reaſon ought to appear in the actions of the muſſulmans. I am confounded to hear of the rebellions in Syria and Egypt: Will they never give reſt to the banner of the Prophet? Muſt the ſupreme miniſter be ever employed in proclaiming the neſraum? What offence has been given to the Baſſa of Damaſcus, or to him of Cairo?

Sage preſident of the imperial city, I am aſhamed be-

fore the infidels, when I hear theſe tragical reports out of the Eaſt.

But what can be expected, when the manners of the faithful are quite eſtranged from thoſe of their fathers? The muſſulmans almoſt outdo the Franks in vice and debauchery.

When thou readeſt this, draw thy ſcymitar, and make a ſcabbard of the next man who mutters a word againſt our lawful ſovereign.

Paris, 2d of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1652.

IX.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

I TELL thee I am neither melancholy nor merry, but in a kind of a mongrel humour between both: I am half Democritus, and the other half Heraclitus, being equally diſpoſed to laugh and weep at the vanity of all things here below. That thought touches me ſenſibly, yet not enough to carry me into extremes. The miſery and happineſs of the whole life of mortals are themes ſcarce worth a paſſion. Whatever we endure as an evil, or poſſeſs as a good, are both ſo ſhort, that, as the one need not ſink us to an exceſs of grief, ſo neither does the other deſerve a paroxyſm of joy; a ſigh or a tear are enough for the firſt, and a ſmile is too much for the laſt. My mind at preſent is an equilibrium.

What ſignifies the birth of the greateſt monarch, or that he can boaſt of a long deſcent of kings his progenitors? He is born to labour and trouble as well as other men; and all the charming pleaſures that attend a crown are ſcarce ſufficient to recompenſe his cares and fatigues, his hazards and toils, and the perpetual riſks he runs both in peace and war.

If from the cradle he make an early ſtep to a throne, it is but a mock honour to be crowned with a wreath of briars, ſqueezed and preſſed into his tender temples by the deceitful hands of his guardians and miniſters, who ſtrive only to lay the foundation of their own honour in his ruin, by improving the time of his minority, and making oppreſſion chemical, that, during their preſent authority, they may extract the life and elixir of his ſubjects wealth, and hoard it in their own coffers, leaving only the lees to him when he comes of age, and theſe generally compounded with the ill-will of his people. I wiſh the caſe prove not the ſame in our preſent ſovereign, Sultan Mahomet, who, thou knoweſt, was lifted to his father's throne before his time, and by methods which cannot be juſtified: It was the mufti's plot, who is the oracle of the law, and ſo the muſſulmans acquieſced. But mark the end; ſuch treaſons ſeldom eſcape unpuniſhed. Though Sultan Ibrahim was depoſed and impriſoned (not to mention that which grates the ears of any loyal Ottoman), though his eldeſt ſon be placed on his throne to ſerve the ends of a faction, yet a younger than he may live to revenge the wrongs that were done to his father, and reſtore the empire of the faithful to its priſtine grandeur. There are now above three years elapſed ſince the change of affairs at the ſeraglio. In the mean time, doſt thou not obſerve the diſcontents of the people? Is there not a general coldneſs and neutrality to be diſcerned in the converſation of thoſe who at firſt were moſt forward to approve the mufti's proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the preſent revolution and its fatal conſequences. The Venetian war, they ſay, has quite impoveriſhed the empire. Decay of trade, want of money, and a thouſand other things, are the daily complaints in Conſtantinople. This I am told from very

good hands, men of ſeveral nations, merchants who trade in that city, perſons altogether unbiaſſed: They, as ſtrangers, have been inquiſitive, during their reſidence there, into the humours of people, to find how the muſſulmans ſtand affected to the preſent ſtate of the Ottoman affairs. I approve not the preſumption of thoſe infidels, yet make uſe of it to inform myſelf of ſeveral material paſſages, which I could not otherwiſe learn at this diſtance from the auguſt Porte.

They tell me the ſoldiers murmur that ſo many thouſands of men have been ſacrificed in Candia and Dalmatia, whilſt what they gain in the iſland they loſe on the continent; for it ſeems the Venetians are ſtill too hard for us one way or other. They grumble alſo for want of their due pay, and that they have not bread enough to keep them from ſtarving. A certain Greek aſſured me he had heard ſeveral of the ſpahis ſwear ſolemnly, that it was agreed amongſt them not to go into Dalmatia the next campaign: But this I took as a ſtrain of the Grecian's natural faculty, who, thou knoweſt, are much given to romancing. However, I hear enough both from them and other travellers of Eaſt and Weſt, to convince me, that ſome of the grandees at the imperial city are in a tottering condition.

All which ſerves but to confirm my firſt diſcourſe, that hardly any thing on earth is worth a thought, ſince all things are of ſo ſhort duration.

In a word, the world ſeems to be a garden, intermingled with roſes and weeds: The firſt are ſo cloſe encompaſſed with thorns, that a man cannot gather them without wounding himſelf; and, if there be more eaſe in cropping the latter, yet they are unwholeſome, and ſtink, putting a man to as frequent purifications as the times he touches them.

Let thou and I, dear Dgnet, pafs along the alleys of this garden, view her beauties and deformities with an even mind, not putting ourfelves to the fatigue of gathering her flowers, or fuffering ourfelves to be tempted with her fofter pleafures: But let every thing we fee and hear in this enchanted ground ferve the ends of our contemplation, being ftedfaftly mindful of this truth, "That all thofe things, which appear fo gay and full of charms, are nothing but mere empty ideas and fleeting fhadows of that fubftantial and permanent pleafure which has her refidence only in paradife."

Thou mayeft tell the Kaimacham, our friend, that now the King of France begins to play the monarch on the bottom of his own wit and courage, without the affiftance or counfel of tutors. He has brought the parliament to an abfolute compliance with his will, having purged that fenate of difaffected members, and baniſhed from the court the Duke of Orleans, who pretended a right to rule his fovereign. In the mean time, the Prince of Conde has taken Rethel and St. Menehoud, whilft Barcelona is furrendered to the Spaniards. Thus what is gained in one point is loft in another. Doubtlefs there is nothing ftable on earth.

Paris, 8th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1652.

X.—*To* MELEC AMET.

THY adventure, and miraculous efcape over the Danube, puts me in mind of a certain French nobleman of the Prince of Conde's party, who laft fummer being clofely purfued by fome of the king's horfe, and himfelf excellently mounted, leaped hedges and ditches to avoid captivity. At length they had chafed him into a corner of

the land, from whence it was impoſſible for him to eſcape, but by ſwimming over a ſmall arm of the ſea. What riſks will not a man run for the love of liberty? This perſon, like an overheated ſtag, perceiving his hunters cloſe at his heels, boldly leaped on horſeback into the ſea, chooſing rather to periſh in the waters than fall into his enemies hands.

None were ſo hardy as to follow him through the uncertain waves; however, his horſe being of matchleſs ſtrength, carried him ſafe over to the oppoſite ſhore. As ſoon as he arrived at the next town, where he had many friends, he related this wonderful paſſage; but inſtead of cheriſhing his horſe for ſo faithful and invaluable a ſervice, he drew his ſword, and immediately killed the beaſt that ſaved his life, ſaying, He did it for the ſake of fame, being reſolved that his horſe ſhould never perform the like ſervice to any other mortal.

This was an ungrateful caprice, and far from the morality of Sultan Selim, the ſon of Bajazet, who, when his truſty horſe Carabulue had once ſaved his life by his extraordinary ſwiftneſs, he, in token of his thankfulneſs, built a ſtable on purpoſe for him, in a large incloſure of meadows, allowing a penſion to a groom to wait on the meritorious beaſt, and give him his free delight in all things as long as he lived, commanding that he ſhould never more be forced to labour or travel; and to complete the happineſs of the beaſt, he culled out ſome of the beautifulleſt mares of Arabia to accompany him, charging alſo, that the doors of the ſtable ſhould be always open for the horſe to go in or out, and range when and where he pleaſed. This was a generoſity worthy of an eaſtern monarch, whom, as thy letter informs me, thou haſt in part imitated.

But ſuch is ſome men's ambition and vain deſire to be

talked of, that they care not by what barbarous methods they accompliſh their aim. It was a motive of this nature which tempted Eroſtratus to ſet fire to the famous temple of Epheſus, which had been two hundred years in building, and was numbered among the ſeven wonders of the world.

This happened on the very night that Alexander the Great was born: And the villain being aſked why he committed ſo deſtructive a ſacrilege, anſwered, "That it was to acquire an immortal fame by ſo ſtupendous a wickedneſs, ſince he could not hope to be recorded for his virtue."

Plutarch mentions a jeſt that was made on this deſtruction of Diana's temple; for it was common in every body's mouth, that the goddeſs being called that night to the labour of Olympias, the mother of Alexander, could not be preſent at home to ſave her houſe from burning; for the Gentiles believed that Diana (whom they alſo called Lucina) was inviſibly aſſiſtant at the birth of children.

However, the prieſts made no jeſt of it, but ran up and down howling and making gaſhes in their fleſh, preſaging that Fate was that day buſied in ſigning the decree of Aſia's ruin. This is certain, that that very night the man was born who was deſtined to ſubdue all Aſia, and on the ruins of the Perſian empire raiſe the monarchy of the Macedonians. However, the villain who burnt the temple had not his deſire; for it was decreed throughout all Aſia, that his name ſhould never be mentioned in hiſtory, or any public writings.

It is recorded of a certain governor of a city in Italy, that being on the top of an high tower, with only the pope, the German emperor, and an ambaſſador from Venice in his company, he was tempted to throw the two

former over the battlements, as they were taking a ſurvey of the city, which he might have eaſily done, for they were both aged, and incapable of reſiſting his ſtrength. This paſſage he confeſſed to his ghoſtly father; and being aſked what induced him to think of ſuch a horrid treaſon, he anſwered, "That it might be ſaid he did a thing which never was done before, nor in all probability would ever be done again, ſince no prince, having heard ſuch a ſtory, would ever venture himſelf into the ſame danger without a ſufficient guard of his own." But however, he had not reſolution enough to go through with his project.

I hear thou art like to acquire fame by other methods than theſe, being in a fair way to riſe by thy virtues to ſome conſiderable employments in the empire; for which I equally rejoice with thyſelf.

In the mean time, it will perhaps be obliging to tell thee ſome news out of theſe parts, which will make thy company welcome to the grandees: They love to converſe with men who can furniſh them with intelligence of foreign affairs.

The freſheſt diſcourſe here is of the impriſonment of the Cardinal de Retz, who was arreſted by the king's order on the nineteenth of this moon. What his crime is I cannot inform thee, unleſs it be that he is an enemy to Cardinal Mazarini. People generally give him the character of a very honeſt man; but thou knoweſt honeſty is counted a vice in the courts of theſe weſtern princes. The crafty are the only men of virtue and merit among the infidels.

Thou mayeſt alſo report for a certainty, that the Spaniards have taken Dunkirk in Flanders, and Cazal in the dukedom of Mantua. This town is ſaid to be the key of all Italy: I cannot tell thee which is the lock it be-

longs to, nor, I believe, they themſelves; but this I obſerve, that when the King of France ſits down before any place with his army, whoever has the key, neither locks nor bolts can keep him out long; and it is ten to one if he do not find an entrance into this place again very ſpeedily, when the Spaniſh king has pleaſed himſelf for a while with an imaginary poſſeſſion of it.

I conclude my letter juſt at the hour when the old year expires, according to the account of the Chriſtians, wiſhing thee a ſcene of new felicities.

Paris, 31ſt of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1652.

XI.—*To the ſame.*

HAVING the opportunity of a day or two more before the poſt goes out of town, I make uſe of it to aſk thee, whether there be any notice taken in your parts of a comet newly appearing above the orb of the ſun? It has not been obſerved here till within theſe few nights; and the aſtronomers, notwithſtanding the coldneſs of the ſeaſon (which I aſſure thee is ſharp enough), are very buſy with their teleſcopes to pry into the figure of this meteor, and obſerve its motions. They take great pains, and endure all the rigour of the froſt and ſnow, in hopes of making ſome new diſcovery.

The vulgar look on it as a great prodigy: There are a thouſand opinions among them about its conſequences: Every body ſets up for a judicial aſtrologer: Nay, the learned themſelves, and ſuch as are eſteemed great philoſophers, cannot agree in their judgment concerning it. Some aſſert, that the matter of the heavens is ſubject to corruption and change, and that this comet is generated after that manner; whilſt others hold a contrary opinion.

They are all divided, and diſpute hotly in as unintelligible terms as the languages of America are to us of this continent. They amuſe one another and themſelves with far-fetched words; and all this while, for aught I know, the wiſeſt among them may be as much under a miſtake as thoſe who never ſtudied ſuch things. All the inſtruments of the optics are ſought out to help their ſight, and yet they may be as much in the dark as the men in Plato's cave. It is an article of my faith, that we mortals know very little of thoſe far diſtant beings. But theſe Franks are the moſt opinionated people in the world: No man has the modeſty to allow another as much right to reaſon as himſelf. Every one ſets up for a dogmatiſt, and requires the intellects of all others to be reſigned to his, though perhaps that be only formed by the rules of his parents, the impreſſions of his early years, the force of education, the faſhion of his country, or by ſome notable accident in his life; all which are equally liable to falſehood and truth. How many ſects were there of the ancient philoſophers, ſtiffly defending their ſeveral opinions? One ſays, the heavens are made of braſs, another of iron, a third of ſmoke; this will have them to be ſolid, that fluid. There is no end of their controverſies.

In the mean time, no man knows what they are made of, or what is the figure of the world, whether round or ſquare, or beyond all dimenſions, whether matter be diviſible or indiviſible in the laſt atom. Who can aſſure me if there be only one world, or whether there may not as well be a thouſand millions? Whether the ſtars be opake bodies as this earth, and inhabited or no? I tell thee again, there is no certainty of theſe things. Man's ſenſes are too weak, his imagination too frail, and all his facul-

ties far too ſhort, to comprehend the works of the Omnipotent, who alone is wiſe and perfect in ſcience.

Wilt thou have my opinion of this comet? I am apt to think it is ſome ſuch globe of combuſtible matter as our earth appears to be, and perhaps burdened with as many ſinners, that either by the courſe of nature, or decree of deſtiny, the incloſed fire has broke its bounds, and ſpread its conſuming flames over the ſurface, which, embodying themſelves in the pyramid of ſmoke ariſing from ſo vaſt a conflagration, cauſe that appearance which we call the Tail of a Blazing Star; and, for aught I know, after the ſame manner ſhall our globe appear to the inhabitants of thoſe remote worlds at our day of judgment.

I am not poſitive in theſe matters, nor will I ſhut up my ſoul from future lights; but leaving things as I find them, full of myſtery and double faces, I will expect no better fate than that of Socrates, that as I have lived, ſo ſhall I die, in doubt, only hoping for plenary ſatisfaction in the next world.

Paris, 2d of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1653.

XII.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Grand Signior's Cuſtoms.*

Now thou beginneſt to reap the fruit of thy travels, mayeſt thou live to have a full harveſt. I eſteem myſelf infinitely obliged to the illuſtrious baſſa, our countryman, for his particular friendſhip in this buſineſs. It is true, thy own merits were a ſufficient recommendation; but what light can a candle give that is ſhut up cloſe in a dark lantern? So thick was the veil which thy own modeſty

had drawn over the ſplendour of the moſt accompliſhed virtues.

Son of my mother, let not what I have ſaid paſs for the words of a flatterer. Thou knoweſt, I am as free from that vice as I am from envy. It is affection only guides my pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoice in my brother's proſperity, and that the Grand Signior has a faithful ſervant. I hope that ſovereign of ſovereigns will, in time, find reaſon to acknowledge to the noble Kerker Haſſan the good office he has done him, in preſenting ſuch a ſlave. Let no error of thine baulk my expectation.

It will be an eternal honour to the houſe and tribe from which we deſcend, if, by acquitting thyſelf fairly in this poſt, our great maſter ſhall think thee worthy of a more ſublime ſtation. Therefore, eſteem this only as a trial of thy fidelity, and how far thou art capable of ſerving the Sultan. Be induſtrious, but not affected in diſcloſing thy abilities. Obſerve a gradation; for the ſloweſt ſteps to greatneſs are the moſt ſecure. Aim not to be rich and mighty on a ſudden; ſwift riſes are often attended with precipitate falls. If in other caſes it is commendable to be niggardly of time, and ſqueeze every minute to an improvement in virtue, yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other maxims in the way of growing great; and that to be liberal in years of patience, will be no unprofitable frugality in the main; ſince what is ſooneſt got, is generally ſhort in the poſſeſſion; and he that monopolizes honours or wealth, is moſt times envied to his ruin.

Nature itſelf ſhall convince thee of this, if thou wilt but contemplate her moſt obvious works. Caſt thy eye on the oak among the plants: What vegetable is more permanent, or of greater ſervice to men? Yet the tree

of so vast a bulk, in whose aged hollow trunk I have seen sixteen men sitting round a table, under whose wide spread branches the house of Arom Eb'niel Eben Sherophaim, the chief emir of Arabia, is built and stands at this day; I say, this tree, in its first original, was not so big as the thumb of thy right hand; and if naturalists speak truth, it was an hundred years a-growing to these dimensions, as many in a fixed and flourishing condition, and that it will not take up a less time in decaying to its last rottenness.

They say also, that an elephant, the biggest and strongest of all the beasts on the earth, lives two hundred years, and continues increasing in its stature the greatest part of that term. The like they relate of crocodiles and dragons.

But not to tire thee with examples of this nature, let us consider, that whatsoever is great and durable among men, whatsoever is illustrious and excellent, is slow in the production, and makes not hasty leaps to maturity. View all the monarchies that have made so much noise on earth, and thou wilt find, that in proportion to the time of their growing greatness, was the term of their duration. How swift was the rise and fall of the Persian empire? Equally precipitate was that of the Macedonians. None could ever boast of so permanent and universal a sway as the city of Rome, of which it is commonly said, "Rome was not built in a day."

To come nearer home: How lasting and perpetually victorious is the sacred empire of the mussulmans? Yet it took its first rise from very small beginnings, met with frequent repulses, and has made a slow progression to the present formidable height of sovereign power it now possesses; for, thou knowest, this is the thousandth sixtieth

and third year ſince the holy flight of the meſſenger of God.

What I have ſaid may be applied with proportion to men's perſonal advances in the honours and fortunes of this world. Be content, therefore, with the ſeaſons wherein deſtiny ſhall think fit to raiſe thee, and ſtrive not to outrun thy fate.

All the news I can tell thee is, that Cardinal Mazarini returned the 13th of the laſt moon from his ſecond baniſhment, which thou mayeſt report for a truth to the miniſters of ſtate.

We are all exiles here on earth. God reſtore us to a region more agreeable, and admit us to the careſſes of our friends in paradiſe.

Paris, 25th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1653.

XIII.—*To* Kerker Hassan, *Baſſa.*

The bleſſings of God and his prophet deſcend upon thee from a thouſand ſources. Thou art a true friend, and our whole family are obliged to thee for favours which have no number; but none more than my brother and I. Our engagements to thee are equal; ſince what kindneſs thou haſt ſhowed to him, in recommending him to the ſultan's favour, and to a place of honour and profit, I take as done to myſelf, we being naturally ſharers in each other's proſperity or adverſe fortune; for ſuch is the method of ſtrict relations and friendſhips; and I have a particular reaſon to thank thee, becauſe it was at my inſtance thou promotedſt him. Yet, though he is my brother, I ſhould not be ſo partial as to ſay theſe things in his behalf, did I not know him to be a man of merit; for places of truſt ought not to be beſtowed for favour

or affection. We are bound to sacrifice all private regards to the interest of the Grand Signior; and not act like the French, who get offices of the greatest importance many times by being of a faction or party opposite to their king.

Since the return of Cardinal Mazarini to this court, which was in the foregoing moon, the king has reformed many abuses of this kind. He begins to feel his own strength and authority every day more and more.

In the moon of December died Cardinal Richlieu's brother, who was bishop of Lyons, and grand almoner of France. The king has bestowed these honours on Cardinal Antonio Barberini, who took sanctuary in this court, from the persecutions of the present Roman pontiff, almost ten years ago. He has always espoused the King of France's interests in Rome; and the grateful monarch received him with much affection, and, as an additional honour, has made him a knight of the Holy Spirit. This is the chiefest order of knighthood in France.

It is freshly reported here, that the Duke of Newburgh, a great prince in Germany, is dead. They talk also of certain prodigies that have been lately seen in England, Ireland, and other parts of Europe, as raining of warm blood, tin, and copper; and it is affirmed for certain, that three suns were lately seen at Dublin, the chief city of Ireland.

There has been a sea combat between the English and Hollanders on the coast of Italy, wherein they say the Dutch had the victory, having sunk two of their enemies ships, and taken one, without any considerable loss on their own side.

Here is no other news stirring at present, worth the knowledge of a mussulman grandee. The eyes of all the

weſtern Nazarenes are fixed on that refuge of the world where thou reſideſt, and on the actions of our invincible viſier in Candia.

They diſcourſe of ſome overtures of peace which that great general has made to the Venetians, if they will forthwith ſurrender the city of Candia to the victorious Oſmans. If this be true, one would think ſo great clemency muſt needs tempt the proud infidels to ſubmiſſion and compliance. But, if deſtiny has otherwiſe decreed, I wiſh they may feel the force of our arms, which appear more keen than even the ſcythe of time, that devourer of all things.

Paris, 27th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1653.

XIV.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THY laſt letter ſpeaks thee at once willing to be enlightened, yet tenacious of thy old prepoſſeſſions. I wonder not at the difficulty thou findeſt, in ſhaking off the precepts of thy rabbis, thoſe religious triflers. The influence of education is forcible as that of our birth; and the habits that are rooted in us in our tender years, are harder to be diſplanted than the inherent affections of our blood: This is ſignified by the Arabian proverb, which ſays, "The tutors of youth have an aſcendant over the ſtars of their nativity."

I know it has been eſteemed the peculiar glory of thy nation, that you have been rigid obſervers of the traditions of your fathers; from which rather than deviate a tittle, there have not been wanting ſuch as freely expoſed themſelves, and have bravely endured racks, ſcourgings, burnings, and all ſorts of torments, even the moſt exquiſite} cruel deaths, that the malice of tyrants could

invent. But do not I know alſo, that in ſome of the moſt weighty points of your law, your zeal has exceeded your prudence? I ſpeak not of the private bigotry of one man, or a few, but of the repreſentative body of your whole nation. How fooliſhly ſuperſtitious were your armies in the days of Mattathias, when, being aſſaulted by their enemies on the ſabbath-day, they refuſed to draw a ſword in their own defence, and ſo were all cut off by the army of Antiochus? This is no invidious remark of your adverſaries in religion, but the obſervation of Joſephus, a man of the ſame faith, and ſprung from the ſtock of Iſrael as well as thyſelf.

Now, tell me thy opinion, did your fathers do well in thus ſacrificing themſelves and the whole intereſt of Iſrael to a miſtaken punctilio of that obedience they owed the law, or no? If thou alloweſt the former, then Mattathias did wickedly in making a decree, that from thenceforth it ſhould be lawful on the ſabbath-day to reſiſt their enemies; and all the Jews were guilty of many notorious breaches of the law, in obeying this decree, and fighting on the ſabbath-day. But if thou ſayeſt they did ill in not fighting, though at a prohibited time, and prohibited under the ſevereſt curſes, then it follows, that there is no point of your law which may not, nay, which ought not to be diſpenſed with, and give way to the intereſts of ſtate, and the good of the commonwealth: ſo that, at this rate, the religion for which you are all ſo zealous, will appear to be but a form of government divinely contrived for human regards. I do not call in queſtion the miraculous delivery of your law on Mount Sinai. Suffer me to plead, without ſuſpicion of partiality: I do not go about to invalidate the teſtimony of Moſes and the prophets. Doubtleſs, the Moſt Hig'. came down through the heavens, attended with myriads

of angels, and thirty-two thouſand chariots of fire; and, when he ſtood on the top of the mountain, the rear of his train had not paſſed the ſilver gates of the moon: The ſun appeared in his circuit as one aſtoniſhed; he bluſhed, and fled away from the eternal brightneſs, not able to endure the luſtre of a glory ſo far ſurpaſſing his own: The ſtars were dazzled at the immortal ſplendour, and miſtook their courſes; they ran one againſt another in their affrighted careers; and as a laſting memorial of that glorious deſcent, the angels left the bright impreſſion of their footſteps in the path: That heavenly road is to this day diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt of the ſky by its whiteneſs, which makes the aſtronomers call it THE MILKY WAY.

The nations of the earth were amazed at the tremendous viſion and noiſe; for the mountain was all on fire, whoſe flames reached up to the clouds, and its ſmoke to the mid-heaven. The globe trembled and quaked at the dreadful thunderings, and the lightnings penetrated the abyſs of hell: The infernal ſpirits were ſtartled at the uncouth flaſhes, and aſked one another, If the day of judgment were come? The waters hid themſelves in their fountains, and the ocean uttered a deep murmur. Every thing in nature was ſurpriſed with wonder and dread; and Moſes himſelf, when he came down from the mountain, was all transformed into light.

Thou ſeeſt, Nathan, I am no infidel, but believe as thou doſt, that the law of Moſes was brought down from Heaven. But does it therefore follow, that this law is univerſal and eternal? Can none be ſaved but the ſons of Iſrael, and ſuch as are proſelyted to their religion? Doubtleſs this is an error, as thou thyſelf wilt acknowledge, when thou haſt well examined the matter. Remove thy poſt a little, if it be only in imagination; riſe

from the feet of thy doctors, who have inſtilled into thee prejudices againſt all the ſons of Adam, except thoſe of your own race. Stand aloof for a while, and look round about thee to the four winds; but fix thine eyes on the Eaſt, for from thence Wiſdom takes her origin. Did not the ſame God who created the Jews, alſo create all the nations of the earth? And canſt thou be ſo blind and obdurate as to think that Sovereignty Merciful made ſo many millions of ſouls on purpoſe to damn them? Or that it ſhall be imputed to them for ſin, that they were not born of the ſeed of Jacob? Was it in their power to chooſe the father that ſhould beget them, or the mother that ſhould conceive them? How abſurd are the conſequences of this narrow opinion? It is an unpardonable pride and malice, thus to contemn and judge thoſe that are compounded of the ſame ingredients as yourſelves.

Doubtleſs God has ſent prophets into all nations, to guide them into the right way, and not into the way of infidels. Thoſe who believe the prophets, and obey their precepts, ſhall be ſaved; for they preach the unity of the divine eſſence, the reſurrection of the dead, the day of judgment, the joys of paradiſe, and the torments of the damned; they teach the neceſſity of juſtice, purity, and good works; exhorting all to practiſe the golden rule, without entangling their minds in endleſs niceties, which are but the ſuperfetation of piety, the excrementitious burdens of a religious life. Such are moſt of the troubleſome and ridiculous ceremonies obſerved by the zealots of your law, at which I have known the wiſer ſort of Jews to laugh. Theſe little ſuperſtitions, like unprofitable ſuckers, exhauſt the vitals of religion, and leave it only a ſapleſs trunk, from which no fruit can be expected. Were they commanded in the law of Moſes, ſomething might be pleaded in their defence; but, as

they are only the dreams of your rabbis, a wise man would beware how he put on a needless yoke, the stratagem of your crafty guides to keep you in subjection and a servile awe of their authority, and a religious timorousness of you know not what.

Thy letter replies to this by anticipation; for supposing that I should argue thus, and charge you with adding traditions of your own to the positive injunctions of the law, thou tellest me, that those are greatly mistaken who think that all which was delivered to Moses in the Mount was written in the two tables, or comprised even in the Pentateuch, as if the prophet spent those forty days and nights only in keeping of geese; for it is evident, sayest thou, that if God had nothing else to give him but the written law, he might have dispatched him in an hour, or a day at most. Therefore, thou addest, that by day he gave to him the written law, and by night the mysterious explanation of it, called the oral law; which explanation Moses taught by word of mouth to Joshua, his successor, Joshua to the seventy-two seniors, and that they transmitted this oral traditionary comment down to their posterity, even to the last of the prophets, from whom the great Sanhedrim received it; after this, every one delivered it to his son as he had received it from his ancestors, and so it continues to this day to be the rule of your lives, in those cases where the written law is silent. I tell thee, Nathan, there appears a great show of reason in what thou sayest; and indeed it cannot be supposed that Moses spent all that time only in receiving the written law; but on the other side, I cannot believe that the Eternal Mind was busied so many days in prescribing those ridiculous rules and ceremonies which are found in the Talmud, and the writings of your rabbis.

If thou canſt convince me of that, I will ceaſe to perſuade thee to a change.

I have a great deal more to ſay, but the hour of the poſt calls on me to conclude my letter. In my next I will fully anſwer all thy arguments. In the mean time, let not cuſtom, and the dictates of the ſynagogue, ſupplant thy reaſon, but remember thou art a man.

Paris, 27th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1653.

XV.—*To the Sublimely Wiſe, the Signior of Excellent Dignity,* ABUL RECOWAWN', *Grand Almoner to the Sultan.*

THOU art placed on a high ſeat, eminent among the faithful, and the eyes of the diſtreſſed are fixed on thee. Thou art the patron of all the miſerable. To thee, as to a ſanctuary, flies the man whoſe misfortunes have bereaved him of all other hope, whoſe drooping ſpirits can find no comfort from the reſt of mortals. His laſt and only refuge is to thee, who art the faithful ſteward of the Grand Signior's liberalities. Let not too much prudence ſuperſede thy charity. The wicked and the innocent have equal acceſs to thee; and it ought to be ſo, for no man at firſt can diſtinguiſh between the one and the other by their outward aſpect. Yet a little examination and converſe will ſhow the difference.

There are thoſe who get large poſſeſſions under the maſk of poverty; there are impudent beggars, who make a trade of impoſing on human compaſſion, and ſport themſelves in this humble method of cheating people of their money; whilſt, imagining they beſtow it on perſons really indigent, it is thrown away on counterfeits, villains, and infidels.

On the other ſide, I have ſeen true objects of pity,

men reduced to the laſt extremities, who would rather periſh than expoſe their condition to any, ſave the great and noble. They eſteem ſuch as be wiſe men, generous, and conſiderate of the accidents which commonly befal mortals; they think, to theſe they may freely unboſom themſelves, tell their wants, and claim relief, without the hazard of a reproach, which wounds more deeply than a ſhort denial.

Thou mayeſt know them by the modeſty which appears in their faces (ſays our holy prophet), and that they are ſoon repulſed. To ſuch as theſe give plentiful alms, and do not repine; for it is as a profitable merchandiſe ſent to remote countries, which, though ventured on the uncertain waters, yet in time, by the ſpecial bleſſing of Heaven, ſhall return with ſeven-fold intereſt.

Nay, give to all that aſk; for it is better to miſplace our charity on nine unworthy perſons, than to deny an alms to one that is really in need. Beſides, it is not for the honour of a ſovereign monarch, that any perſon in diſtreſs ſhould depart from his court ſad or diſcontented for want of relief.

I have in ſome of my letters glanced at the vices of theſe weſtern Nazarenes, and have not been altogether ſilent as to their virtues, among which their charity is very conſpicuous.

The French relate a pretty paſſage of a certain cardinal, a very good man, and one that, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occaſion for the world to call him, The patron of the poor.

This eccleſiaſtic prince had a conſtant cuſtom, once or twice a-week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one

according to their various neceſſities, or the motions of his own bounty.

One day a poor widow, encouraged with the fame of his generoſity, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among the crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, diſcerning the marks of an extraordinary modeſty in her face and carriage, as alſo in her daughter, he encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, bluſhing, and not without tears, thus addreſſed herſelf to him: "My Lord, I owe for the rent of my houſe five crowns, and ſuch is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, ſave what would break my heart, ſince my landlord threatens to force me to it, that is, to proſtitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would pleaſe to interpoſe your ſacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honeſt induſtry we can procure the money for him."

The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and innocent modeſty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow's hands, "Go (ſaid he) to my ſteward with this paper, and he ſhall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent."

The poor woman overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thouſand thanks, went directly to his ſteward, and gave him the note, which when he had read, he told out fifty crowns. She, aſtoniſhed at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the ſteward's trick to try her honeſty, refuſed to take above five, ſaying, She aſked the

cardinal for no more, and ſhe was ſure it was ſome miſtake.

On the other ſide, the ſteward inſiſted on his maſter's order, not daring to call it in queſtion: But all the arguments he could uſe were inſufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns; wherefore, to end the controverſy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before the munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the buſineſs, "It is true, (ſaid he) I miſtook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, ſaying thus to the woman, "So much candour and virtue deſerves a recompence: Here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can ſpare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

If I miſtake not, this cardinal was called Farneſe; but whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

It will be much for the glory and intereſt of the ſhining Porte, if thou ſometimes, by an extraordinary largeſs, raiſeſt the fortune of deſerving men, and putteſt them in a capacity to ſerve the Grand Signior; at leaſt, ſuch bounty will oblige them not to diſſerve him.

Among the reſt, permit me to recommend the caſe of Ebnol Barwana Kayemas, thy countryman: He was once poſſeſſor of a fair Timariot, but was turned out by Sultan Ibrahim, to gratify a creature of Shechir Para. Thou knoweſt the life of that infamous woman. I ſay no more.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1653.

XVI.—*To the* CAPTAIN BASSA.

THOU that art a man of war, delighteſt, no doubt, to hear of combats and battles; and I tell thee, that ſince the beginning of the world, there have never been known ſuch dreadful ſea-fights, as during the preſent war between the Engliſh and Dutch. It ſeems there is an emulation ſprung up in the latter; they grudge the inhabitants of Britain the character which has been given them from all antiquity, of being the moſt victorious on that element of any nation on the earth.

It is poſſible there may be ſome more particular grounds for their preſent quarrel, to which I am a ſtranger; but aſſuredly they have purſued their animoſities very eagerly on both ſides; and, let the occaſion be what it will, the Dutch are ſtill loſers.

I ſent thee an account of a combat between their fleets laſt year, ſince which they have had many other engagements; and it is ſaid here, that, during this war, the Engliſh have taken from the Dutch near two thouſand merchant veſſels, and ſunk and burnt many of their ſhips of war, ſlain ſome of their chief commanders, ſpoiled their trade, and reduced them almoſt to as great ſtraits as when they firſt courted the protection of the Engliſh againſt their ſovereign the King of Spain, from whom they had then newly revolted.

But the moſt terrible conflict was on the ſecond of this moon, wherein the Dutch had ſeven-and-twenty of their greateſt ſhips either ſunk or burnt, two thouſand of their ſeamen and ſoldiers killed, and a thouſand taken priſoners, with many captains. That great general, Trump, whom I mentioned in my laſt, was ſlain in this fight, after he had performed prodigies of valour.

The French ſay, that, during the heat of this engage-

ment, Trump, being exceſſive thirſty, called for a bowl of wine, which his ſervant had no ſooner delivered to him, but a cannon bullet took his hand off, juſt as he was retiring from his maſter. The brave general, touched with a noble compaſſion, ſpilt the wine on the deck, ſaying, "It is not fit that I ſhould quench my thirſt with the blood of a faithful ſlave:" And as ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe words, another bullet took from him the power of ever drinking again.

If ſuch an accident ſhould happen to thee, when thou fighteſt againſt the infidels, know, for certain, that thou ſhalt be immediately tranſported to the green and ſhady banks of the rivers of wine in paradiſe, where thou mayeſt drink thy fill in eternal ſecurity; for he that dies fighting for the faith is a martyr.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1653.

XVII.—*To* Sale Tircheni Emin, *Superintendant of the Royal Arſenal at Conſtantinople.*

I remember I promiſed in my laſt to give thee a farther account of Pachicour, the famous pirate of the Black Sea: It were eaſy to perform it, but a temptation diverts my pen another way.

I remember, when thou wert chiaus, I have heard thee ſpeak of the kingdom of Tunis, whither thou waſt ſent by Sultan Amurat, to compoſe the differences that happened between the dey and the divan of that city: At the ſame time, thou madeſt mention of a certain admirable engine, contrived to draw up ſhips, or any thing elſe, from the bottom of the ſea; and that the divan of Tunis gave to the artiſt who framed it an hundred thouſand piaſters, as a reward of his ingenuity.

I have read, in a certain French author, of ſuch another device at Venice, made on purpoſe to draw up the famous Carrack, which they called The Caſtle of the Sea. This galleon was built of a monſtrous bulk, more for ſtate than ſervice, and was overturned by her own unwieldineſs, as ſhe lay at anchor, and ſunk to the bottom; from whence neither that forementioned engine, nor all the art of man could raiſe her: Yet the ſkill of the engineer was highly commended, and the ſenate honoured him with the title of Clariſſimo, and ſettled a noble penſion on him during life.

It is queſtioned whether the States of Holland will be ſo liberal to a certain French engineer, who has made a ſhip at Rotterdam, which, they ſay, will outdo all the miracles of Noah's ark.

This ſhip is at preſent all the talk at Paris. Our merchants receive letters full of wonders from the Low Countries concerning this whirligig of a veſſel, which is to move by clock-work, without ſails, oars, rudder, or any common marine tackle, yet ſhall cut her way through the ſea, with a ſwifter progreſs than the moon glides along the ſky, or a bullet out of a cannon. This is the diſcourſe of thoſe who love to advance all that they hear to the height of a miracle or romance: Yet, it is certain, the artiſt has promiſed it ſhall equal the motion of ſome birds, and run twelve leagues an hour. Neither winds nor tides ſhall forward or hinder its courſe, which, depending on an internal principle of perpetual motion, is to be directed only at the pleaſure of him who manages the ſprings and wheels; ſo that the maſter of this veſſel ſhall be able, with a ſingle touch of his hand, to turn it to any point of the compaſs, in the moſt boiſterous weather that blows.

This engineer farther engages, that his veſſel ſhall make

a voyage to the Eaſt Indies in the revolution of a moon, and to ſome regions of America in a fourth part of that time. If he be as good at performance as he is at promiſing, he will ſail round the globe at this rate in three moons.

In farther commendation of this wonderful machine, it is ſaid, that, by a new-invented art, it ſhall ſecretly, under water, diſable any ſhip, provided ſhe be within cannon-ſhot, and this with ſo ſudden a force, that in the ſpace of ſix hours it will ſucceſſively ſink a fleet of an hundred ſhips of war.

Moreover, this artiſt, to appear not leſs ſubtle againſt the efforts of Heaven, than in ſurpaſſing all the inventions on earth, promiſes, that his miraculous veſſel ſhall, at the diſtance of a league, cut aſunder any ſpouts or cataracts of waters, which uſually threaten mariners in the Mediterranean and other ſeas.

It is poſſible thou art very well acquainted with the nature of theſe ſpouts, and the danger of ſhips that ſail near them; yet give me leave to inform thee what I have heard from a certain corſair, who has often met with them in the Levant.

This pirate tells me, that a ſpout is a kind of aqueduct between the clouds and the ſea, by which thoſe pendulous ciſterns above are repleniſhed with water from the ocean, drawing it up as through a pipe, which ſeems to be let down for that end, at certain ſeaſons, and in ſome particular places, where the water boils up firſt above the ſurface of the briny plain, as a ſignal to thoſe thirſty bladders to make a deſcent there, and ſuck their fill.

If this be true, who knows but that all the rain, to which the earth is indebted for its fertility, comes thus originally from the ſea? for it may be made freſh, either, in its firſt aſcent through the roſcid air, or after its re-

ception into the clouds, by ſome hidden energy of that element, or the natural force of the middle region; or at leaſt by ſome unknown virtue, perhaps not inferior to that by which the waters of a bitter lake in the deſart became ſweet at the interceſſion of our holy prophet, when the whole army of the primitive muſſulmans was like to have periſhed of thirſt.

And then how will the weſtern philoſophers diſpoſe of all the vapours which they ſay are exhaled from this globe, and afterwards condenſed into clouds? I tell thee that is but a looſe notion of ſuch retentive bodies as the clouds ſeem to be: And it would tempt one to aſk, what the veſſels are made of which hold thoſe condenſed exhalations, ſo that they do not fall at once upon our heads and overwhelm us, but only diſtil in ſmall ſucceſſive ſhowers, drop by drop, to refreſh the barren parts of the earth, and ſerve the neceſſities of men: And why the rains fall in the Indies, and other regions of the Eaſt, whole moons together without intermiſſion, the reſt of the year being dry; whereas, in other countries, the periods of the weather's alteration are uncertain, and in ſome parts it ſeldom or never rains at all.

Doubtleſs, the works of the Omnipotent are inſcrutable; and though it may be an argument of a great wit, to give ingenious reaſons for many wonderful appearances in nature, yet it is an evidence of ſmall piety or judgment, to be poſitive in any thing but the acknowledgment of our own ignorance.

Now I have made as wide an excurſion from my firſt diſcourſe, as the Maulla did, who began an oration in praiſe of Noah's ark, and ended with telling a tale of an Armenian wheel-barrow. But I will not forget that I was ſpeaking of the promiſe which the Rotterdam engineer has made of his machine; that it ſhould effectually

break all the force of ſpouts, which would render him very ſerviceable to merchants, as a convoy to defend them from thoſe terrible bugbears to ſailors; for the corſair tells me, that theſe ſpouts very often occaſion ſhipwrecks, either by entangling the maſts of a ſhip, and ſo overturning it, or, by breaking in the encounter, overwhelm it with water, and ſo ſink it.

He ſays likewiſe, that the Chriſtian pirates are accuſtomed to uſe a certain charm againſt theſe ſpouts: They have a knife, whoſe haft is made of the bone of a man's right arm, and every veſſel is bound to provide one or two of theſe knives when they looſe from the ſhore. They buy them of certain perſons who have the character of magicians; and when they ſee a ſpout at ſome diſtance from them at ſea, the maſter of the veſſel, or any body elſe, takes this enchanted knife in his right hand, and holding the book of their goſpel in his left, reads ſome part of it; and when he comes to a certain verſicle which mentions the incarnation of their Meſſiah, he makes a motion with his knife towards the ſpout, as if he would cut it in two; whereupon immediately the ſpout breaks in the middle, and all the incloſed water falls into the ſea.

But I tell thee, he who gives credit to the ſtories of charms, or the projects of men pretending to excel all the reſt of their race, has more faith than is requiſite to him who reads Æſop's Fables, ſince, in peruſing that ingenious figment, we are only deſired to believe the moral.

It is thought by ſome, that this engineer will, by the natural clock-work of his heels, be much more nimble than his veſſel, in flying the diſgrace which will attend him, if his fantaſtic project prove unſucceſsful. In my next thou ſhalt hear of Pachicour.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1653.

XVIII.—*To* MURAT, *Baſſa.*

THE Engliſh at preſent make the greateſt figure and noiſe of all the nations in the Weſt. Spain, Portugal, and even France itſelf, courts the friendſhip of that iſland, ſince the inhabitants have formed themſelves into a commonwealth. It appears as if the Engliſh were but newly awakened to a ſenſe of their own ſtrength, and, by thus rouſing themſelves, had alarmed all their neighbours.

However it be, this king has ſent an ambaſſador to the Engliſh court to break the negotiation of the Spaniards there, and to eſtabliſh a peace between England and France, if poſſible.

One cannot tell what to make of the maxims of theſe infidels; for, at the ſame time, the baniſhed heir of the Engliſh crown takes his ſanctuary in this court, where he is careſſed, and made to believe great things they will do toward his reſtoration. But intereſt ſuperſedes all arguments of affection and conſanguinity: They are more ſolicitous here for the ſucceſs of their embaſſy, than for the right of the poor exiled prince. He is called the King of Scotland, having been ſolemnly crowned in that kingdom ſince the death of his father; and, entering into England with an army of Scots, was routed; and, having narrowly eſcaped the trains that were laid for his liberty and life, at length landed in this kingdom, where he has been entertained with much ſeeming affection. But the dread they are under of the victorious new Engliſh commonwealth, makes them begin to talk of his departure from hence.

The Prince of Conde has taken Rocroy, which was the firſt place where he ſignalized his arms in the infant reign of this king, about ten years ago, which the fu-

perſtitious interpret as an omen of ill luck to the king. This ſort of people are led by maxims void of reaſon, and ſo there is no regard to be given to their obſervations; yet ſome of the wiſer ſort think this will prove a long war.

That which amuſes people moſt, is the ſmall concern the Prince of Conti and the Dutcheſs of Longueville ſhow for their brother's cauſe; for, while the king was on his march againſt the Prince of Conde, they came and ſubmitted themſelves to him, and were received to favour. Thoſe who are apt to ſuſpect an intrigue in every thing, ſay, that this reconciliation is only feigned on their part, it being a means to ſerve their perſecuted brother with greater ſecurity and ſucceſs; others are of opinion, that it is real, eſpecially on the Prince of Conti's part, ſince he and his brother had never any good underſtanding.

There has been a battle lately fought between the French and Spaniſh forces in Italy, wherein the Spaniards loſt twelve hundred men, and the French above half that number of their beſt ſoldiers; ſo that the King of France may ſay, with a famous general, Victories attended with ſo little advantage, will ruin, rather than enlarge an empire.

Baſſa, in the midſt of thy grandeur, I wiſh thee health, which ſweetens the worſt events. As for me, I am like one hovering between two worlds.

Paris, 15th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1653.

XIX.—*To* Apis, *Baſſa.*

The gods of the Nazarenes, one would think, were ſtudying how to perplex their adorers. Theſe weſtern

parts abound with prodigies and ſurpriſing events: More eſpecially the low countries feel the ſtrokes of a hand, which, by making them ſmart, ſeems to put them in mind, they are too high in their own conceit.

For ſeveral weeks we have been alarmed from thence with the tragical ſtories of ſhipwrecks, inundations, tempeſts of thunder and lightning, not uſual at this time of the year; monſtrous ſpectres ſeen riſing out of the ſeas, lakes, and rivers; armies in the air; with comets, and other wonderful apparitions.

The ſtates of the United Provinces have loſt by wreck ſixteen ſhips of war, and thirty-ſeven merchant veſſels. It looks as if Æolus and Neptune, the chief gods of the Hollanders, had entered into a league to puniſh them for ſtruggling againſt their fate, whilſt they maintain a fleet to brave and plunder the Engliſh, under whoſe ſhadow they firſt roſe to the power they ſo ungratefully now poſſeſs.

For beſides theſe loſſes at ſea, the winds and waves have conſpired to break down their very banks, the only guard they have againſt that encroaching element. All the low countries are overwhelmed with water; inſomuch as, five miles within land from Oſtend, there has been found a whale newly caſt up, ſeven times as long as a man.

This the infidels look on as a great prodigy, and the forerunner of ſome ſtrange revolution, though it is but a natural event, and frequently happens in thoſe ſeas where whales are more plentiful. The naturaliſts ſay, that this king of the ſcaly nations never makes his progreſs through the ſeas without his guide, which is a certain ſmall fiſh, that always ſwims before him, and gives him warning of flats and ſhallows, upon which he often ſtrikes, and ſometimes on the main ſhores, if his little guide chance to be

devoured by any other fiſh, or come to other miſhap; and this may be the reaſon why ſo many whales are found on the ſands when the tide ebbs. They ſay alſo, that when this little fiſh is inclined to reſt, it retires into the whale's belly, repoſing itſelf there for ſome time, during which the whale reſts alſo, not daring to venture forward, till his guide comes forth, and leads the way. If this be true, it ſeems as if there were a league or friendſhip contracted between theſe two, they mutually performing all the neceſſary offices of love and gratitude; and how this can be done without ſome ſpecies of reaſon, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the Porte call me Mineſih, or what they pleaſe, I cannot forbear doing this juſtice to the fiſh of the ſea, as well as to the animals on earth, to acknowledge, that either they are endowed with a kind of reaſon, or that faculty which we call ſo in men is no other than ſenſe. If the brutes perform many things without any deliberation or counſel, ſo do moſt men; and no man can demonſtrate, that even thoſe dumb beings do not adviſe and project, before they attempt any thing of moment towards their own preſervation, or the ſervice of others; and if they ſeem to do many things raſhly, it may be attributed to the quickneſs and vivacity of their ſenſe, which needs not the ſlow and phlegmatic methods of human counſel.

Suffer theſe digreſſions, courteous baſſa; and, ſince I have led thee ſo far out of the road, take but another ſtep, and I will ſhow thee a great monarch, who commands millions of men, carried away captive by a ſilly beaſt.

The King of France, the other day, as he was a-hunting, diſcharged a fowling-piece at a partridge on the wing: The bird dropped, and the monarch, eager to

take up his game, gave the reins to his horſe, who ran away with him over a great plain, for the ſpace of half a league; and had not the king fallen off, within ſix paces of a great chaſm or hole in the earth, he would have been carried, for aught I know, to keep company with Horatius Curtius, the venturous Roman, of whoſe exploits thou haſt heard; for the furious ſteed, not being aware of the danger before him, as ſoon as he had caſt the king, gallopped full ſpeed into the gaping precipice, and was never more heard of.

This the prieſts cry up for a miraculous eſcape, and preſage, that the king is reſerved by providence for great things.

The King of Portugal has an ambaſſador here, who in his maſter's name propoſes a match between this king and the infanta of Portugal, proffering four millions of crowns as her dowry: But the court entertains this motion coldly, the cardinal being averſe, for what reaſon is not known; for the infanta has an illuſtrious character, and known to be a princeſs of incomparable virtue.

This miniſter is managing a match of nearer concern to himſelf, deſigning to marry one of his nieces to the Prince of Conti, brother to the Prince of Conde; and it is ſaid, this prince receives the cardinal's propoſals with leſs ſcorn, than did the Count of Soiſſons thoſe of Cardinal Richlieu on the like occaſion.

Here is a rumour, as if the Prince of Conde would be condemned by a proceſs of parliament, and that he will be put to death in effigy.

This indignity is common among the infidels, who eſteem whatſoever honour or diſgrace is ſhown to images, as done to the perſons whom they repreſent. They have no other excuſe for their worſhip of things made by the

hands of men like themſelves, but that it is purely relative, and centres in the prototype.

In the mean time, the Prince of Conde's friends and well-wiſhers ſmile at his imaginary death, knowing, that, if no effectual ſtroke of fate carry him out of the world, he will be at the head of a potent army in the ſpring, to put many to death in reality, and by the edge of the ſword, who fight for his enemies.

A while ago, a man was impriſoned here by his own folly, having voluntarily declared, that he was hired by this prince to aſſaſſinate Cardinal Mazarini.

I have formerly ſpoken of the Count d'Harcourt, and the diſgrace he was in at this court, for not continuing the ſiege of Londa, a ſtrong hold of the Spaniards in Catalonia. This general is a brave man, and has done eminent ſervices to the crown of France. It is no wonder, therefore, that he laid to heart the coldneſs and contempt with which he was received at his return from that unfortunate campaign. Great ſouls are to be careſſed with more than ordinary affection, in their adverſe fortunes; and faithful ſervants ought not to be reproached with every falſe ſtep, or ill ſucceſs in their affairs. The count, reſenting ill the king's carriage towards him, removed himſelf from the court, and then out of the kingdom, deſigning, as is ſuppoſed, to ſerve the Emperor of Germany.

Laſt week his two ſons, that were detained as hoſtages in this city, made their eſcape; the Duke of Lorrain having promiſed to give the eldeſt his daughter in marriage.

That duke roves up and down like a freebooter, with an army of banditti at his heels.

Renowned Aſis, I make an humble and affectionate obeiſance; wiſhing thee as many years of life, as thou canſt paſs without languiſhing for death.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1653.

XX.—*To* DGEBE NAFIR, *Baſſa.*

THOU ſucceedeſt a righteous miniſter, Chiurgi Muhammet: I wiſh thee a ſurpluſage of happineſs, which thou wilt not fail to poſſeſs, if thou inheriteſt the virtues of that baſſa, as well as his office. May his ſoul now taſte the reward of his juſt life; and I doubt not but he has made an happy experience of my wiſhes. He ſits down in quiet under the trees of Eden, his head encompaſſed with a garland of flowers, which never fade, veſted with the immarceſcible crimſon, and purple of paradiſe: He repoſes on his bed of delights, whilſt beautiful pages ſerve him in veſſels of gold, ſet round with ſapphires and emeralds: He drinks the delectable wine which never inebriates, and eats of the fruits, every morſel of which prolongs his life for a thouſand ages: He hears nothing but the voices of ſuch as are full of benediction and joy: The virgins of paradiſe ſalute him with a grace which cannot be expreſſed: They chant to the new-come gueſt ſongs of immortal love; to the ſtranger from earth, they tell their paſſion in ſtrains which raviſh his heart: He is diſſolved in a thouſand eeſtacies. This is the reward of a pious muſſulman, a wiſe miniſter, a juſt judge of the faithful. Follow his example, and thou ſhalt be tranſlated into his company; for he is in a goodly place, near the ſpring-head of perfect bliſs.

Thou wilt expect ſome news from me, as a teſtimony of my reſpect; and I cannot pretend there is none ſtirring, at a juncture when all this part of the world is ſo full of action, or at leaſt of counſels.

Here has been great rejoicings lately for the taking of St. Menehoud, a ſtrong town in the hands of the Prince of Conde. All the officers of the French King's army endeavoured to diſſuade him from the ſiege of this place;

but Cardinal Mazarini over-ruled their arguments, and, having reproved their groundleſs fears, cauſed it to be inveſted and attacked the 22d of the 10th moon. Some ſay he had a party there, yet it held out till the 27th of the laſt moon, at which time it was ſurrendered upon articles to the king, who was there in perſon, with his brother the young Duke of Anjou, the queen, the cardinal, and the whole court: They returned to this city the 9th of this preſent moon.

They were received with great acclamations and ſeeming joy, by thoſe who would have triumphed more heartily, had they been defeated, or forced to raiſe the ſiege; for the citizens of Paris wiſh well to the Prince of Conde's arms, not ſo much out of love to him, as in hatred of his enemy, the cardinal miniſter; and they are ſenſible, that this ſucceſsful ſiege will redound wholly to the cardinal's honour, by whoſe ſole orders the place was inveſted.

It is diſcourſed, as if this miniſter has ſome new deſign on foot, to conquer the kingdom of Naples: This is certain, a mighty fleet is fitting out to ſea; whither bound, no man knows but thoſe of the cabinet, among whom the cardinal is chief.

In the mean while, the common people liſten after certain prodigies that have been ſeen in the air: They ſay, a flaming ſword appeared lately to riſe in the north, and take its courſe ſouth-eaſtward; from whence people make various prognoſtics, as their paſſions or intereſts inſpire them. Some are of opinion, it preſages the conqueſt of Naples by this king's arms; others apply it to the new commonwealth of England, and to the victorious ſword of Oliver, who, from general of the Engliſh army, is now, in this very moon, exalted to the height of ſovereign power, governing the nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under the title of their Protector.

Here are divers of his ſubjects in this city, and other Engliſh, Scots, and Iriſh, who embrace the intereſt of Charles, the ſon of their late murdered king, who has been ſince crowned King of the Scots. They give a different character of Oliver; yet all agree that he is a wiſe ſtateſman and a great general.

The Scots King's party ſpeak contemptibly of Oliver's birth and education; yet thou knoweſt this hinders not but he may be a man of courage and virtue. They relate many odd paſſages of his youth, which ſeem to me ſo many evidences of an extraordinary genius, and that he is a perſon of a deep reach.

He tampered with ſeveral religious factions in England, counterfeiting an exquiſite piety, whereby he firſt raiſed himſelf a name among the zealots of that nation, who looked upon him there as a very holy perſon, and one marked out by deſtiny for great undertakings.

He ſoon got a conſiderable command in the army of the revolters, where he ſignalized himſelf by many brave actions, which ſpoke him a man of an invincible courage, and admirable conduct; ſo that at length none was thought more fit than he to be general. In fine, he acquitted himſelf ſo gallantly in that high office, and has ſo wrought himſelf into the affections of the people, that they now look upon him as a prophet or ſaviour; and the divan, or parliament of that nation, have conferred on him the ſovereign authority.

Thoſe of the Engliſh, which are affected to his intereſt, ſpeak great things in his praiſe; they call him another Moſes or Joſhua; they prefer him to Hannibal, Scipio, and even to the great Alexander. It is difficult for them to ſpeak of him without hyperboles. It is ſaid the King of France will court his friendſhip. Indeed all the neighbouring countries ſtand in awe of this ſuc-

ceſsful hero; and the Hollanders, who are the only people that durſt engage in a war with the Engliſh commonwealth, now ſeek for peace, ſince he is inveſted with the ſupreme authority.

In the mean time, the poor exiled King of the Scots takes ſanctuary in this court, with his mother the late Queen of England, and his brother, whom they call the Duke of York. The French King allows them all very conſiderable penſions; and the latter has ſome command in the army in Flanders. There is another brother alſo, but little talked of as yet, being the youngeſt of the three.

They are generouſly entertained here, it being the peculiar honour of this court to be an hoſpitable refuge to princes in diſtreſs: Yet obſerving men ſay, the king will in time grow weary of his royal gueſts, it being very chargeable to maintain them and their burdenſome retinue. Beſides, he will have ſome reaſon of ſtate to diſcard them, if he enters into a league with Oliver, the new Engliſh ſovereign, who is courted on all hands.

Eliachim the Jew (of whom thou wilt hear in the divan) is juſt come into my chamber, and brings me word, that there is an expreſs newly arrived, who informs the queen of a defeat given to the Spaniards near a city called Rozes, which they had beſieged, in Catalonia. The French were going to the relief of this place, and the Spaniards ſet upon them in their march, but were beaten into their trenches, from whence they fled by night, leaving three hundred Spaniards on the ſpot, almoſt two thouſand priſoners, and all their cannon and baggage.

This has put the court into a jolly humour: Nothing but revelling and dancing employs their time, the young king taking great delight in balls, maſques, and ſuch recreations, having left off hunting, ever ſince his horſe

ran away with him in the tenth moon of this year, after he had ſhot a partridge, whereof I have ſpoken already in one of my letters.

The great God preſerve thee from precipices, poiſon, the glances of a witch, and from being canonized a martyr in a ſtring; and for other deaths, thou haſt virtues enough to encounter them bravely.

Paris, 30th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1653.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.—*To* BEDREDIN, *Superior of the Convent of Derviſes, at Cogni in Natolia.*

WHEN I firſt opened thy venerable letter, my heart on a ſudden became freſh as a garden of roſes, or a field of cinnamon and myrrh, whoſe odours are exhaled by the weſt wind; in my breaſt there ſprung up a fountain of joy, ſerene as cryſtal, and refreſhing as the waters of Euphrates.

I contemplate thee as a cedar among the trees of the foreſt, or as the durable oak of the deſart. May Heaven prolong thy life till the ſound of the trumpet.

The commands with which thou haſt honoured me came in an acceptable hour; I have received them with a complacency which I cannot expreſs; my eyes were ſo fixed on the lines of great purity, that I could not for a long time take them off. Thou haſt hit the mark of my affection, in employing me to write what the moſt impartial hiſtorians ſay of Jeſus, the ſon of Mary, the Chriſtian Meſſias.

That holy prophet was honoured by his very enemies.

Joſephus, a learned Jew, who lived in his time, and wrote the hiſtory of that nation, makes worthy mention of him.

So did many of the Gentile philoſophers, though they oppoſed his diſciples and followers. Porphyry, whom the Chriſtians commonly repute as a bitter enemy to their profeſſion, yet calls Jeſus wiſe, bleſſed, and divine. That ſage was exaſperated againſt a certain ſect of Nazarenes in his time, whom they called Gnoſtics: Theſe corrupted the doctrines of Plato, and the theology of the ancients, wantonly mixing human fables with divine truths. Againſt theſe Porphyry ſharpened his pen, and, not making a difference between them and other Chriſtians, drew upon himſelf the ill-will of them all: Yet he retained a profound attachment for the Meſſias.

Wouldſt thou know the circumſtances of this holy prophet's birth? They were glorious, even in obſcurity; for, though his father and mother were then upon the road to Jeruſalem, ſtrangers at Bethlehem, and forced for want of room in the caravancera to lodge in a ſtable with an ox and an aſs, where the Meſſias was born, and laid in a manger; yet, in this contemptible ſtate, there came ſome of the magi out of Perſia and Chaldea, who brought preſents to the holy infant; and having laid at his feet gold, myrrh, and incenſe, they proſtrated themſelves on the ground, and praiſed God, the Moſt High King of all, in that he had honoured them with a ſight of the Meſſias.

This was in the 43d year of the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar the Roman emperor, at which time one Herod was preſident of Judea. This man being informed that certain noble ſtrangers were come out of the eaſt to Je-

ruſalem, he ſent for them, and inquiring the occaſion of ſo tedious a journey, they gave him this anſwer:

"Peace be to thee, O Sultan! There was of old time a prophet of great fame in our nation, who, among other predictions that have ſince come to paſs, left alſo this in writing:

"That in Paleſtine ſhould be born a child of heavenly race, who ſhould rule over the greateſt part of the world, and by this ſign ye ſhall know the time and place of his birth: A ſtrange ſtar ſhall appear in the firmament, which ſhall direct you to the very houſe where you may find him. When, therefore, ye ſhall behold this ſtar, take gold, myrrh, and incenſe, and following the conduct of the ſtar, go and offer theſe gifts to the young child; then return immediately to your own country, leſt ſome grievous calamity befal you.

"Now, this ſtar has appeared to us, we are come to perform what was commanded us."

Herod ſaid to them, "Ye have done well. Go, therefore, and ſeek diligently for the infant; and when ye have found him, come and tell me, that I may go and pay him homage alſo."

But they never returned to him again; wherefore Herod in his anger and jealouſy commanded all the infants in Bethlehem to be ſtrangled, that had not been born above four-and-twenty moons. But the father and the mother of the Holy Infant fled away with him into the land where it never rains, the ſame night that the magi came.

What I here relate to thee, ſage Bedredin, is taken out of approved hiſtorians; for many among the Gentiles wrote of theſe things beſides the Chriſtians.

There was a Roman philoſopher much about the ſame time, a man in great eſteem with Cæſar, to whom he

wrote a letter, wherein he mentions the coming of the magi after this manner: "Certain oriental Perſians (ſays he) have ſet foot within the limits of thy empire, bringing preſents fit only for kings, to a certain child, newly born in the country of the Jews; but who this infant is, or whoſe ſon, we are yet ignorant."

Thou ſeeſt, O pious derviſe, that the Meſſias appeared with no ſmall luſtre, even in his cradle; and in his early years he entered into the temple, and diſputed with the Hebrew rabbis, convincing them of an univerſal defection from the primitive law of Moſes, declaring himſelf the Meſſias, and yet in profound humility acknowledging, That a prophet ſhould come after him, who ſhould be preferred before him, the duſt of whoſe feet he was not worthy to kiſs. This paſſage the Chriſtians have perverted to another ſenſe; but the true faithful know it was ſpoken only of Mahomet, the ſeal of the prophets.

The time would fail me, to recount all the ſtupendous actions of this man's life; and, in calling him man, I imitate his own example, ſince throughout the goſpel he never called himſelf God, or the ſon of God, as the Chriſtians do, but moſt frequently gave himſelf the title of the Son of Man. He turned water into wine, fed five thouſand people with five cakes and two ſmall tenches, healed all diſeaſes, reſtored ſight to them that were born blind, raiſed the dead, went inviſibly through crowds of his enemies, and, finally, was taken up into paradiſe.

If thou wouldſt know more of this holy prophet, there are hiſtorians who ſay he was initiated in the myſteries of the Eſſenes, a certain ſect among the Jews.

That nation, it ſeems, was then divided into ſeven claſſes, among which this of the Eſſenes was none of the leaſt conſiderable, as being the moſt religious obſervers of the law: Their converſation was full of humanity,

both among themſelves and toward ſtrangers; avoiding pleaſures as enemies to the mind, and eſteeming chaſtity the very cement of all virtues: therefore they deſpiſed marriage, as an entanglement to men devoted to contemplation. They had alſo an equal contempt for riches: No man of this ſect called any thing his own, though it were his lawful inheritance, but their poſſeſſions were in common, and equally diſtributed.

It was among their myſteries, to anoint their bodies frequently with oil, and as often to waſh them with running water. They neither bought nor ſold, nor frequented the public places, but every one communicated freely ſuch things as he poſſeſſed, to him that ſtood in need. Thus there was a reciprocal exchange of kindneſſes and aſſiſtance, according to every one's faculty and power. They were very aſſiduous in watching, faſting, and prayer, curious in obſerving the various names of the angels, which they frequently repeated, invocating thoſe happy beings as the miniſters of the King Eternal: And thoſe who were exerciſed in this kind of religious life, arrived to ſo great a conſtancy of mind, that neither racks, fire, ſword, or any other tortures, could ever move them to renounce their law, or ſpeak the leaſt word in contempt of their inſtitution; nay, they would rather ſuffer martyrdom, than be prevailed on to taſte of any thing that had life in it; for they were ſtrict obſervers of the law, which commands perpetual abſtinence from the fleſh of animals.

It was an eſtabliſhed article of their faith, that as ſoon as the union of ſoul and body was diſſolved by death, the former by a natural inclination aſcends to the ſkies, even as ſparks fly upward, when freed from the groſs earthly matter in which they lay impriſoned.

I have here given thee a ſhort and true character of

the Eſſenes, of which ſect all Chriſtians own the Meſſias to be a favourer, if not a member, in regard he no where is recorded to have upbraided them, as he often did the Phariſees, Sadducees, Herodians, and the reſt.

Time will not permit me to ſay more at preſent concerning that venerable prophet; but, if thou wouldſt have a perfect idea of all his virtues and ſanctity of life, turn thy eyes inward, and fix them on thyſelf, for thou art a lively tranſcript of the holy Jeſus.

Paris, 1ſt of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1654.

II.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI.

THOU haſt heard of the Jeſuits, an order of Nazarene derviſes: All Europe abounds with them; and they have attempted to ſettle themſelves at the Sublime Porte, and ſeveral places of Aſia, beſides their actual poſſeſſions in the Indies, where they are very numerous and powerful. They are eſteemed the richeſt order of the Roman church, though the conſtitutions of their founder oblige them to perpetual poverty. But what will not the ſacred hunger of gold tempt men to? For the ſake of this charming metal, they can diſpenſe with antiquated laws and dull melancholy vows.

Theſe religious perſons have lately ſpread about a letter in print, which they pretend comes from one of their order in Armenia.

This diſpatch relates a ſtrange accident that has happened at the ſepulchre of our holy prophet (upon whom reſt the favours of the Eternal); for it affirms, that in the eighth moon of the laſt year, the ſhrine which contains the body of that heavenly miſſioner, fell from the roof of the ſacred moſque, to which they ſay it adhered by virtue of

a magnet faſtened in the centre of the arch; and that at the ſame time the pavement of the temple opened, and ſwallowed up that venerable ark, wherein were repoſited the moſt holy relicks in the world; and that from the chaſm there iſſued out a flame like that of ſulphur, accompanied with ſuch a ſmoke and intolerable ſtench, as cauſed all the pilgrims that were preſent to ſwoon away; whereupon many of them are ſince turned Chriſtians.

This forgery is believed here by thoſe who never examine any thing their prieſts tell them, but take all on truſt. The common people bleſs themſelves in that they were born of Chriſtian parents, and not of the diſciples of that wicked impoſtor; ſo they blaſpheme the man, in whom the promiſes of their Meſſias are verified, when he ſaid, He would intercede with God to ſend a prophet who ſhould lead them into all truth.

They would never be at the pains or coſt to examine whether the foundation of this ſtory be true or falſe. All the muſſulmans who have been at that holy of holies know, that the body of our divine lawgiver repoſes in a ſepulchre, built after the ſame manner as the tombs of our auguſt emperors, and other dormitories of the great; only with this difference, that it ſurpaſſes all the monuments of the world in the invaluable richneſs of its ornaments, the gifts of devout muſſulman princes. There appears always ſuch an inſupportable luſtre of gold and precious ſtones, in every angle of that myſterious receſs, as may well dazzle the eyes of mortal ſpectators, ſince the angels themſelves are forced to be veiled within thoſe majeſtic walls.

Hence it is not hard to ſuppoſe, that the circular refractions of ſuch a glittering orb of jewels might create the reſemblance of a tomb ſuſpended in the air, or cleaving

to the roof of that glorious edifice, deceiving the eyes of ſome ignorant, but devout muſſulmans, from whom this magnetic fable firſt took its origin. However it be, no man of common faith, or but ordinary ſenſe, will believe, that God, who has for ſo many ages protected the ſepulchre of his apoſtle and favourite, verifying therein the prophecy of Mahomet himſelf, who foretold, as did other prophets before him, That the place of his reſt ſhould be glorious, and that the greateſt monarchs of the earth ſhould viſit it: I ſay, no man will believe that God would at length ſuffer ſo vile a diſgrace to happen to the tomb of his meſſenger, the refuge of ſinners.

But the Nazarenes will believe any thing, ſave the truth: They are given up to a ſpirit of deluſion and error, incapable of light and inſtruction.

Thus I leave them till the day of alarm, and the hour of ſcrutiny, when the angels of the teſt ſhall enter the graves, and, having made experiment of every man's works and faith, ſhall give the juſt a regiſter of their virtues in their right hand, but to the wicked, in their left hand, a black record of their ſins.

In the mean time, I proſtrate myſelf before thee, begging, that when thou turneſt thy face to the houſe of Ibrahim, and the tomb of the prophet, thou wilt ſend up one ejaculation for Mahmut, that he may perſevere in ſhunning the errors of the infidels.

Paris, 19th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1654.

III.—*To* Cara Hali, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

Since what I wrote laſt in behalf of the brute animals is ſo acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy requeſt in continuing that diſcourſe.

It is certain the ancients had another opinion of the beaſts than theſe French philoſphers, who deny them the uſe of reaſon. Socrates uſed to ſwear by the animal generations, and ſo did Rhadamanthus before him: The Egyptians formed the images of their gods in the ſimilitude of beaſts, or birds, or fiſhes: So the Grecians fixed the horns of a ram on the head of Jupiter's ſtatue, and thoſe of a bull on the image of Bacchus: They compounded the image of Pan of a man and a goat; painted the Muſes and Graces with wings; and the poet Pindar makes all the gods winged, and diſguiſes them in the ſhapes of ſeveral beaſts, when in his hymns he introduces them chaſed by Tryphon. Thou knoweſt alſo, that our holy doctors affirm the angel Gabriel to have wings, with one of which he once gave a mark to the moon.

When the poets bring in Jupiter courting Paſiphae, he appears in the form of a bull; and in his other amours, if we may believe them, he changed himſelf ſometimes into a ſwan, then into an eagle: They report alſo, that he was ſuckled by a goat.

For theſe, and other reaſons, the ancients not only forbore to injure their fellow-animals, but entertained them with ſingular affection and friendſhip. A dove was the darling of Semiramis; a dog was the joy of Cyrus; Philip King of Macedon made a ſwan his companion; and our holy lawgiver was often wont to ſport himſelf with a cat: He loved this creature for its cleanlineſs and activity, and therefore we muſſulmans generally have a cat in great eſteem and veneration.

That favourite of God underſtood the language of beaſts, and converſed as familiarly with them as with men: So it is famed of Melampus, and Tireſias of old, as alſo of Apollonius Tyanæus, who affirmed to his friend ſitting by him, that a ſparrow, which he heard

chirping to his fellows, told them of an aſs which he had ſeen fall down with his load a little way off from that place. It is alſo recorded of a boy, who underſtood all the voices of birds, and by that means could foretel things to come, that his mother, by pouring urine into his ears when he was aſleep, deprived him of this incomparable gift, for fear he ſhould be taken from her, and preſented to the king. There is no queſtion, but ſeveral nations have a certain knowledge of the ſpeech of ſome animals: My countrymen, by a peculiar gift beſtowed on our fathers and their poſterity for ever, underſtand the language of crows and eagles; and the ancients were ſo well verſed in this knowledge, that when they converſed with the birds, or at leaſt when they heard them in their language utter preſages of what ſhould ſhortly happen on earth, they perſuaded themſelves that thoſe birds were the meſſengers of the gods: Therefore the eagle was ſuppoſed to be the meſſenger of Jupiter, the crow and hawk of Apollo, the ſtork of Juno, the owl of Minerva, and ſo of others.

It is evident that our common huntſmen underſtand the different voices of their dogs, when at a diſtance they ſignify by one kind of cry, that they are queſting after the hare; by another, that they have found her; by a third, that they have taken her, or that ſhe is turned to the right hand, or to the left. So thoſe, who look after cattle, know by the voice of the bull when he is hungry, thirſty, or weary, or when he is ſtung with luſt; ſo by the roaring of the lion, the howling of wolves, the bleating of ſheep, men are made ſenſible of the various wants, inclinations, and paſſions of thoſe creatures.

Nor are theſe animals ignorant of our language, but by our voices or words they know when we are angry or pleaſed, when we call them to us, or drive them from

us; and our domeſtic animals obey accordingly, with as much promptneſs and alacrity as a man or maid-ſervant; all which could not be, if they were not endowed with faculties conformable to ours. They alſo teach their young ones to ſing artificially: In a litter of dogs, huntſmen chooſe the beſt by this experiment; they take all the whelps from the bitch, and carry them to ſome place a little diſtant; then they obſerve which ſhe firſt carries back again, and thoſe always prove the beſt dogs. What is this diſtinguiſhing faculty in the bitch but reaſon, or ſomething like it?

We ſee apparently, that every living creature knows its own weakneſs or ſtrength, and knows how to uſe moſt dexterouſly thoſe weapons with which nature has furniſhed it for its own defence. They are alſo ſenſible what places are moſt convenient for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the weakeſt creatures, as dogs and cats, live altogether in houſes and cities with men; whilſt the lions, tygers, and ſuch fierce animals, dwell in the deſart: Thus ſparrows and ſwallows make themſelves almoſt domeſtic with men; whilſt eagles, hawks, vultures, and other birds of prey, build their neſts in woods or rocks, remote from human ſociety. Some birds change their habitations at certain ſeaſons of the year, as beſt ſuits with their convenience; others always remain in the ſame place. The ſame is obſerved in fiſhes; and in all living creatures it is eaſy to trace the footſteps of prudence and forecaſt, in order to their own preſervation. Let men call this what they pleaſe, inſtinct, or nature, or ſenſe, it is evident, that there is an exact conformity and reſemblance between theſe faculties in brutes, and what we call reaſon, wiſdom, or prudence in men: And we have no more ground to conclude them void of reaſon, becauſe they do not enjoy it in that perfection as

ourſelves, than we have to conclude ourſelves blind or deaf, becauſe we ſee not ſo clearly, and hear not ſo readily as the brutes; and that we have no legs, becauſe we run not ſo ſwift as ſome of them do.

Doubtleſs the brutes are endowed with a faculty of reaſon as well as we; but this faculty in them is weak and imperfect, for want of diſcipline and art, which poliſh all things. This is manifeſt from thoſe creatures which are taught to dance and play a thouſand tricks, to tell money, to ſhoot off guns, to find out hidden things, and bring them ſome miles to their maſter, as well educated ſpaniels will do. What can be a greater argument of the proficiency they make in reaſon and knowledge? Are not elephants taught all the arts of war, and placed in the very front of the battle? Do not the Indian princes repoſe as much truſt in their carriage and conduct, as in the ſervice of their ſtouteſt and wiſeſt commanders? This creature is as tractable and prompt to learn any thing when young, as a boy at ſchool, which cannot be done without the uſe of reaſon.

To conclude; I have omitted five hundred arguments, which might be brought to prove the brute animals to have ſouls as well as we, to have faculties and affections conformable to ours; and therefore it is little leſs injuſtice to kill and eat them, becauſe they cannot ſpeak and converſe with us, than it would be for a cannibal to murder and devour thee or me, becauſe we underſtood not his language, nor he ours.

God, who locketh up the winds, during the time the halcyon hatcheth her young, thereby ſhowing that this bird is his favourite, will aſſuredly grant us a perpetual tranquillity, if we abſtain from injuring our fellow-animals.

Paris, 22d of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1654.

IV.—*To* MUSTAPHA, *Berber Aga, at the Seraglio.*

THOU haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of the Duke of Lorrain, and his ſeveral loſſes, which moſt people thought would have ended with the excommunication pronounced againſt him by the Roman mufti, whereof I gave thee intelligence: But experience teaches us, that misfortunes ſeldom ſet upon any man ſingly, but aſſault him in troops whom fate has marked out for ruin. Yet this prince owes his ſufferings chiefly to his own inconſtancy, whilſt he has all along played faſt and looſe with the kings of France and Spain, taking up arms by ſucceſſive turns for one, and at the ſame time underhand practiſing with the other, always unfaithful to both, and only driving on an independent intereſt of his own.

This is his true character; to which we may add, an ungovernable diſpoſition, and an inſatiable thirſt of money, which has prompted him, by all the methods of rapine and violence, to heap up an incredible treaſure of gold and jewels; ſo that having procured the enmity of ſeveral monarchs, the jealouſy of his laſt maſter the King of Spain, the ill will of his own brother (whom they call Duke Francis), and the curſes of all people wherever his army has been quartered, he is at length ſeized and impriſoned by Archduke Leopold, in the caſtle of Antwerp; for which joyful news the inhabitants of the Spaniſh Netherlands every where made bonfires for joy. He was confined on the 25th of the laſt moon; and ſoon after his ſecond wife was taken into cuſtody, that by her means they may diſcover his papers and money; this latter being the chief thing they aim at, he being reputed prodigiouſly rich, and the Spaniſh coffers want a ſupply. They connived at his robberies, whilſt there was any thing left for him to plunder, and that they ſaw

he hoarded up; but now he has done his work, they puniſh him for the crimes which they themſelves encouraged, that ſo they may become maſters of his wealth. It is ſaid he brooked his reſtraint very well at firſt; but a while ago, being denied the liberty of the caſtle walls, he grew raving mad, flung a candleſtick (which was all the weapons they allowed him) at the governor's head, and broke the windows of his lodgings; ſo that they have been forced to confine him to a hole, without any light, ſave a little that finds admittance through an iron grate at the top of the room.

His brother Francis of Lorrain is to command the army in his ſtead, who pretends great fidelity to the Houſe of Auſtria, yet may in the iſſue prove as wavering as his brother; for the King of France has baits would tempt the virtue of an angel. Yet nothing ſhall ever corrupt the integrity of Mahmut the muſſulman, on whoſe forehead fate has engraven this motto, Prepared to ſuffer.

I bluſh, ſerene Aga, when I think I am ſo barren of virtues, that I have nothing elſe to boaſt of but my loyalty; whilſt thouſands of illuſtrious ſouls, crowned with a circle of merits, daily aſcend to paradiſe; and though they made but an obſcure figure on earth, even as contemptible as the exiled Arabian in his hutch at Paris, yet now take their ſeats among the hundred and twenty-four thouſand prophets, favourites of the Eternal.

Mayeſt thou increaſe that happy number, but not till thou haſt had thy fill of bliſs on earth; and that all thy enjoyments here ſeem like the perfumes of ointments, which, though they pleaſe for a time, yet at length cloy the ſenſe.

Paris, 22d of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1654.

V.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

Do not ſuſpect me of partiality, or that I am fond of making proſelytes, becauſe I take ſuch pains to reſtore thee to reaſon, and make thee ſenſible thou art a man. I have no deſign or ſelf-intereſt in doing thee this good office, and it is remote from my humour to buſy myſelf in gaining converts; only the love of truth ſets my pen at work in this manner, being ever of the mind, that a free diſquiſition, in matters either of religion or philoſophy, is the only way to get quit of errors. Perhaps my caſe may be the ſame as thine; and, for ought thou knoweſt, I ſeek not more to undeceive thee, than to ſatisfy myſelf, by thus frankly venting my thoughts; ſince nothing is more commonly obſerved, than that whilſt a man is teaching another, he improves himſelf. Our memories are frail and treacherous, and we think many excellent things, which, for want of making a deep impreſſion, we can never recover afterwards; in vain we hunt for the ſtraggling idea, and rummage all the ſolitudes and retirements of our ſoul, for a loſt thought, which has left no track or footſtep behind it; the ſwift offspring of the mind is gone; it is dead as ſoon as born, nay, often proves abortive in the moment it was conceived. The only way therefore to retain our thoughts, is, to faſten them in words, and chain them in writing. This is one cauſe that I trouble thee with letters of this nature, that, whilſt I am inſtructing thee, I may eſtabliſh my own reaſon, and confirm myſelf in the method I have taken, to live according to my nature; that is, by not ſuffering my rational faculties to fall aſleep, whilſt my paſſions are active and vigorous in working my ruin; for I reckon no greater ſhame or misfortune can befal a

man, than to be deprived of his humanity, that is, his reaſon.

What I have ſaid concerning the perfidiouſneſs of our memories, may ſerve as a proper introduction to the objections I ſhall make againſt your traditionary laws.

If one aſk you, Why theſe laws were not written as well as the other? you anſwer, That God took care in this, leſt the Gentiles getting copies of them, ſhould corrupt and pervert their ſenſe, even as they have done the written laws. But how then came he to ſuffer any to be written? Had he not equal care of one part as of the other? or, could the Gentiles do more harm, by altering and corrupting the leſs ſubſtantial traditions, than the very fundamental ſtatutes? for that theſe unwritten laws contained only circumſtantials, your doctors themſelves confeſs. What man of common ſenſe then can ſit down contented with ſo trivial an anſwer? Or will you ſay, that God took more care to preſerve theſe traditions incorrupt from the Gentiles, than to retain them in their purity among the Jews? for that committing them to writing had been the ſureſt way to retain them in their original purity, is evident by the preſervation of the written law, of which there was ſo great care taken in tranſcribing it, that if but a letter or a point were added, diminiſhed, or miſplaced, they took it for a fatal omen of ſome calamity, and the faulty ſcribes were ſeverely puniſhed, nay, the whole congregation were bound to expiate the offence by faſting, prayers, and alms; ſo that it was in a manner impoſſible, that, with all this circumſpection, the leaſt corruption or alteration ſhould creep into the written law.

I appeal now to thine own reaſon, whether this was not a much ſecurer way of preſerving the laws incorrupt, than by truſting them to the fickle memories of men.

Beſides, I would fain know what became of theſe traditions during the various captivities of the Jews, and depopulations of the Holy Land? Who took care to deliver theſe traditions unaltered to poſterity, when they were without prieſts, prophets, or ſynagogues, when they were diſperſed over the remote provinces of Media, Perſia, Egypt, and Babylon? In thoſe days, your fathers were ſlaves to the Gentile kings of Aſia; there were then no ſeniors ſitting in the Sanhedrim, who might take care of theſe things; neither do I find, that Eſdras the ſcribe was any ways concerned for theſe traditions, when he, with his brethren the Jews, returned from their long captivity in Perſia and Babylon. All his moſt ſtrenuous endeavours were employed in recovering the loſt books of the written law, without ſo much as regarding or mentioning the other; from whence I gather, that either theſe traditions were of no great importance, or, if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the moſt part, changed or loſt many hundreds of years before the Talmud was firſt compoſed, which thou ſayeſt is the grand repoſitory of theſe ſacred inſtructions. And in ſaying ſo, thou contradicteſt thy own arguments; for if theſe traditions were appointed to be tranſmitted by word of mouth from father to ſon to all generations, as you ſuppoſe, then what need was there of writing them in the Talmud, or any other book? And yet the writings of your rabbis are full of them. Thus thou confoundeſt thyſelf, and runneſt blindfold round in a circle of abſurdities.

Rouſe up therefore thy reaſon, and ſuffer not thyſelf to be hoodwinked by the fables of your rabbis, thoſe induſtrious midwives of old womens tales. Doubtleſs thoſe traditions, about which you make ſuch a buſtle, are no other than the whimſies of your cabaliſts, who pretend

to ſpy more myſteries in the order of two or three Hebrew letters or points, than they are able to unfold in whole volumes: They crack their brains in conjuring up far-fetched interpretations, from the particular faſhion and placing of one ſingle daſh of a pen; they puzzle and amuſe their diſciples with teaching them more knotty and romantic divinity out of the four-and-twenty letters, than ever Pythagoras did with all his myſtic numbers; the alphabet to them is the oracle of theology; they have turned the law into a perfect riddle.

Believe not, therefore, theſe religious mountebanks, thoſe holy jugglers, who with their ſanctified legerdemain would turn you into apes, that they may laugh in ſecret at your folly; while they behold how preciſely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, braying, and all your other antick poſtures and actions in the ſynagogue; in the practice of which you have beſtowed ſo much care, and are ſo exact, that you quite neglect the weighty points of the law.

I hope what I have ſaid is ſufficient to convince thee, that thoſe traditions, which you are taught to believe were delivered to Moſes in the Mount of God, are no other than the impoſitions of your blind guides, who are ſtudious of nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual labyrinth of ſuperſtition and error.

It will not be a greater difficulty to demonſtrate, that the written law itſelf, though divine in its original, is not of univerſal obligation to all people, but only calculated for your particular nation, and ſuch as were willing to enter into your intereſts, among the nations adjacent to the Holy Land.

And becauſe my time haſtens me, I will only ſuggeſt one argument for all, and leave it to thy deliberation; Whether it was poſſible for all mankind to repair once a-

year to Jeruſalem, to ſacrifice in Solomon's Temple, as is required in your law? For that it was not lawful to ſacrifice any where elſe is evident, both from the law itſelf, which expreſsly forbids it, and from the example of your fathers in their ſeveral captivities, and from your own practice at this day, who have made no ſacrifice ſince the days of Titus Veſpaſian, the Roman emperor, who laid waſte your city, and burnt your temple to aſhes.

And this may alſo ſerve to convince thee, that the law of Moſes was not of perpetual obligation, even to the Jews themſelves; ſince it is evident from matters of fact, that, for theſe ſixteen hundred years, you have not been in a capacity to keep it; and, doubtleſs, God would never require any thing of men, which he foreſaw they would not be able to perform.

Ceaſe then to think ſo highly of thy nation, as if none but they were the elect of God, or capable of his favours; ceaſe to inſult over the reſt of mankind, and to curſe thy brethren, the ſons of one father, even Noah, the juſt man and prophet of God. Behold the ſun and moon, with all the conſtellations in Heaven; their influences are equally diſperſed to all of human race. Behold the elements; they ſerve all the ſons of Adam alike; they are not partial to mortals, neither does any faction bias the winds and rain. Theſe happen all at their appointed time and place; and the four ſeaſons of the year return with even courſes to the inhabitants of the four quarters of the world. The plants know no difference between the circumciſed and the uncircumciſed, but yield their increaſe with equal indifferency to the one and the other; and the brute animals equally acknowledge both for their lords: The birds of the air are as ſoon caught by a Heathen, Chriſtian, or Mahometan fowler, as by one that is a Jew; and the fiſh of the ſea,

when they ſwallow the hook, or plunge themſelves into the net, regard not the difference of religion in thoſe that catch them. All things happen to every man according to their nature and the pleaſure of deſtiny; only man himſelf tranſgreſſes the condition of his being. But thoſe that obey the Eternal Lawgiver, let them be of what nation or religion ſoever, doubtleſs they live happily, and die in peace.

However, leſt men ſhould err for want of knowledge, a light is ſprung forth in the Eaſt, even the book of glory, which confirms the written law, and inſtructs men in the truth. Doubtleſs, this book was brought down from Heaven; it carries its own evidence, and a teſtimony of its divine original, in the majeſty of the ſtyle; there is a ſpirit and energy in every word, ſublimating the intellect of the devout reader, and purifying his affections; it is written in Arabic, in a dialect ſo pure and perfect, that the moſt accurate critics can find no blemiſh from the beginning to the end; one part coheres exactly with the other; it is void of contradiction: All the chapters in this glorious volume are of a piece; which excellencies could not have thus met together without a miracle, in a book divulged by a man who could neither write nor read.

The ſucceſs it has had in the world ſpeaks it of celeſtial deſcent. The greateſt part of Aſia and Afric, with many kingdoms in Europe, have obeyed the Alcoran for above theſe thouſand years. Could ſuch a thing come to paſs, without the decree of Heaven? When the prophet and favourite of God firſt received his divine commiſſion, he was like a pelican in the wilderneſs, ſolitary, and without companion; nevertheleſs, he was not diſcouraged, but obeyed the orders of Heaven: He ſaw himſelf in the midſt of rocks and ſands, encompaſſed on

all ſides with terrible beaſts; yet he deſpaired not of aſſiſtance from above, but comforted himſelf in the promiſe of the Eternal: He firſt preached to the ſavage lions and tygers, who, as if they had heard another Orpheus, grew tame and ſociable at his powerful words; thoſe fierce inhabitants of the woods came and proſtrated themſelves before the Sent of God; they licked his feet, in token of ſubmiſſion; they environed the place of his repoſe, as his guards, and brought him food morning and evening. The prophet wondered that ſo great grace was given to the beaſts of the earth; he praiſed the Creator of all things, and his mouth was full of benedictions; he bleſſed the day and the night, and the obſcurity that comes between them; he bleſſed the dews that fall at the riſing of the odoriferous ſtar, and the refreſhing winds that ſtir the leaves of the trees at midnight; and in the morning, he prayed that all men might become true believers. Doubtleſs, God had granted his petition, had not the angel, who carried up his prayers to Heaven, met with the devil, a little on this ſide the orb of the moon, who ſtole from him ſome of Mahomet's words, that ſo the prayer aſcended imperfect to the throne of the Merciful. Nevertheleſs, a great part of men became believers, and more ſhall be added to the number.

In a little time, the ſolitary prophet ſaw himſelf at the head of a numerous army, all volunteers, who reſorted to him in the wilderneſs, as they were inſpired from above. The mighty men of Arabia oppoſed the ſacred hero; they led the flower of the Eaſt againſt him; but they accelerated their own fate, and incenſed their angry ſtars. The elements took up arms againſt them, and the meteors fought in defence of the meſſenger of God. Lightning and hail, with ſtones of fire, blaſted the troops

of the infidels; and terrible ſtorms of wind buried whole armies in the ſands. Thus the hoſt of the muſſulmans became victorious, without drawing a ſword, and the empires of the wicked fell to the poſſeſſion of true believers. Perſia, Babylon and Egypt were ſubdued, and embraced the undefiled truth; the Alcoran was received from India to the Mauritanian ſhore. From the riſing of the ſun to the going down thereof, this holy profeſſion is made with one conſent, "There is but one God, and Mahomet his prophet."

Now, Nathan, conſider whether ever the law of Moſes had ſuch footing in the world, or the children of Iſrael could boaſt of ſuch univerſal conqueſts: Your little kingdom has had its period long ago; and both that, and all the empires of Aſia and Afric, are ſwallowed up in the all-conquering monarchy of the Oſmans. Your tabernacle, temple, city, and ſacrifices, are quite extinct; your nation is ſcattered over the whole world, without lands or poſſeſſions that they can call their own; neither is there prince, prieſt, or prophet, to whom you can have recourſe for delivery from your misfortunes.

Come out therefore from the ſynagogue, which lies under the ſcourge of Heaven; ſhake off the malediction, and, being purified, join thyſelf to the true believers, who are bleſſed in this world, and ſhall be happy in paradiſe; or at leaſt ſtand by thyſelf, and follow thy own light. Adieu.

Paris, 22d of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1654.

VI.—*To* Dicheu Hussein, *Baſſa.*

The policies of Cardinal Mazarini are no ſecrets at the imperial city. Now he is about to play his maſterpiece:

He has all along maintained penſioners in the ſervice of the French grandees; no man of prime quality could be ſure he entertained not at his table ſome creature of this miniſter; diſguiſes of all ſorts, both for body and mind, were never wanting to men dexterous to treachery, and officious to do miſchief.

But now he is ſetting ſpies of another character on the princes of the blood, and the chief nobility of France: Women are to become his private agents; females of his own blood, true Italians, and brought up under his particular care and management; in a word, his ſiſters and nieces.

Five of them are newly come to this city, having been conducted hither by the cardinal's ſecretary, accompanied with a conſiderable retinue of courtiers, who went to meet them ſome leagues from Paris. It is ſaid that one of thoſe ladies is a great beauty, and that the young king, having ſeen her picture, fell in love with her.

This is certain, the Prince of Conti has married one of them, with whom the cardinal has given his palace, and two hundred thouſand crowns in dowry.

They talk as if another of them was to be married to the Duke of Candale, and a third to the ſon of General Harcourt. And, as if Mazarini were emulous of Joſeph's character and authority in Pharaoh's court, he has ſent for his father alſo, with all his family, to come and reſide in France. He is reſolved to ſtock this kingdom with Sicilian blood, a race of Mazarins, who by inſtinct, as well as by rules, ſhall carry on the deſign he has laid, and either raiſe this tottering ſtate to the height of his model, or abſolutely ruin it; for that active ſpirit cannot take up with mediums.

It is ſaid that the Duke of Orleans reſents very ill the cardinal's ambition, in marrying his nieces into the blood

royal. That prince will not be prevailed on to come near the court, but rather favours the Prince of Conde, and the other malcontents; whence ſome people are apt to preſage another turn of affairs before long, for the generality of the French are inclined to the prince's party.

There is great caballing all over the kingdom, and the cardinal ſtrives to puſh his intereſt forward by all the methods of a cunning ſtateſman. He knows the Prince of Conde's ſpirit too well to dream of a reconciliation, and he has a double intereſt in the ruin of that unfortunate general; his own preſervation, and the aggrandizing his niece, the Princeſs of Conti, who, by the fall of her brother-in-law, will be miſtreſs of his eſtate.

He is endeavouring alſo to make an alliance with the Cardinal de Retz, his profeſſed enemy, and one raiſed by the pope to that dignity, on purpoſe to counterbalance Mazarini's power at this court, where he is ſuſpected to animate the king againſt the court of Rome.

That Cardinal de Retz is now a priſoner of ſtate, and has been ſo a long time, being firſt confined by Mazarini's orders; but the wiſe miniſter now thinks it ſafer to compound with a man, whom he cannot longer perſecute without drawing on himſelf the revenge of all the eccleſiaſtics, and eſpecially the thunder of the Roman Court.

Therefore, to reconcile matters, and fortify himſelf, he has propoſed a match between his nephew and De Retz's niece. The Court is wholly taken up with making friendſhips of this nature, which is an evident ſign they feel their power at an ebb, and fear it will be much lower, if the Prince of Conde ſhould once take the field in France.

It is nothing to the muſſulman intereſt which ſide gets

the advantage, for they are all equally enemies to the Sent of God.

If I can by any ſucceſsful artifice promote the diviſions of theſe infidels, I ſhall not diſſerve the ſhining Porte. However, I will ſtill pray that thoſe ſwords may be turned againſt each other, which united would hazard the ſtate of the true faithful.

Illuſtrious friend, let thy preſence in the divan be as a ſtrong baſtion, under the covert of which Mahmut may be ſheltered from the artillery of evil tongues and ſycophants.

Paris, 14th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1654.*

VII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

Thou art not ignorant, that when I firſt heard of the cruel ſentence executed on our late friend Egri Boinou (on whom be the mercies of the Creator), I wrote to his ſucceſſor Iſmael Mouta Faraca a letter of condolence, wherein, to keep a medium between the tenderneſs I owed to the loſs which my friend had ſuſtained of his eyes, and the diſtruſt I had of a ſtranger, I filled up my letter to Iſmael with conſolatory expreſſions, ſuch as I would have uſed to Egri himſelf, had I been in his company; believing that Iſmael would read my letter to his blind predeceſſor.

I played the Stoic, and encouraged the doctrine of apathy, or at leaſt I abounded in philoſophical counſels, almoſt as impracticable as the other: Nothing but ſevere morality dropped from my pen; and all this to cover my real concern and paſſion for Egri's ſufferings, who, thou knoweſt, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former letter, that I did not dare to truſt

my ſentiments, though diſguiſed, to a man, who on the ſcore of his new preferment, might become more quick-ſighted than before, and would ſoon penetrate the thin veil of words, and ſpy ſomething in that diſpatch to my diſadvantage, ſhould I have ventured to deſcant on the ſultan's ſeverity, or Egri's merits:

Therefore I thought it beſt to pretend an indifferency, to which I am as much a ſtranger as any man in caſes that too nearly touch our ſenſe. It is eaſy to give counſel to another, which in the ſame circumſtances we are far from practiſing ourſelves: Then we can be full of wiſdom and grave morals, but when it once comes home, all our philoſophy vaniſhes; there remains nothing to be ſeen, but a mere ſenſitive animal, without virtue or patience.

My own experience, but two days ago, forces this confeſſion from me, when, by an unlucky blow, I loſt the ſight of both my eyes for the ſpace of eight-and-forty hours. It is true I ſhould not have uſed them much during a third part of that time, had they not been hurt; unleſs thou wilt ſay they are ſerviceable in our dreams, and help our ſouls to ſpy the dark chimeras of the night. However, I remember it was no ſmall grief, even in that abſence of the ſun, to be only ſenſible of the privation by my ears; for, whilſt the windows of my ſoul were ſhut, it was in vain for thoſe of my chamber to be open; which, before this misfortune, would, by letting in the light of the moon or ſtars, have convinced me that it was night, without being beholden to the clocks and bells of the convents for my intelligence, as I was under this affliction.

Then it was that in my heart I unſaid all that I had written to the eunuch on the ſubject of blindneſs, and cured the philoſopher for a fool or a madman who put

out his own eyes for the ſake of his thoughts. I envied thoſe more happy fools, who are without thoughts, but enjoy their ſight, which helps to form and regulate the conceits of the moſt wiſe and thinking men.

Nay, ſuch was my paſſion and melancholy, during this ſhort eclipſe of my eyes, that I preferred to mine even the life of thoſe dumb animals, whom men have learned to call irrational, becauſe they expreſs their ſentiments by inarticulate ſounds, a dialect which we do not underſtand; and I could have almoſt wiſhed myſelf metamorphoſed, though it were into a dog, provided I might have but that ſenſe, the want of which renders our humanity imperfect, and a burden to itſelf; or, if thou wilt blame me for ſuch a wiſh, I cannot forbear thinking that dog happier than his maſter, whom I have ſeen leading a blind man in a ſtring along the ſtreets of Paris: How prudently did that faithful creature act the guide, in croſſing the way, if any danger threatened his charge, as a cart, coach, or throng of people; and all this conduct was owing to his eyes, which made him wiſer than his maſter, who, had he enjoyed this ſenſe, might not, for aught I know, have ſurpaſſed his kind brute in the exerciſe of reaſon.

And now I am fallen on this ſubject of the wiſdom of brutes, I muſt not forget a ſtory which I have read in Plutarch, as alſo in a certain French author, of a dog in the court of the Roman emperor Veſpaſian, which would act to the life all the agonies and ſymptoms of death, at the command of a mountebank, who had taught him many ſuch comical tricks to divert the grandees of Rome.

The ſame Frenchman mentions certain oxen, which it ſeems had learned arithmetic; for being employed in turning the wheel of a well an hundred times every day,

when they had finiſhed that taſk, would not ſtir a ſtep more, but having revolved that number in their minds, deſiſted of their own accord, nor could any violence compel them to farther labour. Who will deny now that theſe oxen were mathematicians? or that the ſhip dog had any need to ſtudy Euclid's Elements, who, having a great deſire to taſte of ſome oil that he ſaw in a deep earthen veſſel, and not being able to put his head in far enough, by reaſon of the long ſtrait neck of the pot, after ſome ſtudy, ran to the hold of the ſhip, which was ballaſted with gravel-ſtones; from thence he brought in his mouth, at ſeveral times, as many of thoſe little ſtones, as, half filling the pot, forced the oil up to the mouth, ſo that he could lap his bellyful? Of this Plutarch ſays he was an eye-witneſs. Was not this, thinkeſt thou, an Archimedes among the dogs? Are not the goats of Candy abſolute phyſicians, when, being wounded, they never ceaſe ranging the plants of that fertile iſland, till they have found the herb dittany, with which they reſtore themſelves to health?

Should the French read theſe lines, and thoſe others I have written on this ſubject to Cara Hali, and the great Mahummed of the deſart, they would cenſure me as an heretic, a fool, or a madman; or at leaſt they would conclude, I am too importunate an advocate for the beaſts: They would call me brute myſelf, and fix my pedigree among ſome of the dumb generations.

But thou who haſt been educated in the ſerener principles of the Eaſt, and haſt had the honour to pour water on the hands of the abſtemious Eremit, wilt have another opinion of what I ſay in defence of our kindred animals.

He that has given wiſdom and language to the piſmires, and inſtructed them to converſe together by mute

ſigns, ſo that when the ſignal was given, the alarm was taken throughout their humble territories, and they all fled away with their bag and baggage, when the army of Solomon approached, inſpire us with grace to underſtand the language of the beaſts, or at leaſt not to think ourſelves wiſer than them who underſtand ours.

Paris, 14th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1654.

VIII.—*To* Aris, *Baſſa.*

This court is wholly taken up at preſent with the preparations that are making to crown the young king. The place deſigned for that ceremony is a city called Rheims. It is ſaid the Duke of Orleans will not be there, though the king has ſummoned all the princes and nobility to attend at his inauguration, according to the ancient cuſtom: But that prince ſtomachs the great ſway Cardinal Mazarini bears at court; beſides, his daughter, who has no ſmall power over him, is affected to the party of malcontents: It is through her perſuaſion the Duke her father abſents himſelf from the king his nephew; yet there are thoſe that ſay his mind will change before the time appointed for the coronation, and that he will rather diſſemble his grudge, that ſo he may more advantageouſly ruin the cardinal, who keeps the king lulled in a circle of pleaſures agreeable to his youth, that ſo he may not have time or inclination to pry into his management of affairs.

The court is at preſent at Fountainbleau, a houſe of pleaſure belonging to the king: They paſs their time away in delights, drowned in ſecurity; whilſt the wakeful princes of the blood are plotting new methods to rouſe them from their lethargy, and teach the young

monarch, that the ſound of the trumpet and beat of the drum, will in a ſhort time be a more neceſſary muſic than the ſoft airs of the lute, and ſuch chamber-melody.

In the mean time, the Prince of Conde being condemned, the princeſs his wife, has petitioned the parliament, that her dowry may be ſecured to her; but they have referred the matter to the king. Her huſband ſeems to be loſt in all reſpects, ſave thoſe of the people's affections, who favour any that are enemies to Cardinal Mazarini.

Monſieur Brouſſel, one of the counſellors of parliament, whoſe impriſonment I formerly mentioned to be the cauſe of the firſt ſedition at Paris, is newly dead; yet the cauſe, whereof he was a patriot, dies not with him, but rather takes freſh vigour from daily grounds of diſcontent.

It was more particularly revived upon the death of the late Archbiſhop of Paris, the clergy chooſing for his ſucceſſor the Cardinal de Retz, a priſoner of ſtate, and under the ſevere diſpleaſure of the king. This election was countermanded by a declaration from the council royal; nevertheleſs the eccleſiaſtics perſiſt in their firſt choice, whilſt Cardinal Mazarini threatens them with the puniſhments due to thoſe who contemn the king's authority; but they ſlight his menaces, truſting to the arms of the Prince of Conde, which they hope will deliver them in time from the oppreſſions of that great miniſter.

The men of ability cabal, whilſt the vulgar are eaſily drawn into parties, as their affections bias them. Here is nothing but murmuring and whiſpering againſt the government; every man endeavours to purchaſe arms, and lay them up privately, as againſt ſome public invaſion; nay, the citizens walk not abroad without daggers hid under their garments, as if they either intended a maſ-

facie, or were afraid of one. All things ſeem to portend ſome ſudden eruption of popular fury, and the wiſeſt know not what will be the iſſue of ſo many threatening occurrences.

Only Mahmut, ſurrounded with infidels, is reſigned to deſtiny, knowing that no human counſel can haſten or retard the decrees ſigned above.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 165[illegible]

IX.—*To* MURAT, *Baſſa.*

IT ſeems the devils have been lately let looſe in theſe weſtern parts, if we may give credit to the depoſition of ſuch as have accuſed certain ſuppoſed witches.

In Bretagne, a province of this kingdom, above forty old women have been ſeized and impriſoned, for holding correſpondence with infernal powers, and above half of them condemned to death; God knows with what juſtice.

Some of them are accuſed of enchanting the perſons of their neighbours; others for bewitching their cattle; and a third ſort for diſſolving the miſchievous charms of the firſt and ſecond; all of them for aſſembling in the night-time, and uſing certain diabolical ceremonies, which, they ſay, begin and end in kiſſing the poſteriors of a goat, or the devil in that form.

I know not how far theſe poor ſuperannuated figures of mortality may be wronged: It is a queſtion whether their judges are always in the right; a ſhrivelled meagre face, a hollow eye, joined with irrecoverable poverty, are many times the chief grounds of ſuſpicion, which, improved by ſuperſtition, miſtakes, and malice, have often prevailed on thoſe who ought to adminiſter juſtice, to con-

demn poor wretches, more innocent than themſelves, as guilty of witchcraft.

Yet it cannot be denied but that there have been both men and women verſed in magical arts, as they are commonly called, which I take to be only the more myſterious ſcience of nature. Such was Zoroaſter, the great-grandchild of Noah, and king of that part of Aſia, which was then called Bactria; ſuch was Apollonius Tyanæus, Philiſtides, Syracuſanus, with many others of ancient date. Theſe underſtood the hidden force of the elements, the influence of the ſtars, the ſpecific operation of metals, minerals, and other ſubterranean bodies, with the virtues of all vegetables; they knew exactly how to frame aſtral images and taliſmans, by the help of which they were able to effect wonders; and all this perhaps without once dreaming of infernal ſpirits, or having the leaſt ſociety with devils.

Yet I believe Lucian, an ancient writer, who never ſpoke ſeriouſly of any thing, ſcarce believed himſelf when he related the ſtory of Pancrates, a famous magician of Egypt, who by theſe taliſmans was able to transform inanimate things into the appearance at leaſt of living creatures: Thus he would turn a ſtick or piece of wood into a ſeeming man, who ſhould walk, diſcourſe, and perform all the actions of a rational being.

A certain ſtranger travelling with him once to Memphis, and lying with him in the ſame caravanſera, as ſoon as they were alighted from their camels, Pancrates took a plank of oak, and having touched it with his taliſman, and pronounced two or three ſyllables, incontinently the ſtick moved, ſtood upright, walked, and, taking the camels by the bridle, led them to the ſtables; after which this wooden man came in and prepared their pilaw, went on whatſoever errands Pancrates ſent him, and when they

departed, the magician, uſing a certain private ceremony, this officious ſervant returned to a plank again. This was his practice all along the road.

One day his fellow-traveller being reſolved to try the experiment, took the advantage of the magician's abſence, who was gone to the temple, and had left his taliſman behind him. The curious traveller, having been often an eye-witneſs of this trick, takes a piece of wood, and touches it with Pancrates's taliſman, repeating the ſyllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the inanimate timber became a man, aſking his pleaſure. The traveller, aſtoniſhed at the event, commanded his new ſervant to bring him a bucket of water. The enchanted ſpark obeys. The traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a piece of wood again; but, inſtead of that, he continued drawing of water, and bringing it in till the houſe was full. The traveller, fearing the anger of Pancrates, thought to diſſolve the enchantment, by cleaving the wooden animal in two: But this augmented his trouble; for each piece, taking a bucket, fell to drawing of water, ſo that of one ſervant he had made two. This continued till the magician came to his reſcue, who, having ſternly rebuked the traveller's raſhneſs, at a word turned the two buſy drudges to their primitive loggiſhneſs and inactivity again.

I do not tell this ſtory, as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give credit to it myſelf: Let us imitate the author of it, who laughs at all that delight in ſuch fables. But the Chriſtians, who believe a piece of bread is transformed to fleſh and blood, and becomes an immortal God at the pronouncing of four words by the prieſt, may be excuſed, if they put confidence in the figments of poets and orators.

I have in my cuſtody the journal of Carcoa, who for-

merly reſided at Vienna, a private agent for the ever happy Porte. Some of his letters ſpeak of the ſuperſtition and credulity of the Germans in this kind: Yet in a letter to the mufti, he acknowledges himſelf overcome by the unqueſtionable teſtimonies of ſuch as had been eye-witneſſes of the life and death of one Fauſtus, a German magician, who played a thouſand infernal pranks (as he calls them) even before the emperor himſelf.

He tells alſo of another magician, called Zyto, who lived in the days of the emperor Charles IV.; and when the emperor's ſon, to whom Zyto belonged, was to marry the Duke of Bavaria's daughter, the duke, to oblige his ſon-in-law, who was much taken with magical tricks, as were all the Germans, ſent for a great many famous ſorcerers to the wedding. Among the reſt, while one was performing a rare exploit, on a ſudden Zyto, the prince's conjuror, came up to him, with a mouth ſeeming as wide as that of an old crocodile, and ſwallows him up at a morſel. When he had thus done, he retires and voids him again in a bath, and brings him thus drenched into the company, challenging any of the other magicians to do a feat like that; but they were all ſilent.

I hear of no ſuch tricks done by thoſe French witches who cauſe ſo much diſcourſe at preſent. The worſt they are accuſed of, is bewitching their neighbours hogs to madneſs, which thou knoweſt may be only a natural malady.

I pray Heaven defend us from the enchantments of a deluded fancy, that domeſtic *incubus* of every mortal, and we need fear neither witch nor wizard.

Paris, 20th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1654.

X.—*To* Chornezan Mustapha, *Baſſa.*

The fame of Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden, has no doubt reached thy ears; I have made mention of her in ſeveral of my letters. That royal virgin is now about to ſurrender her crown to her couſin, whom they call Charles Prince Palatine. This is a voluntary reſignation; and her motive is ſaid to be a ſtrong inclination to ſolitude and a private life, being eſteemed the moſt accompliſhed and learned princeſs of this age. But thoſe who pretend to know more than others, ſay, that the true ground of her abandoning the kingdom, is a reſolution ſhe has taken to change her religion, and embrace the faith of the Roman mufti, which is forbidden by the laws of Sweden.

Thou wilt ſmile at the propoſals which this queen ſent to her deſigned ſucceſſor, and his anſwer to them.

"In the *firſt* place, She will keep the greateſt part of the kingdom and revenues in her own hands.

"*Secondly*, She will be no ſubject, but altogether independent and free.

"*Thirdly*, She will be at liberty to travel into foreign countries, or into any part of that dominion.

"*Laſtly*, She will not have the offices of truſt, or any other gifts that ſhe ſhall have diſpoſed of to her favourites, revoked by her ſucceſſor."

To theſe articles Prince Charles anſwered,

"*Firſt*, That he will not be a mere titular king, without dominions, nor without ſuch a revenue as is neceſſary to defray the royal expences both in peace and war.

"*Secondly*, That he will ſuffer no competitor, equal, or ſovereign in his kingdom.

"*Thirdly*, That he will not run the hazard of her intrigues in foreign courts.

" *Laſtly*, That if he be king, he will diſpoſe of preferments as he thinks fit; and, in fine, that he will not be the ſhadow of a king, without the ſubſtantial prerogatives of ſovereignty."

It is added, that when the queen heard his reply, ſhe ſaid aloud, " I propoſed theſe articles only to try his ſpirit: Now I eſteem him worthy to reign, who ſo well underſtands the incommunicable rights of a monarch."

This intelligence comes by a ſecretary to the Spaniſh ambaſſador, who is newly come out of Sweden to negotiate at this court a ten years truce between France and Spain.

Here is likewiſe an ambaſſador from Portugal, who acquaints the court, that the Portugueſe have expelled the Hollanders out of the places they held in the Eaſt Indies: But if our merchants bring true intelligence, the Tartars will exterminate all the Franks that are in China.

In the mean time, the young King of France paſſes away his hours in dancing, ſeeing of plays, and other recreations, provided with vaſt expence by Cardinal Mazarini, to divert him from meddling with public affairs, and from thinking too ſeriouſly on the ſentence he has pronounced in parliament againſt the Prince of Conde.

One knows not well how to blame the Prince of Conde's proceedings, nor yet to accuſe the king of injuſtice; neither is it proper for a muſſulman ſlave to decide the controverſy. Our principles and laws are different from theirs; and he that is eſteemed a patriot here in the Weſt, would be condemned for a rebel, without heſitation, in any part of the Eaſt, where but one God in heaven, and one ſovereign on earth, is acknowledged by the ſubjects of every kingdom and empire.

But in France the princes of the royal blood are inveſted with ſuch a power, as renders it difficult for thoſe

under their command to diſtinguiſh them from ſupreme monarchs; yet not one of them poſſeſſes a government equal to that of the Baſſa of Egypt, or ſuperior to his of Aleppo.

I have ſpoken of theſe princes formerly in ſome of my letters to the happy miniſters of him, who, when he pleaſes, can make the greateſt ſovereigns the ſquires of his ſtirrup.

And therefore it will be needleſs to ſay any more on that ſubject, but only to acquaint thee, that the French court, though they cannot relent of the rigour they have uſed towards the Prince of Conde, yet ſeem willing to compound the buſineſs with his ſon, the young Duke of Enguien, and by a ſubtle artifice to ſtrike two ſtrokes for the ſtate at once. A great duke of this realm has been lately diſpatched to the Duke of Orleans, to propoſe a match between his daughter and Conde's heir; whereby the eſtate of the Prince of Conde will fall to the Duke of Orleans's poſſeſſion, during the minority of the young couple. This is a wheedle to reconcile the king's uncle to the court, who has been a long time eſtranged; but it is thought his diſpleaſure is of too deep a dye to be waſhed off with court holy water.

I have no more news to tell thee, ſave the death of a certain prince, whom they call the Duke of Elbeuf; and it is of no import to the divan, whether an hundred of theſe infidel princes die every day or no, ſo long as the Grand Signior lives, and is ever ſupplied with faithful miniſters.

For his health I pray before the ſun peeps over the tops of the Eaſtern mountains, and after he hides himſelf in the valleys of the Weſt; neither do I riſe from my knees at the five appointed hours, without an oriſon for Chornezan, and the other baſſas of the Porte.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1654.

XI.—*To* SALE TIRCHENI EMIN, *Superintendant of the Royal Arſenal at Conſtantinople.*

THOU that haſt the charge of the ammunition deſigned for the conqueſt of the world, art fitteſt to receive the news of a terrible blow lately given to a city of the infidels in Flanders.

This place is called Gravelines, whereof I have made mention in ſome of my former letters. On the 29th of the laſt moon, the powder of the magazine there took fire, whether by accident or deſign is not certainly known; but the damage it has done is very great. It is reported, that a third part of the city is blown up, and the chief fortifications about it, with the outworks of the citadel; three thouſand mortals had their breath exhauſted by the violent convulſion of the air, and were ſent into another world, well ſeaſoned with ſaltpetre; beſides a vaſt multitude of all ſorts that were buried in the ruins of the houſes.

Some ſay, a certain perſon coming to buy ſome powder of the ſteward of the magazine, as they were knocking out the head of a powder barrel, the hammer ſtruck fire; others report, that this perſon, who pretended to buy powder, was a ſpy or private agent of Cardinal Mazarini in thoſe parts; and that, by his maſter's order, he had prepared a certain artificial fire, incloſed in a ſhell or box, and that, at a certain determined period of time, it would cauſe the box to fly in pieces, and ſcatter flames almoſt as ſubtle and penetrating as thoſe of lightning.

Having therefore this little inſtrument of miſchief ready, and being inſtructed in all things, he with the ſteward entered the vaults where the powder lay, under pretence of buying ſome for the governor of Bruſſels; and when they had opened one of the barrels, he thruſt

his hand among the powder, as though he would take up ſome to look upon, at the ſame time dexterouſly conveying his little ſhell or box into the barrel, knowing that in an hour's time it would work its effect. In the mean while, ſeeming to diſlike that barrel, they opened another, which he bought, and ſo departed. Within an hour afterwards, all the countries round about were aſtoniſhed at the dreadful blow, which made the earth to tremble; they ſay it was heard beyond the ſeas into England.

Thus the contrivance of this tragedy is faſtened on Mazarini; and ſuch is the hatred the people bear to this miniſter, that if an earthquake ſhould happen in theſe parts, I believe they would accuſe him as the author of it.

But it ſeems as if all the elements were at war againſt the Netherland provinces. I have already acquainted the miniſters of the ever happy Porte, what diſaſters befel theſe people by ſtorms at ſea, and inundations on land; after which the element of fire took its turn to chaſtiſe them; for, in the firſt moon of this year, a certain windmill in the Low Countries, whirling round with extraordinary violence, by reaſon of a furious ſtorm, the ſtone at length, by its rapid motion, became ſo intenſely hot as to fire the mill; from whence the flames, being diſperſed by the high winds to the neighbouring houſes, ſet a whole town on fire.

And now the wrath of Heaven has been kindled again to deſtroy theſe infidels; yet thoſe that ſurvive will not be converted. Perhaps they will be ruined piece-meal, even to a final extermination, like the people of Aad and Thamod, of whom at this day there remain no footſteps.

I pray God guard the imperial city and arſenal from all caſualties of fire, from inundations of water, and from

earthquakes; and thy own watchful care and prudence will defend the magazines in thy cuſtody from the ſly attempts of traitors and villains.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1654.

XII.—*To* Mehemet, *an Eunuch in the Seraglio.*

I acquainted thee formerly with the firſt neceſſity I had to drink wine, that I might the better conceal my being a muſſulman, when I was made a priſoner by Cardinal Mazarini's order. I tell thee now, this liquor is grown habitual to me, it being the natural beverage of the country where I am: But the French temper it with water, the better to allay their thirſt and prevent fevers; which cuſtom agrees not with the ſtomach of a Mahometan, who, when he drinks either water or wine, loves to have them pure without mixture. I uſe it moderately for my health, and to create an appetite: But this evening I drank a glaſs of wine, which is like to make me abhor it for ever. In all probability I ſhall turn as ſtrict and preciſe as an Hodgia; for, in the midſt of my draught, I had almoſt ſwallowed a great ſpider, which lay drowned in the wine. The little beaſt had paſſed my lips, but I ſoon cleared my mouth of ſo ungrateful a morſel. I wiſh I could as eaſily diſcharge my imagination of the hated ideas it has imbibed with this fatal potion: Not that I think I am poiſoned, or have received any real damage from the ſpider; the worſt venom lies in my own fancy. It will be impoſſible for all the water in France to waſh away the prejudices I have conceived againſt this little inſect; I have a perfect antipathy againſt it: The ſight of a ſpider would always make me ſweat and tremble. Now, if ever I ſhould taſte of wine

again, I ſhould imagine every mouthful I ſwallowed had a ſpider in it. My reaſon tells me there is no danger if I had one in my ſtomach, having ſeen a phyſician, without the uſe of any antidote, ſwallow two or three large ſpiders in a glaſs of wine; and this was his ordinary practice every morning; and moſt of that profeſſion maintain, that ſpiders, ſo drank, can do no harm; yet my antipathy overcomes my reaſon in this point; and if Galen or Hippocrates were alive, they would not be able, with all their learned demonſtrations, to reconcile me to a creature for which I have an invincible averſion and abhorrence. I had rather encounter with a lion or a tyger in the deſarts of Arabia, provided I had but a ſword in my hand, than to have a ſpider crawling about me in the dark; and therefore I have often envied the happineſs of the Iriſhmen, for in that iſland they ſay no venomous creature will live: The ſame is reported of the Iſle of Malta, which wonderful privilege both theſe iſlands aſcribe to the prayers of certain ſaints.

There is no reaſon to be given for theſe ſecret antipathies, which are diſcovered in many men. Some will ſweat and faint away, if there be a cat in the room where they are, though they know nothing of it any otherwiſe than by the ſecret intimations of this unaccountable ſenſe, which nature has added to their other five. I have ſeen a gentleman drop down in a ſwoon, as ſoon as he entered a chamber where there was a ſquirrel kept in a cage; and thoſe that knew him ſaid it was his conſtant infirmity.

If there be any truth in the doctrine of the ſoul's tranſmigration, I ſhould think the beſt reaſons for theſe private antipathies might be drawn from ſome former ſtate of the ſoul; and according to that ſuppoſition, I ſhould conclude, that I had been a fly before I came into

this body, and having been frequently perſecuted by ſpiders in that ſtate, do ſtill retain the dread of my old enemy, which all the circumſtances of my preſent metamorphoſis are not able to efface. But if this be ſo, I wonder I ſhould have no diſtinct remembrance of my former little volatile life, ſince Pythagoras, the great patron of the metempſychoſis, declares, that he could remember ſeveral changes he had undergone; and particularly recounts, how he led a merrier life when he was a frog, than ſince he became a philoſopher.

It affords me matter of thought, and is no ſmall diverſion, to behold the contrariety that is in men's diet: One man never taſtes of fiſh all his days, another abhors fleſh; this faints if his bread be cut with a knife that has touched cheeſe, that ſwoons at the ſmell of mutton. Men have as different appetites as they have faces; ſome are ſqueamiſh, and almoſt nauſeate every thing that others eat freely of; again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiſs. For my part, I have many averſions in point of diet; and, above all things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of inſects, ſerpents, and other reptile creatures; yet here are men in this kingdom who live upon frogs, vipers, graſshoppers, and ſuch kind of loathſome animals; and I have read of a people in the ſouthern parts of Africa, who had no other diet but ſalted locuſts, which they catch in the ſpring, when certain winds bring innumerable ſwarms of them over the land, ſo that all the country is covered. Theſe people are very lean, active, and black; they run ſwift as ſtags, and will climb trees, and jump from one bough and tree to another, as nimble as apes or ſquirrels; but they are ſhort-lived, never exceeding forty years of age; for about that time they feel a violent itching all over their bodies, which tempting them to ſcratch themſelves, they never ceaſe till they

make holes in their fleſh, where certain winged inſects breed, which multiply ſo faſt, that in a little time they devour the poor wretches. This is thought to be the reſult of their ill diet.

Let not what I have ſaid create any ſqueamiſhneſs in thee, but eat thy pilaw with a good ſtomach, for that food has the benediction of God and his Prophet.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1654.

XIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THE King of France has been ſolemnly crowned at Rheims, where were preſent his mother and brother, Cardinal Mazarini, with divers princes and nobles, and foreign miniſters: But nothing could perſuade the king's uncle, the Duke of Orleans, to grace this ceremony with his preſence; he has declared he will never come to the court ſo long as Cardinal Mazarini is there.

Mareſchal Turenne has received private orders to repair ſpeedily to his army in Flanders. What the deſign is we are not certain. Some ſay he is gone to ſurpriſe Gravelines, a city in Flanders, which was lately ſo ruined by the blowing up of the magazine, that it is not in a condition to reſiſt the French, ſhould they aſſault it.

Others ſay, the king has commanded his general to lay ſiege to Stenay, a city belonging to the Prince of Conde, a place of great ſtrength, and exquiſitely fortified.

It is reported that Cardinal Mazarini holds a correſpondence with the governor of this ſtrong hold, and that on this ground it was he promiſed the king, on the honour of his purple, that, if he would ſuffer his army to

lie down before it, it ſhould by ſuch a day be delivered into his hands.

The Duke of Lorrain, of whoſe impriſonment at Antwerp I informed Muſtapha Berber Aga, is now removed from thence, and ſent to Spain, from whence it is believed he will never come back.

From the North the poſt brings news of the reſignation which Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden, has made of her crown to her couſin Prince Charles. They add, that ſhe cauſed a crown to be made with this inſcription, "From God and Chriſtina," and that ſhe placed this crown on the prince's head with her own hands, having before abſolved all her ſubjects from their oaths of fidelity to her.

The ſame poſt alſo tells us of a mighty army of Muſcovites which are entered into Poland, deſtroying and laying deſolate wherever they come. The pretended cauſe of this invaſion is ſaid to be a diſguſt the czar has taken at a certain hiſtorian and poet of Poland, who, in reciting the wars between thoſe nations, had made a miſtake in the genealogy of the Muſcovite emperors, naming the father for the ſon. The czar, being informed of this, demanded the head of the writer as an atonement, which being denied, he ruſhed into the territories of Poland, to revenge himſelf by fire and ſword.

Theſe are the actions of ſuch as pretend to follow the example of Jeſus, the Meſſias, who commanded men to forgive injuries, even as did our holy Prophet; yet they ſcruple not to accuſe us of what they themſelves are only guilty. Thus, whilſt they are Chriſtians in name, we ſhow by our practice that we are true diſciples of the venerable Jeſus.

Doubtleſs all men are juſt or wicked by nature. Every man's fate is engraven on his forehead, and neither the precepts nor examples of Jeſus or Mahomet can alter the

inclinations of thoſe whoſe ſtars have ſigned them in their nativity with the indelible characters of vice.

'Paris, 30th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1654.

XIV.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

Hitherto I have been in a wilderneſs, or at leaſt I will ſuppoſe it, wandering up and down, loſt and confounded in the dark, without ſun, ſtar, land-mark, or any faithful guide to direct me. What ſhall I do in this caſe? I am tired with perpetual rambling, and reſt I dare not, neither can I, ſuch is my uneaſineſs, even in the only circumſtance which gives to other men repoſe.

Thus I diſcourſe with myſelf when I am alone, and conſider my preſent ſtate as a mortal. The miſeries of this life are the themes of my firſt contemplation, and it is but reaſon it ſhould be ſo, becauſe we feel them every moment: They touch our ſenſe nearly, and afflict us with ſharp pains; yet they are but like the ſting of a waſp, violent for a time, but laſt not long.

This thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an endleſs meditation what will befal me after I am dead. When I have contemplated all that I can, run over a thouſands paths of fancy, and traced all the footſteps of the wiſe, or of ſuch as were eſteemed ſo, ſtill I find myſelf in a deſart, more entangled than a traveller loſt in the foreſt of Hyrcania, which extends from the moſt northerly part of Muſcovy to ſome provinces in the German empire, and is reputed five hundred leagues in length.

In this bewildered condition I meet with many pretended guides, one telling me this is the way, another that; but becauſe they do not agree in their advice, I know not which to truſt, and am inclined to ſuſpect ſome

for cheats, and the reſt for fools, as much at a loſs, if not more than myſelf.

Permit me to diſcourſe with freedom, my dear Dgnet, and let us unmaſk like friends. What ſignifies all that the imaums and mollahs can ſay of paradiſe and hell, ſince none of them have been there to make an experiment? Why ſhould we ſuffer ourſelves to be amuſed with notions of things, which, for aught we know, have no other exiſtence but in the harangues of the preachers, and the fancies of the credulous.

Think not that I am going to perſuade thee to the hereſy of the Muſerin, who deny the being of a God. I tell thee I am no atheiſt. From every thing I behold, my thought ſoon flies up to a Firſt Cauſe, and there it is daſhed into a thouſand queries. This I lay as a ſolid foundation, "All things were not always in the ſame ſtate as they are now." My experience demonſtrates to the contrary. But how much longer they have been otherwiſe than my own remembrance, I cannot be aſſured, but by the confidence which I repoſe in people that are older than myſelf, and the faith I give to books, both which agree in this, that they are guilty of contradictions without number.

Thoſe that were born before me, and lived in the days of Sultan Mahomet III. tell me many paſſages of his reign, quite different from the relations of others who alſo lived in thoſe times, and remarked the tranſactions of their age.

A like diſagreement I find among authors who have committed to writing the hiſtories of former times. It is difficult to encounter with two men of the ſame opinion, even as to matters of fact. Some take a pride in diſguiſing the truth, whilſt others have not ſkill to take off the maſk. There are a ſort of perſons in the world,

men of ſupine and eaſy judgments, credulous, and not daring to call in queſtion what has been tranſmitted to them from the authority of ſuch and ſuch a writer. They ſuperſtitiouſly revere as an oracle the manuſcripts of a mortal man like themſelves, ſubject to as many frailties and miſtakes, and all this only becauſe they have been taught to do ſo from their infancy; ſo forcible is the influence of education. Thus the Hebrews believe the records of their nation to be of divine original, though they want not verbal contradictions, and abound with logical and philoſophical inconſiſtencies. But that which is of greateſt moment is, that neither they nor any other nation, no not even the Aſſyrian or Egyptian records, come near the immenſe chronologies of the Chineſe and Indians; ſo that, amidſt ſuch vaſt variety of accounts, a man knows not where to fix his belief. But whether the world be only five or ſix thouſand years old, or of a more indefinite antiquity, this is a ſure maxim, "That ſomething is eternal." Even the Jews and Chriſtians, who deny the eternity of matter, and aſſert the creation of the world out of Nothing, in a determined period of time, muſt of neceſſity own, there was an eternal and infinite emptineſs or vacuity, which is the ſame as Moſes calls by the name of Nothing; which will ſound as harſh in philoſophy as the eternity of matter does in their divinity. Nay, if I miſtake not, it is of a worſe conſequence, even in the doctrines of religion, to aſſert an infinite privation, or want of exiſtence, to be co-eternal with the ſubſtantial God, who is omnipotent, living, and ſtrong, than to affirm matter itſelf to be co-eternal with him, ſince this is an actual ſubſtance, and may with reaſon be ſuppoſed as a neceſſary emanation of his power and goodneſs; whereas the other is a mere naked potentiality, a non-entity, as the weſtern philoſophers call it, and therefore cannot be

conceived to flow from the divine nature, which is eſſential life and being. Yet in theſe nice and remote ſpeculations I am timorous, and dare not be poſitive, leſt I ſhould profane the honour of that Sovereignly Good, who is the breath of our noſtrils. To ſpeak the truth, I am wavering in all things but this, that there is an Eternal Mind, every where preſent, the root and baſis of all things viſible and inviſible, whom we call Alla, the Support of Infinite Ages, the Rock and Stay of the Univerſe.

Let thou and I, dear friend, perſevere in adoring that ſuperlative Eſſence of Eſſences with internal and profound devotion; let our thoughts be pure, our words few, and thoſe full of innocent and grateful flames; for aſſuredly God delights not in the babbling of the tongue.

As for the reſt, let us live according to our nature and reaſon, as we are men; for we may believe, that the indulgent Father of all things will accept us, if we ſquare our actions according to this rule, without aiming at the perfection of angels.

In a word, let us love all of human race, and ſhow juſtice and mercy to the brutes; for, in ſo doing, we ſhall not be unkind to ourſelves.

Paris, 13th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1654.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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